THE TRUE WEST

Frontier Times

March, 1969

35¢

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

GUN BATTLE AT ROSCOE

—the YOUNGERS versus the PINKERTONS!

MIDAS [illegible] MOU[illegible] [illegible]XAS NORTHERS MONUMENT FOR AN OUTLAW

EYEBALL[illegible] [illegible]LD LIKE WHEAT HE HATED THE BLACKFEET

GHOST FORT IN GRA[illegible] [illegible]YON HOW WILD WEST SHOWS OPERATED

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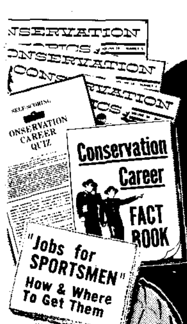
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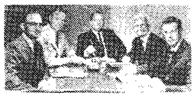

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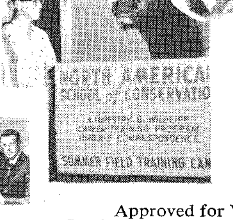

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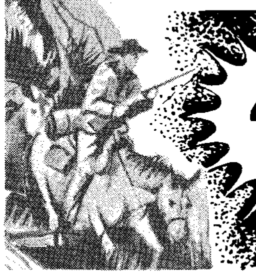

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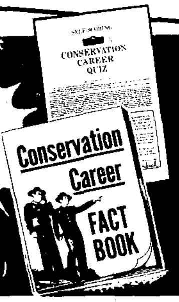
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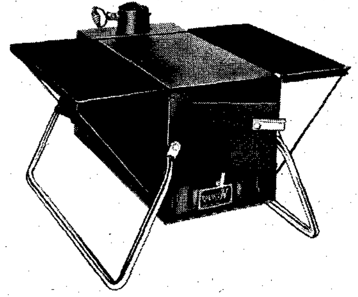

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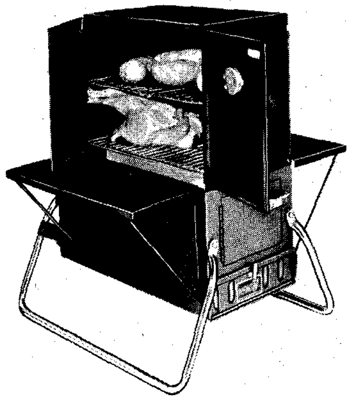

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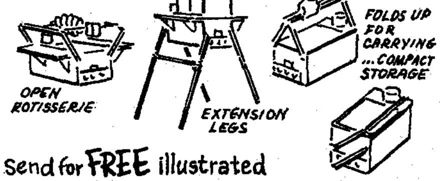
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FRONTIER TIMES

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

February-March, 1969
Vol. 43, No. 2
New Series No. 58

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

In This Issue—

FRONTIER POST 4
GUN BATTLE AT ROSCOE . . . . . By Wilbur A. Zink 6
GOLD LIKE WHEAT . . . . . By Maurice Kildare 12
FINNEY'S HOLLOW . . . . . By Olevia E. Myers 16
THE WAY A WILD WEST SHOW OPERATED . . . . . By Milt Hinkle 20
MONUMENT FOR AN OUTLAW . . . . . By Ed Earl Repp 24
EYEBALLING AN OSTRICH . . . . . By Arizona Bob Kubista 26
MIDAS OF THE MOUNTAINS . . . . . By Agnes Wright Spring 28
TEXAS NORTHERS—DRY, WET AND BLUE . . . . By Marj Wightman 30
HE HATED THE BLACKFEET! . . . . . By Dabney Taylor 32
THE CLOWN THAT MET THE WAGONTRAINS . . . . By Arch Napier 34
NUGGETS 36
TWO-FISTED TIMOTHY DYER . . . . . By Bennett R. Pearce 38
GHOST FORT IN GRAPEVINE CANYON . . . . . By Jan S. Paul 41
TRAILS GROWN DIM 49
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP 69
TUMBLEWEEDS . . . . . By Tom K. Ryan 72

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FRONTIER POST

Little Irene Lovelace

Dear Sir:

While shopping in an antique store a couple of years ago in San Francisco, I came across a picture of a little girl. It is set in a holder which is not only ornate but quite unusual. It stands about three inches high, has five steps leading up to double doors that swing open, and has a bird's head on either side and a peaked roof.

After two years of having it in my possession and all this time wondering who the little girl is, I took off the back and found the words "Irene Lovelace, age one year and nine months. Taken March 21, 1893." I am wondering if anyone can give me any information about this little girl.—Miss Amy Elizabeth Warfield, 2945 Puma Street, Carson City, Nevada 89701

Delta Bank Robbery

Dear Sir:

About fifteen years ago when I was superintendent of Capitol Reef National Monument, a car drove up to the checking station one day. A man got out and, after signing the register, asked me if any of the McCarty family still lived in Green River, Utah. I explained that two sons of Tom McCarty had lived there but had moved away several years before. When I asked why he was interested in the McCarty family, he said: "Tom McCarty killed my father in the Delta, Colorado bank robbery of 1898. I recently read a book telling about the robbery and wondered if I could contact some member of the McCarty family and get some information about what happened to Tom."

Looking at the register, I noticed that his name was Blatchly, and since I had written the book, *Outlaw Trails*, which told the story of the Delta bank holdup, I introduced myself and we had a very interesting conversation. The plaque in Delta, telling of the robbery, is quite correct but does not tell that Mrs. Blatchly got nothing from her husband's estate except a poor farm some miles from Delta. On this little place she raised her eight sons and gave each one a college education. Some of them had worked for years in Washington in various government jobs and the son I talked to had been employed there for thirty years. He appeared to be a very fine gentleman. It so happened that I had discovered the autobiography of Tom McCarty in which he told of killing the bank cashier, Andrew T. Blatchly, and this I lent to Mr. Blatchly, from which he copied Tom's description of the Delta bank robbery.

It's a small world after all, and the letter by R. C. Marshall in your November issue of FRONTIER TIMES reminded me of meeting the son of the cashier Blatchly many years ago.—Charles Kelly, 127 "S" Street, Salt Lake City, Utah 84103

Lone Tombstone in Colorado City, Texas

Dear Joe:

For years I've intended to write and tell about the lone grave of a young pioneer girl which lies in a brush-covered pasture approximately 300 yards southeast of the old Seven Wells schoolhouse where I attended grade school in 1938. The old schoolhouse still stands about eight miles due south of Colorado City, Texas.

Last winter I stopped there and after some difficulty because of the brush, I found the grave again and photographed it. The tombstone inscription is:

IDA E. CLOUGH
Born May 17, 1867
Died Aug. the 30, 1883
Age 16
Jesus only He can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live
Jesus only He can supply
Comfort when we are called to die.

I hope you can publish this. Some distant relative of the girl might read it and respond with a letter. I have been enjoying your magazines for many years.—Sam Palmer, 7260 DeSoto Avenue, Canoga Park, California 91303

Arizona Territorial Prison at Yuma

Dear Sir:

I am writing a book concerning the old territorial prison in Yuma, Arizona around the turn of the century. I would appreciate any information or comments that your readers might have to offer.—Frederick Ricci, 85 Blue Ledge Drive, Roslindale, Massachusetts 02131

Carry Nation

Gentlemen:

The article by Mr. and Mrs. Hood in the November issue of FRONTIER TIMES caught my attention for a number of reasons. My mother-in-law, Alice Bisby, married Lee Bradley at Medicine Lodge about 1887 and my wife was the oldest daughter of that union. I think it is quite probable that my mother-in-law's family owned the Bisby house Mr. Hood mentions.

If Mr. Hood's mother lived in Comanche County, Kansas, he will no doubt have heard her mention the town of Nescatunga (spelling not guaranteed) in that county. My folks camped there a few days in October after the run into the Strip in 1893 with a herd of range horses en route from the Laramie Mountains in Wyoming to the Ozarks. It appeared to have been a substantial little town. I seem to remember a four-room brick schoolhouse. I believe there were only three families remaining and the season had been so dry they had been able to raise nothing but "Jerusalem corn" and they hand picked the heads and stored them in the schoolhouse.

After three years in the Ozarks and two in the Cherokee Nation we arrived at Seiling in the newly opened Cheyenne and Arapaho country of west Oklahoma in the spring of 1900 and leased Indian allotments to farm just east of town. My mother was a staunch Campbellite of the old school and she soon learned there was a congregation in a dugout church two miles west of town. When we checked in at the church we at once learned something of Mr. and Mrs. Nation. They had driven down to the Cheyenne and Arapaho country in 1892 with Lee Bradley whose daughter I afterwards married and Nation had filed on a homestead just across the corner from the church and Carry had become quite active therein until 1899 when they had sold out and presumably returned to Medicine Lodge.

The story was that Nation went on periodic benders, and when he sobered up he had a habit of coming to church and exhibiting a noisy and prolonged repentence. Carry was considered something of a blatherskite and troublemaker in the community and there were many stories of her aberrations, such as her habit of knocking a cigar out of the mouths of strange men, and the time she demanded of Lee Bradley, "Give me that quid of tobacco, Lee!" He spit it out and dropped it in her hand. Some condemned Nation for his drunkenness and some sympathized with him on the grounds that that was the only way he could live with her.—D. Ivan Fritts, 794 Fortner Lane, Ontario, Oregon 97914

Dear Sir:

Carry Nation came to Houston, Texas a little after 1900—maybe 1903 or 1904. Considerable publicity had been given her some months in advance of her trek to Houston. As I remember, none of it I heard was favorable.

The north section of Houston was then divided by Buffalo Bayou. One of the main bridges from south to north was the San Jacinto Bridge. Directly across the bridge on the right-hand side (the northeast) was a saloon which was so close to the bridge one almost walked into it. The building (adobe or brick it seemed) perched on top of a cliff so close to the bayou that had there been a south door one could or would have fallen straight into the water. The building was just a big white wall. An Italian named Michalona who ran it did a lot of loud talking—no doubt for publicity, for the Houston *Record* printed it. He swore if Carry ever entered his bar and

(Continued on page 72)

LIVE LONGER AND BETTER

In The Healthiest, Sunniest Climate In All America — Deming, New Mexico!

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Do you know people who wake up to sunshine 355 days out of each year . . . people who don't know what it is to be oppressed by humid heat in the summer or by the cold clutch of winter damp? Do you know people who can say that in their State the rate of cancer and heart disease is half of what the Nation as a whole faces? Do you know people to whom a suntan is a year 'round commonplace, who work and play in a climate called America's healthiest? We know such people. They live in New Mexico.

There isn't a state in the entire Union that gets more sunshine than New Mexico . . . not California, not Florida, not Arizona, not even Hawaii. There isn't a place on earth where the air is purer, where body health is more lavishly bestowed. No place where the words at the top of this page—LIVE LONGER AND BETTER—fit more than they do in New Mexico.

And in all of New Mexico itself it would be difficult to match the climate and beauty of the region surrounding Deming. As spectacular as the northern portion, but without the cold of winter. As dry and pure as over the border to Arizona, but not as hot in the summer. As strangely appealing as the desert yet fertile. And as actively vigorous and prosperous as the city you now live in (maybe more so) yet without the fever, without the tension.

To live anywhere in New Mexico is to live better. The superb climate, naturally air-conditioned in the summer and brilliantly sunny in the winter—the breath-taking beauty of a lavish Nature—the young vigor of a state that is causing an unprecedented business and investment boom—the record which shows that one lives longer, that health improvement is almost miraculous—these are the reasons that tens of thousands of Americans already have come here to live, and hundreds of thousands of others will be following in the immediate years ahead.

Consider then: Here in the center of this miraculous climate and beauty are towns which have grown amazingly in the last 10 years. Las Cruces, for example: In 1950 it had 12,000 people. By 1960, 37,000 . . . **a rise of 300% in 10 years!** (How about your town? Has it grown 3 times its size in 10 years?) Like Tucson and Phoenix, this area has the same desert allure, where the good fortune of pure air, pure drinking water and a salubrious climate permits lovely towns to flourish. Statistics show the same 85% of possible sunshine, summer and winter, of Phoenix and Tucson; these same figures reveal even purer, drier air.

Beginning 3½ miles from the flavorful town of Deming (population 8000) are 14,000 acres of former ranches whose farthest boundary is 20 miles from town. Spectacularly set off by the breathtaking Florida Mountains, this land is so typical of the romance of the southwest that it has been photographed for the covers of many magazines including the official publication of the State of New Mexico. What better way to describe its Southwestern flavor than to tell you that when the producers of the movie THE TALL TEXAN sought an authentic locale for their picture, they chose some of the very land we have sub-divided into the DEMING RANCHETTES. THE TALL TEXAN was filmed on our ranch, the same place where you may have a Ranchette or your very own. In this lovely basin every DEMING RANCHETTE fronts graded earth roads already dedicated to Luna County in widths of 50 and 80 feet. Every Ranchette has direct access to avenues leading to three major highways—U.S. Highways 80, 70 and State Highway 11.

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The one thing that captivates the fancy of people from every state in the Union is the sincere friendliness of Deming's people. To visit Deming is like going back to the warmth of one's own family. But don't overlook the very practical benefits of living anywhere near Deming.

HUNTING AND FISHING—What are you after? Deer, antelope, wild turkey? Or maybe bear, mountain lion? Well, you can get deer, quail and big jack-rabbits right in your own backyard, in the Floridas. For really big game, and great fishing, try the Gila National Forest 60 miles directly north. Almost 2,000,000 acres set aside for camping, hunting and fishing. And just 65 miles northeast is the beginning of the mighty Caballo Dam-Elephant Butte Reservoir, the second largest man-made lake in the United States where you can rent a boat, fish, swim or go water skiing.

INVESTMENT—More than 10,000 people have bought Ranchettes through the mail and on site.

The new U.S. Interstate 10 is now being built with an interchange right in the heart of Deming. Consider other developments such as the new Retirement Home (now being constructed) and the new road being built from Palomas, Mexico (33 miles south of Deming) into the interior of Mexico and you will agree with us that Deming has a tremendous future.

And the price of your Ranchette? Just $299 complete for a full half-acre and low monthly playments of $5. That's the complete price—no extras, no interest! At this moment you may reserve as many half-acre sites as you wish but please bear this in mind: DEMING RANCHETTES is not an enormous development and land such as this goes fast. At these prices, you may want your Ranchette to be larger—one, two—even five acres. An immediate reservation will guarantee that your half-acres will adjoin each other (this is becoming increasingly difficult because of the shortage of available lots). And you take no risk. Your reservation does not obligate you. You have the unqualified right to change your mind within 45 days after we send your Purchaser's Agreement, Property Owner's Kit, Maps and Photographs—15 days to go through the portfolio, check our references, talk it over with the family. If, during that time, you should change your mind, your reservation will be cancelled and your deposit returned to you. Then you have an ADDITIONAL 30 DAYS AFTER you have made your first monthly payment to change your mind and request a full refund of every dollar you have paid in. If this makes sense mail the coupon.

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☐ 2 acres for $1196. Only $15 a month.

Please rush complete details, including my Purchaser's Agreement, Property Owner's Kit, Maps, Photographs and all data. It is strictly understood that I may change my mind for any reason within 45 days after I receive my portfolio.

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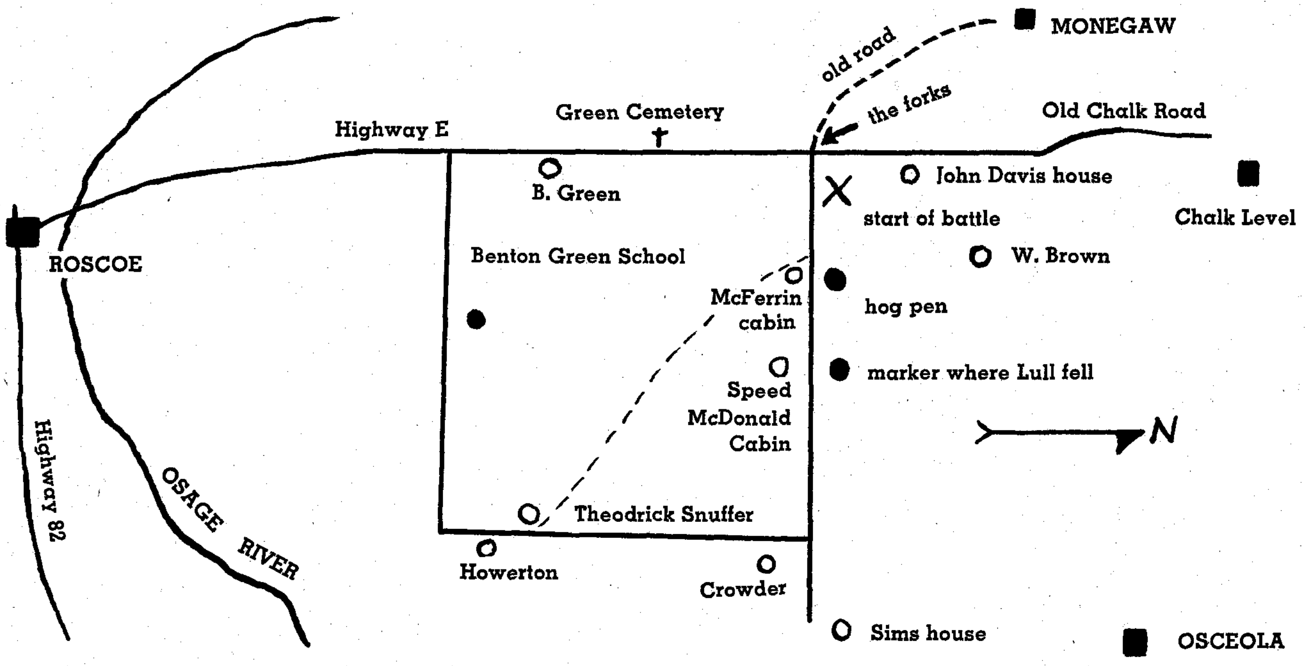
GUN BATTLE AT ROSCOE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the forks
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B. Green
John Davis house
start of battle
Chalk Level
ROSCOE
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W. Brown
McFerrin cabin
hog pen
Speed McDonald Cabin
marker where Lull fell
N
Highway 82
OSAGE RIVER
Theodrick Snuffer
Howerton
Crowder
Sims house
OSCEOLA

By WILBUR A. ZINK

Photos Courtesy Author

This is what happened the day John Younger died—and what might have happened later to the Pinkerton man who was trailing him

Courtesy Missouri State Historical Society

Edwin B. Daniels, guide who was slain by the Youngers.

Author's Note: Every writing should have a purpose. My purpose is to preserve the history that might otherwise be lost in time to come.

David Crowder was my mother's father and John Davis was her mother's father, so this story is in part my heritage also. This is, no doubt, the reason I first became interested in the Younger family. I have made no attempt to glorify them, and yet on the other hand I do not want to crucify them for they have had their share.

Many writers have recorded a part of this gun battle in conjunction with their writings of the Youngers. No one to my knowledge has covered it in detail. I have made an honest effort to do this.

IN THE EARLY part of February, 1874, there was a certain urgency when the manager of the Pinkerton National Detective Agency called two of his best detectives into his office. The Younger brothers and the James boys were wanted for numerous robberies and had been eluding the Pinkertons for so long it was damaging to the company's reputation. Both Robert A. Pinkerton and William A. Pinkerton had been in the field attempting to capture the James-Younger gang, without success.

Their father, Allan Pinkerton, who founded the agency, had started his career during the Civil War as head of the Northern Secret Service and later as a private detective with a record of

John Younger

many successes in capturing those outside the law. He was responsible for the breaking up of the first organized band of outlaws in America, known as the Reno brothers. The order of the day now was to capture any of the Youngers or Jameses at any cost.

The man selected to head the search was Capt. Louis J. Lull, a strapping twenty-seven-year-old detective who had served as a Union Army officer and as a captain on the Chicago police force. The other man chosen to make up the two-man team was James Wright. Wright was also considered one of the top detectives in the agency.

On January 31, 1874, the Iron Mountain Railroad was robbed at a small railway station called Gad's Hill in Wayne County, Missouri. The robbery was attributed to the Youngers, and the Pinkerton Agency was employed by the railroad and the express company to find the responsible persons.

A posse was formed but after several days of search, the group, with the exception of Lull and Wright, gave up. The latter continued and spent a short time in Monegaw Springs, Missouri, where the Youngers were known to have "holed-up" on many occasions. The detectives left Monegaw without any success. John Younger had been at the springs at this time and had seen them, but did not know their identity.

The detectives searched western Missouri during February and into the month of March. Finally they decided that they should return to St. Clair County.

Several robberies had been accredited to the Younger brothers in the past few years although no one had been able to determine their whereabouts. The four boys, Cole, Jim, John and Bob, normally would travel in pairs with no particular pattern. They would leave the state and ride down into Texas and Louisiana to visit with relatives and friends, but when they returned to Missouri, they would quite often stop in St. Clair County. Even though they had several relatives in the neighborhood, they would spend very little time in their homes because of the risk of being captured. The Younger families in this area were highly respected, with one of their uncles serving as county judge, and he was elected as county representative on the Greenback ticket.

Cole Younger had several friendships of long standing in the county as a result of being comrades in the Confederacy during the War between the States. Several of the men in St. Clair had fought alongside Cole in the Confederate victory at the Battle of Lone Jack and it was not easy for them to forget his bravery and loyalty to the Southern cause.

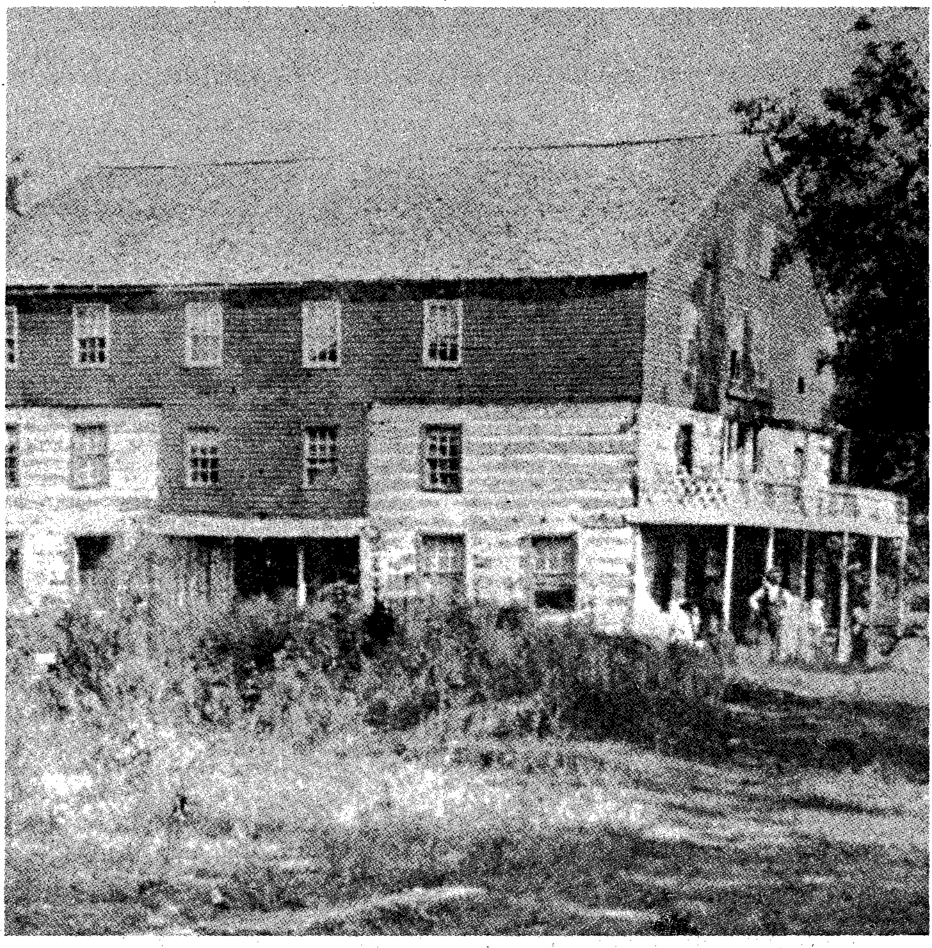
One of these men was Owen Snuffer. Owen, later in the year of 1874, assisted Augustus C. Appler, editor of the Osceola *Democrat*, in writing the first book on the Younger brothers. Owen's father, Theodrick Snuffer, had been a close friend of Cole's grandfather, Charles Lee Younger. Theodrick had been instrumental in persuading Charlie to move from Jackson County and purchase a large acreage west of Osceola. When Charlie Younger made his will he called on his friends, Theodrick Snuffer and John Bedel, to sign as witnesses. So, naturally, it was not uncommon for the boys to stay with the Snuffer family when in this area.

THE UPPER third of St. Clair County was prairie land and the southern two-thirds lay in the foothills of the Ozarks. It was divided somewhat between those who sympathized with the Union and those with the Confederate South, and many who spoke out where their feelings lay were killed, either in an argument or in an ambush.

The county seat, Osceola, lay on the banks of the Osage River near the mouth of the Sac River. Osceola had been burned and ravished by Col. Jim Lane and his Kansas Jayhawkers in the "Border War" on September 23, 1861. Perhaps this, in part, was the reason for the sympathy the Youngers received from the local residents. Both Cole and Jim had ridden with Quantrill and his guerrillas when they destroyed Lawrence, Kansas, the hometown of Jim Lane. Lane was there at the time, but managed to escape.

Much of the sympathy for the boys stemmed from the fact that their father, Henry Washington Younger, had been killed on the old Westport Road in Jackson County by ruffians believed to be Kansas Jayhawkers. Their mother had been forced to set fire to her home a short time later. It is true that the Youngers suffered greatly from the actions of those who were against them, but many other families also suffered.

At times when the law would come into the area looking for the Youngers, the boys would hide out in a cave which overlooked the Osage River near Monegaw Springs. The cave is on the north side of the river on a high bluff with a large overhang. On top of the overhang the boys could see for miles and it is still known today as Younger Lookout. It was impossible for the law to get to them from any direction without making themselves a clear target.



This photo of the Monegaw Hotel was taken in 1872, two years before the gun battle.

A Negro named George "Speed" McDonald, who was not considered a member of the gang, served as their cook and lookout during their stays in the cave. Speed lived to a ripe old age and was known throughout the area for his cooking ability. He was called on as chef when the Old Soldiers' Reunions were held.

John Younger, twenty-three years old, had experienced hardships for as long as he could remember. He had known nothing but fighting back since he was fourteen, when a man in Independence had hit him and then come at him with a shotgun. John grabbed a pistol and shot him. The man died, but John was acquitted by a coroner's jury because it was clearly self-defense. In 1871 he killed a deputy sheriff in Texas and was himself wounded. He escaped and went to California where his Uncle Coleman L. Younger lived. John returned to Missouri in the latter part of 1873 in time to participate in the Gad's Hill train robbery, or at least to get blamed for it.

The bodies were taken to the McFerrin cabin.

Jim Younger was twenty-six in 1874 and had served in the Confederate Army with Quantrill and his guerrillas. He had been with Cole in 1873 but had returned to St. Clair County during the winter of '73-'74. He, too, was on the wanted list for participating in various train and bank robberies.

ON A HIGH HILL in the north part of Monegaw Springs stood the old log building known as the Monegaw Hotel. It was a large three-story hotel with sleeping rooms on the second and third floors. The lower floor was used as an office, kitchen, dining room and post office. It was constructed by erecting four individual log buildings with a breezeway running between them and one roof covering the entire group.

The Monegaw Hotel was the center of many of the activities of the small community. People from far and near came to drink the spring water at Monegaw Springs. It was believed to be a cure-all for all ailments and was advertised as such. Many would come to the springs and camp out for a week or two.

Square dances were held with regularity at the hotel and many of the local people would join the tourists in the festivities. It was here on Tuesday night, March 16, 1874, that John and Jim attended a dance. They danced with several of the local girls late into the night and consumed a considerable amount of liquor. Both John and Jim were young, handsome, single and, no doubt, were the object of many glances from the young belles of Monegaw.

The boys evidently slept late the next morning. They had left Monegaw the night before and gone to the McFerrin Negro settlement some three miles southeast of the springs. They spent the rest of the night at John McFerrin's home which was one of the larger Negro homes in the settlement. John's wife, known as Aunt Hannah, was fond of the boys as her sister had worked for the Younger family in Jackson County. Aunt Hannah's two-story house, being constructed of logs with a lean-to on the side, was larger than the average. All of the Younger boys were welcome and on many occasions stayed there. Aunt Hannah was well known for her persimmon beer.

It is said that at one time Cole Younger was lying on a bed near a window, and he reached up and cut his initials on the window pane with his diamond ring. In later years, several people tried to purchase the pane, but Aunt Hannah refused to sell it. The night after she died, the glass mysteriously disappeared.

Aunt Hannah's daughter, Missouri McFerrin, worked as a cook at the Monegaw Hotel and was famous for her temper as well as her culinary talents. If one aroused her anger, he could expect a flying skillet.

Just about three lots to the east of the McFerrin cabin lived another daughter whose husband was Speed McDonald. Another daughter lived north three hundred feet. She was married to a mulatto named Wes Brown who was considered one of the well-to-do Negroes. The Browns had a nice home sitting on a rise. The McFerrins' son, John Rod McFerrin, lived just south of his parents on the same section.

Several of the Negroes in the settlement were known as the Montgomery Negroes, as they were former slaves of a white family named Montgomery. Many of them worked down at Roscoe at the docks on the Osage River less than three miles to the south. They would unload the steamboats which would come to Roscoe with supplies. This was as far upriver as most of the boats could go, and it was a main depot.

The road which went from Roscoe north past the Negro settlement and on to Chalk Level was known as Chalk Road. The road to Monegaw Springs branched off to the west. This was known as the "Forks."

Just north of the Negro settlement on Chalk Road lived a white family named Davis. John Davis knew the Youngers well, as they traveled by his house regularly and stopped on occasion to pass the time of day.

On the same section where the McFerrin cabin sat, lived the Theodrick Snuffer and Benton Green families. Benton Green had fought with Cole in the Lone Jack battle and was wounded there.

THE TWO detectives arrived in Osceola, "put up" at the Commercial Hotel, and announced that they were cattle buyers. Capt. Lull used the alias of W. J. Allen in case someone had heard of him. Wright apparently used his real name which contradicts some reports that his name was John Boyle. It is said that Wright served in the Confederate Army and had served with some men from St. Clair County and so felt it wise to use his own name.

Posing as traveling cattle buyers gave them an opportunity to ask questions without rousing undue interest on the part of the local people.

The Younger boys were one of the many topics of conversation of the "spit and whittle loafers" around the courthouse square and this gave Lull and Wright an opportunity to listen and ask pertinent questions. It didn't take them long to establish the fact that the boys generally hung out around Snuffer's or the Negro settlement which were on the same section of land. It was never revealed just where they obtained the knowledge that John and Jim were staying at Snuffer's at this particular time, but many old-timers say that a Negro living in the settlement had a grudge against the Youngers and was the one who offered the information.

After a conference, the two detectives decided they would need a guide, as the country was hilly and traveling difficult. They selected a young man named Edwin B. Daniels who had served occasionally as a deputy sheriff under Sheriff Johnson, then presently in office. Being a native of the county, Daniels knew all the back roads and wooded areas up and down the Osage River basin. Ed, as he was known, was twenty-three years old. He agreed to guide them westward to the appointed area.

Hannah McFerrin worked for the Younger family in Jackson County.

The three pursuers left Osceola on March 16. They crossed the Osage River and went up the south side to the village of Roscoe which was about twelve miles distant. There they would be only some three miles from the area of their intended search.

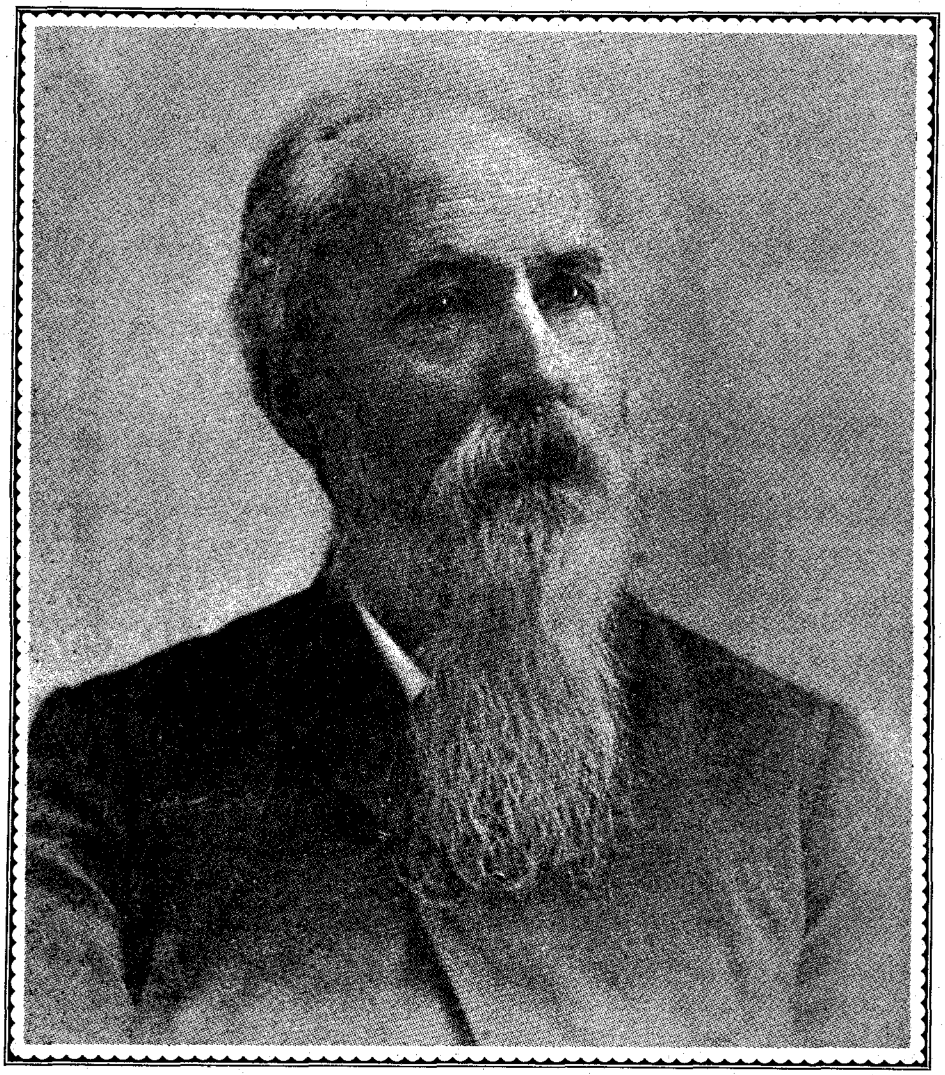
Arriving late that evening in Roscoe, the three went to the local hotel known as the Roscoe House and put up for the night. It was a two-story clapboard building standing on the east side of the main streeet. The owner was Oliver Burch who had ridden with Quantrill during the war.

Being so close to the area where the Youngers were thought to be, the detectives probably did not mention the name Younger. However, they did inquire around until they found that a widow by the name of Sims, who lived just down the road east of the Negro settlement, had some animals that might be purchased. This would give them a reason for being in the area if questioned by anyone.

At high noon, the three left Roscoe, crossed the river and headed in a northern direction on the old Chalk Road. A little over two miles to the north they reined their horses to the right and went east down a narrow roadway.

A half mile down the road, they passed a newly erected country school, called the Benton Green School after the man who was responsible for the building. Theodrick Snuffer had donated the land but asked that it not be named after him.

As the riders passed the school, the pupils looked out the window of the log structure and viewed the three horsemen.



Dr. D. C. McNeill

But they were unaware, as they studied their history books, that history in the making was passing by their very eyes.

REACHING the mile corner, the three paused. Just down the roadway to the north stood the Snuffer house. Wright, still feeling that there was a chance of his being recognized, decided that the other two should approach the Snuffer house, and he could catch up with them later.

As the strangers pulled up into the yard, the sound of the hoofbeats were heard by those inside the cabin. John and Jim had arrived there about half an hour before and had not yet eaten. It was shortly after two o'clock as they sat down at the Snuffer table to take dinner.

"Theodrick, you had better see who that is," said John. "Jim and I will go up in the attic."

"Yeah," was the reply from Snuffer.

The boys crawled up the ladder through the hole in the ceiling and positioned themselves so that they could see through a crack between the logs down to the front yard. Snuffer hesitated until he heard, "Anyone home?" Slowly he opened the door and walked outside toward the two men just as Capt. Lull dismounted his grey.

Lull spoke first. "Sir, could you direct us to the Sims place?"

"You mean Col. Sims' place?" asked Snuffer. He supposed that they meant the Sims who lived over about a mile from Monegaw Springs.

Lull said, "We were told that Mrs. Sims had some cattle to sell and that's the place we would like to find." Ed Daniels kept silent and Wright had ridden on ahead just out of sight into a wooded section.

John and Jim noticed that they were well armed, perhaps too well to be roving cattle buyers. They watched Daniels and it seemed that he was uneasy.

Snuffer gave them directions and then Lull mounted his horse and the two rode off at a leisurely gait. Snuffer turned and went back into the house. John and Jim were coming down the ladder.

"What do you make of that, Theodrick?" Jim asked. "I dunno, but they didn't go the direction that I gave them."

"Jim, let's go see who they are," said John. John was the more excitable of the two and wanted to know for sure if they were the law or if they were really cattle buyers.

Jim, the older brother, at first said, "No, let them go on, there's no use asking for trouble." But John kept insisting, so Jim gave in and the two went out to the shed where their horses were tied. They usually kept their saddles and bridles on, in case they were needed in a hurry.

Mounted, they took off in a gallop in a northwest direction where they had seen the supposed cattle buyers ride. It was now just after two o'clock in the afternoon. About three-quarters of a mile from the Snuffer place, Capt. Lull and E. B. Daniels were riding together and Detective Wright, who had joined them, was riding a short distance ahead. They were in a grove of thinly studded small trees about a quarter of a mile from Aunt Hannah McFerrin's cabin.

Two hundred feet away was a rail fence which surrounded the John Davis home, and John's son, Ol, who was fifteen years old, was cutting sprouts from the fence. Just a rock's throw away, Speed McDonald was outside his cabin puttering around, not knowing that in a few minutes he, too, would be a witness to an unexpected episode. McDonald's wife had given birth to a child earlier in the day with Grandma Sims serving as midwife.

At approximately half past two o'clock, Lull and Daniels were talking as their horses walked along, when suddenly they heard hoofbeats behind them. They turned and saw the Youngers closing fast.

John Younger was carrying a double-barreled shotgun with both barrels cocked, and Jim had one pistol ready to fire and another in his gun belt.

Wright, hearing the noise, put the spur to his horse and attempted to get away. Sensing that these three were really lawmen and not cattle buyers, Jim shouted for Wright to halt. When he failed to stop, Jim fired at Wright and came so close the bullet sent Wright's hat flying through the air. John kept his shotgun on Lull and Daniels. Wright kept on going and was soon out of sight, headed east as fast as his horse could carry him. The Younger brothers ordered the remaining two to drop their guns, which they did. Jim dismounted and picked up the detectives' revolvers. The Pinkerton force was using an English made gun called the Trantor which was a .43 caliber with a 5 7/8" barrel.

"John, these are damn fine guns. It's sure nice of these boys to make us a present of them. Where you fellas from?"

"We're from Osceola," answered Lull.

"What are you doing out here?"

"Just rambling around."

"You sure you are not detectives looking for someone? I believe I have seen one of you over at the springs," John said.

"No," replied Daniels. "My name is E. B. Daniels and I can prove who I am and where I'm from."

"Then why in the hell are you carrying all these sidearms?"

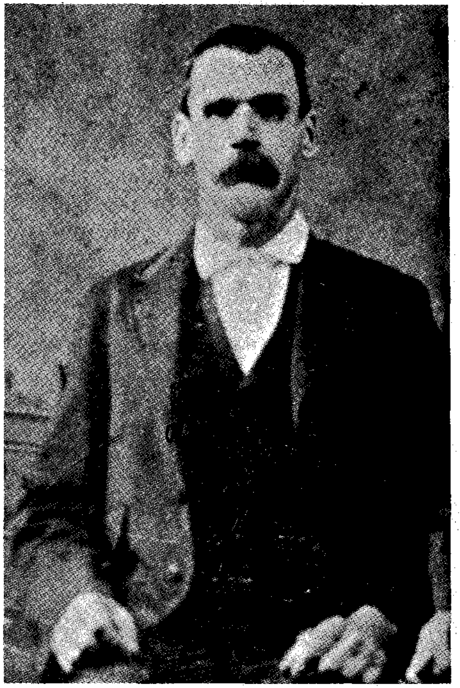
"Good God," pleaded Daniels. "Doesn't every man traveling through this country carry guns, and besides don't I have as much right to carry a gun as anyone?"

"That's enough of that," answered

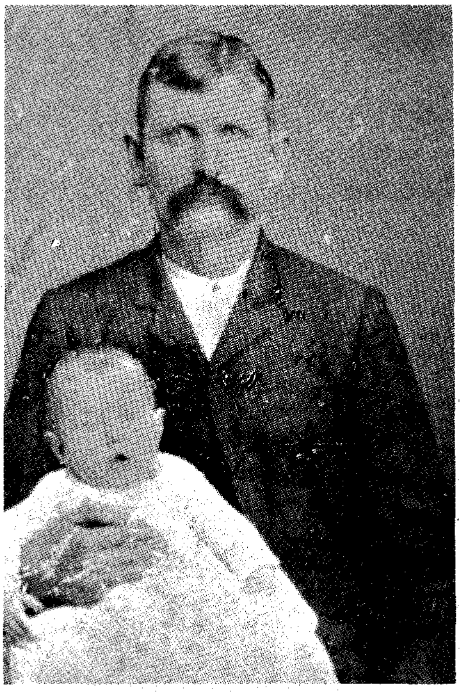
John. "Let's not have any of that smart talk." John then pointed the shotgun in a threatening manner.

Daniels said something to John and as their attention turned to him, Lull reached in his cape where he had hidden a small No. 2 Smith and Wesson pistol. Suddenly, he pulled it out and shot John Younger, the bullet passing upward through the neck.

The report of the shot startled Lull's horse and it turned to run. John managed to aim and fire at Lull even though he was mortally wounded. The shotgun load hit Lull in the left shoulder and arm. Jim also shot at Lull with his pistol, but the bullet sped by without hitting him. Lull's left arm fell to his side useless and he was forced to grab the reins with his right hand and turn his horse eastward down the roadway. Daniels pulled on his reins to get away but was too late. Jim Younger turned his big Navy pistol toward Daniels and fired, the bullet entering the left side of the neck. Daniels was near death as he fell from the saddle.



David Crowder guarded John Younger's body.



Ol Davis watched the fight from a nearby field. He is shown here holding his daughter Stella.

HEARING THE first report of gunfire, Speed looked across the fence and was able to view the rest of the battle. Ol Davis, upon hearing the shot, paused from his sprout cutting to see what the noise was. Capt. Lull, after being shot through the shoulder, had ridden in Davis' direction, but in going through the grove of small trees, a low hanging branch knocked him from his horse. John, still able to stay in the saddle, rode after Lull and caught up with him where he had fallen. He fired twice, with one shot missing and the other bullet going through Capt. Lull's chest on the left side.

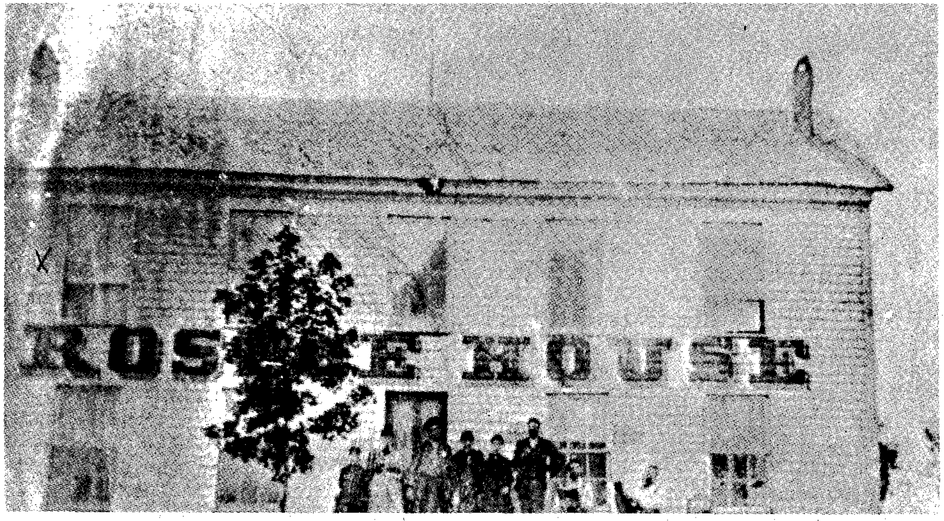
Turning his horse around John started back in the direction where the battle started but was fast losing consciousness. He grabbed the saddle horn with both hands as he began to weave back and forth.

Jim was on the ground picking up the pistols when the shooting started. Some reports say that Jim received a slight flesh wound in the side caused by a bullet ejected from the pistol of Daniels just before he was killed. Daniels also had a hidden pistol. More likely, the shot came from Lull's pistol as his horse reared up, causing his second shot to go wild.

Jim picked himself up and went over to where Daniels lay and rolled him over. Seeing that he was dead, he started down the road east where John had ridden in chase of Lull. Looking up he saw John reeling in the saddle. He shouted at him and John raised his head and looked at him. This was almost John's last action, for a few seconds later he fell from his horse. As he fell, he went over a low fence and into a hog pen almost directly across from the McFerrin house. Inside the enclosure was a small shed which was used as a place to butcher.

When Jim reached John, he saw his brother was apparently dead. He quickly removed John's watch, pistols and other personal effects. Hearing a noise, he looked up and saw Speed. Recognizing him, he threw one of the pistols to him and told Speed to keep it. He also instructed Speed to catch a horse and ride down and tell Snuffer what had happened, and to take care of John's body.

Roscoe House. X marks the room where Captain Lull lay.



Jim then caught John's horse and rode west to Chalk Road to see if he could locate Detective Wright who had run off at the beginning of the gun battle. Being unable to find him, Jim decided to ride back down to Snuffer's to be sure his friend knew what had happened and to make sure that John's body would be taken care of. After talking to Snuffer Jim mounted and headed south for Arkansas to a meeting place where he knew his brothers, Cole and Bob, would eventually come.

In the meanwhile, Speed McDonald had sent on one of the other Negroes to inform Snuffer and then had run back to where John lay. He stood guard over the body to keep the hogs from molesting it until help could arrive.

Ol Davis had reported to his father that he had heard shots and had seen a man fall from his horse. Upon hearing this, John Davis ran the short distance to where the shots were fired. He first came to the body of Ed Daniels lying face down in a hoof track partly filled with water. Blood was running from Daniel's nose and mouth. Davis rolled him over, but he could see that he was dead. Walking on down the roadway, Davis saw Capt. Lull. Lull had crawled across the road and managed to pull himself up to a sitting position against a tree.

Walking up, Davis said, "It looks like you have had some trouble."

"I hope that I have fallen into good

(Continued on page 60)

The typical "confused" prospector is old, ill and friendless. This one was young, powerful and known—but the desert plays tricks!

GOLD

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

Herschel Hill

THE SANDSTORM which caught Herschel Hill in its blinding grip was raised by gale-like winds pouring east out of the Cricket Mountains over Utah's Black Rock Desert.

It began as a thin blow, only a little dust and sand moving in the air. He had been in such storms before, while hunting a lost Spanish mine west of Fillmore and south of Clear Lake. Invariably they blew themselves out in a few hours. But this one, beginning in the afternoon, was blindingly thick by the next morning.

No sun showed through the murk. When he went to get his horse and pack mule, hobbled in a grassy flat, he became lost twenty feet from camp. Nor did he ever find his stock or camp again.

After two hours of stumbling through the solid mass Hill realized he was hopelessly off course and an unknown distance from camp. With his face covered with a blue bandana, Hill staggered along in what he believed was an eastward direction. Then he struck an immovable stone wall and fell.

Two months before, while supplying himself in Fillmore, Hill had been warned against venturing too far into the desert alone. But he was a cocky twenty-three-year-old in 1888, big and strong. He was convinced he had a sure-thing map to a valuable gold mine discovered and worked by the Spaniards, perhaps a century or more before.

Resting at the cliff base he had no comprehension of time until a break occurred through the sand-filled air and the position of the sun told him that it was afternoon again. In a few minutes the storm closed over once more. The sighting did give him an idea of his position, and it seemed that the storm faded into less intensity eastward toward Fillmore.

Standing up, Hill reconnoitered west and shuddered because the wall of moving sand meant that he dare not tackle it in an attempt to find his camp. His mouth rasped paper dry, his nose and eyes were clogged. A small muddy lake lay a few miles west of Fillmore. Perhaps reaching it was his only chance of survival.

IN HIS desperate situation Hill plunged into the storm again. Many times his physical endurance seemed at an end. He reached a period when the entire world was dark. So it was night and, surprisingly, the sand did not whip at his back as it once did.

He found another high cliff wall by walking directly into it. Because he moved slowly Hill was not injured when knocked to the ground on contact. Blindly he felt along the stone surface with his hands, seeking a projecting corner. Soon his extended arms encountered open space. Hill hesitated a moment. Did an abyss exist one step farther on? Ten feet beyond, however, he found the other side. It was an opening higher than his head. Easing to the ground he crawled over a sandy, solid floor, encountering some gravel and a few large stones. The fierceness of the wind had been left behind.

LIKE WHEAT

Thankfully the young man flattened out, exhausted.

When Hill awakened, bright sunlight shone through the entrance of a cave which extended back another twenty feet and seemed unusually cool. To the right a break occurred in the wall, and his right hand rested on the floor inside it. The feel to his fingers was odd, and looking down he found a black piece of old leather on top of something else—grains of what looked like wheat.

Gathering up a handful he held the metallic material before his eyes and got to his feet quickly, going to the cave opening for better light. Nerves tingling, Hill realized that what looked like grain were small pellets of gold!

Hill dropped the puzzling discovery into a side pocket of his jacket and returned to the spot where it had been found.

There appeared to be a large pile or drift of the stuff. It filled the break in the wall. Scattered through it were more fragments of rotted leather, so old that it was hard as wood.

Standing up again—and trying to remain calm—he walked out of the cave to reconnoiter. By the sun it was about noon. Eastward and a little to the south appeared a landmark that he knew. The bluish, sagebrush-covered outline of The Crater stood clear on the plain. For a moment keen disappointment swept him. Its position meant that he was much closer to the town of Fillmore than where his desert camp should be. He was within fifteen miles of the eastern edge of Black Rock Desert.

In fact, he probably no longer had a camp, and without a doubt his stock had perished in the storm. All he owned in the world were a few possessions in his pockets, the hat on his head and the denim clothing he wore. And some gold which looked like grains of wheat.

HILL FILLED all his pockets and set out walking east. That night he reached Fillmore and soon had a meal and a bed.

The next morning he went to a storekeeper friend. The man knew a lot about minerals. Hill, having never heard of gold found in the form he carried, had begun wondering if he could be wrong about the pellets. But no, after testing and weighing, his friend declared the grains were gold. By the glass marking test he determined them to be nineteen karats fine. In his trousers, shirt and jacket pockets Hill had brought in eighteen pounds.

"You can sell this to one of the mining companies," his friend said. "Did you find yourself a mine?"

Slowly Hill shook his head. "I don't rightly know." He explained how the storm struck suddenly, how he had wandered for an unknown period during which he was often uncertain of where he actually was.

His friend commented thoughtfully, "Maybe you didn't find a mine after all. Do you know something? I never heard of or saw gold nuggets all of the same size, shape and color such as this stuff is. Doesn't seem to me that it would happen naturally in any great quantity."

"Could it be something the Spaniards mined?"

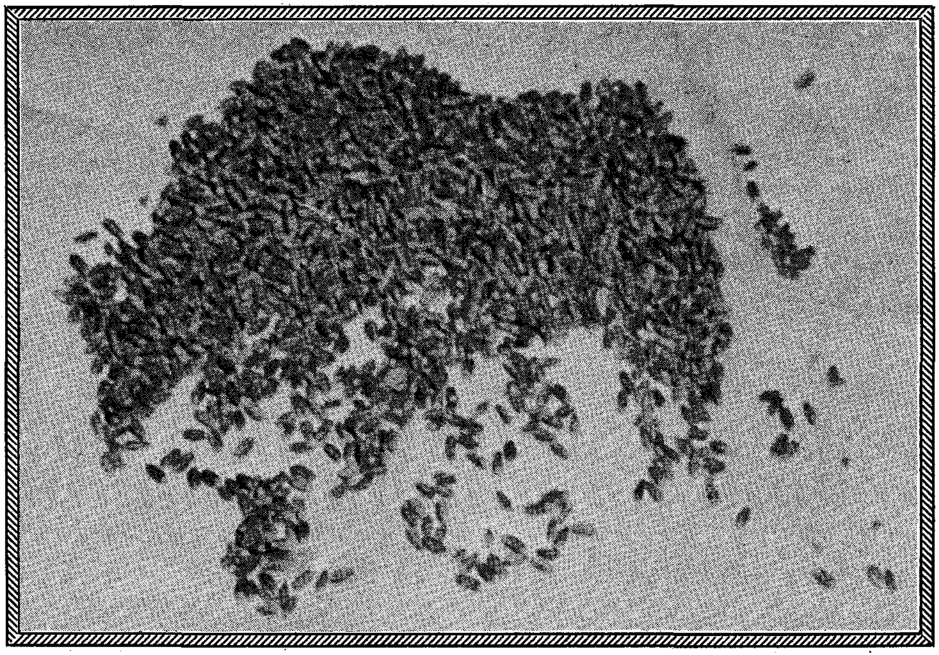
Hill got out his old Spanish map. Spreading it out on the store counter both men examined it at length. (In the years to come this map was to create considerable controversy. It was claimed by some who purportedly knew, that it was only a piece of a larger map made by Father Silvestre Velez de Escalante.)

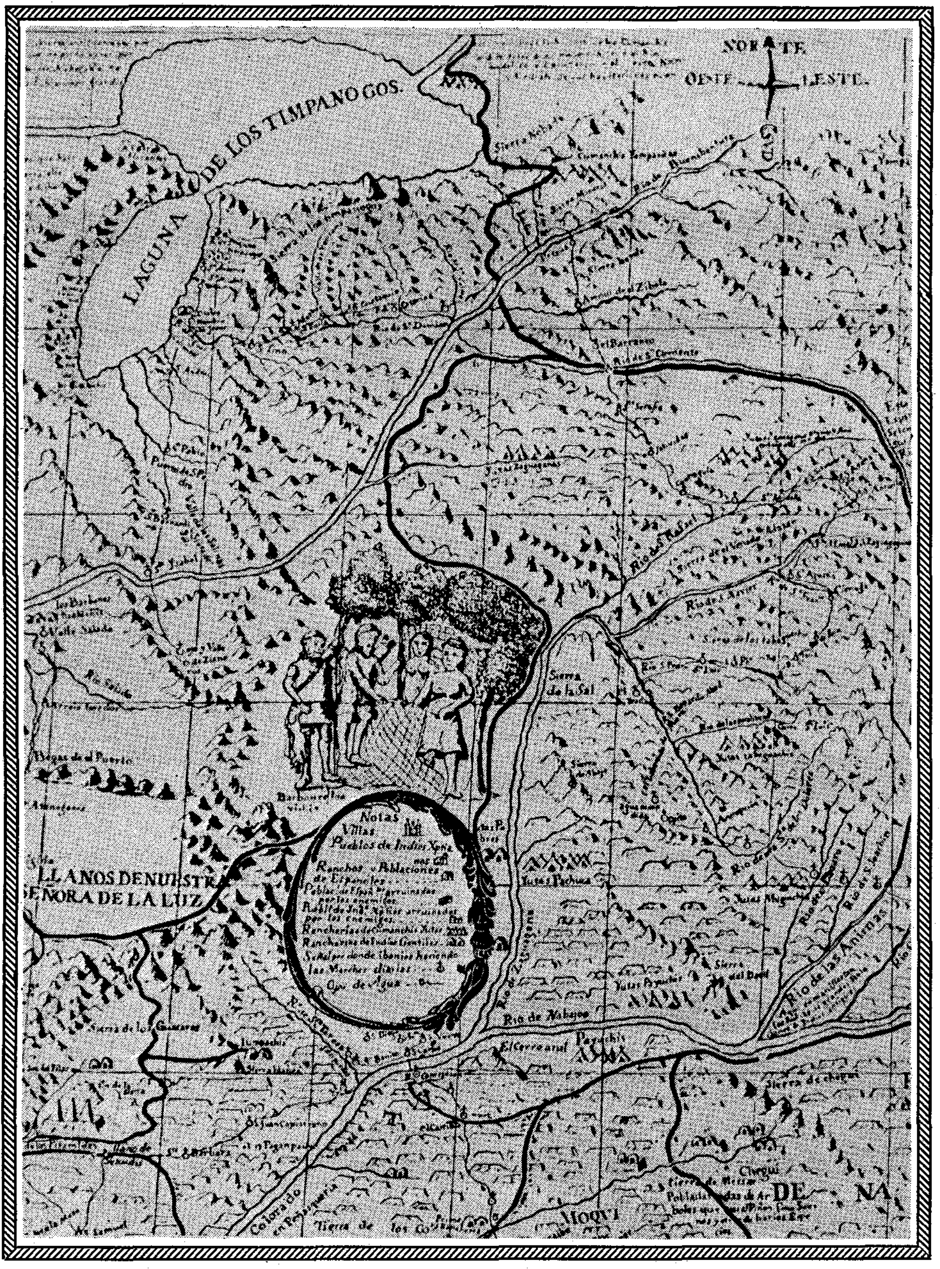
"The eighteen sites marked on it as being mines, or at least mineral discoveries, are nowhere near the cave," Hill admitted.

"No matter. The western leg of the old Spanish Trail from New Mexico isn't far to the south. Escalante came through these parts in 1776, going all the way south to Beaver River."

Spaniards from New Mexico, searching for gold and silver, arrived very early in what is now southern Utah. Several of their inscriptions have been found on great rocks and cliff walls. One in a side canyon of Glen on the Colorado River is dated 1642. What became known as the Spanish Trail was created by the expedition of Escalante. Accompanied by Father Francisco Atanasio Dominguez, he journeyed north from Santa

Grains of wheat which it was said the gold resembled.





Hill used a portion of Father Escalante's map.

Fe into the southern Uinta Mountains, the Utah Valley via Spanish Fork and thence southward to Beaver River.

Others followed, pushing the trail on west into California. Even before 1776 Spaniards were looking for valuable minerals. Indians of southern Utah related terrifying tales of cruelty while enslaved and forced to work the Spanish mines. With the help of detailed Indian accounts, several of those mines were located after American occupation of the Southwest. One of the more famous was the Rollins mine, discovered by James A. Rollins in 1858. But it produced almost pure lead, and the Spaniards had worked the mine long enough to ascertain that no silver was involved.

Hill knew that in Tintic Valley and the Tintic Mountains at least three very old Spanish prospects were found which had been mined a long time. They proved very valuable when rediscovered in the 1870s. (Still one more was found as late as 1920.) These old mines had been worked with very crude tools. The ore in some had been broken out by heating the surface and then applying cold water. In one case a narrow tunnel was discovered when a pile of boulders was removed for building material. In it were two skeletons. The bones were identified as Indian remains and undoubtedly those of slave miners.

BEING MOST anxious to return to the cave, Hill bought a saddle and horse and two pack mules complete with the necessary equipment. He set forth one early morning.

Proceeding to the muddy waterhole he had passed on the way into Fillmore, he camped overnight. From there he followed his own sign into the wastelands. Even when the trace was lost he moved on, confident that he was headed directly toward the cave.

Two noons later Hill grew annoyed, concluding that he had gone past the high stone wall containing the cave. Pulling up, he dry camped and searched the desert in zig-zag lines. The next day he was forced south to a waterhole. After resting over there, he tried to locate his former camp.

Apparently it had been covered with sand for he found nothing of it or even the carcasses of his stock. The chance was very slim that they might not have perished. Riding north almost to Clear Lake where several springs existed, he packed water, rode south, then north again searching for landmarks. He found many cliff walls of mesas and small plateaus, but none of them contained a cave, especially the one he sought.

One afternoon while riding a graveled flat toward a high outcropping, Hill suddenly halted in surprise. Approaching from the other side were three Indians. Until that moment he had not seen one track of a human being in the desert. As Hill started toward them the Indians quickly vanished behind the prominence, and when he gained it, hoping to talk to them, they were nowhere in sight.

By September Hill, a very sorely put out young man, was out of grub. He returned to Fillmore.

His friend consoled him, "Under the conditions you endured at the time it is hardly unusual that you would have trouble finding the cave again."

"The other day I saw some Indians."

"Goshutes, Piutes, Utes or Pahvants?"

"I don't know."

"Better watch out. They have been known to murder lone prospectors."

During Hill's absence his friend had discussed the wheat gold with seasoned prospectors and miners. In their opinion he had found a temporary cache. Collected from other places, the gold had been stored there for transportation elsewhere. There might be ingots or rich quartz gold with it.

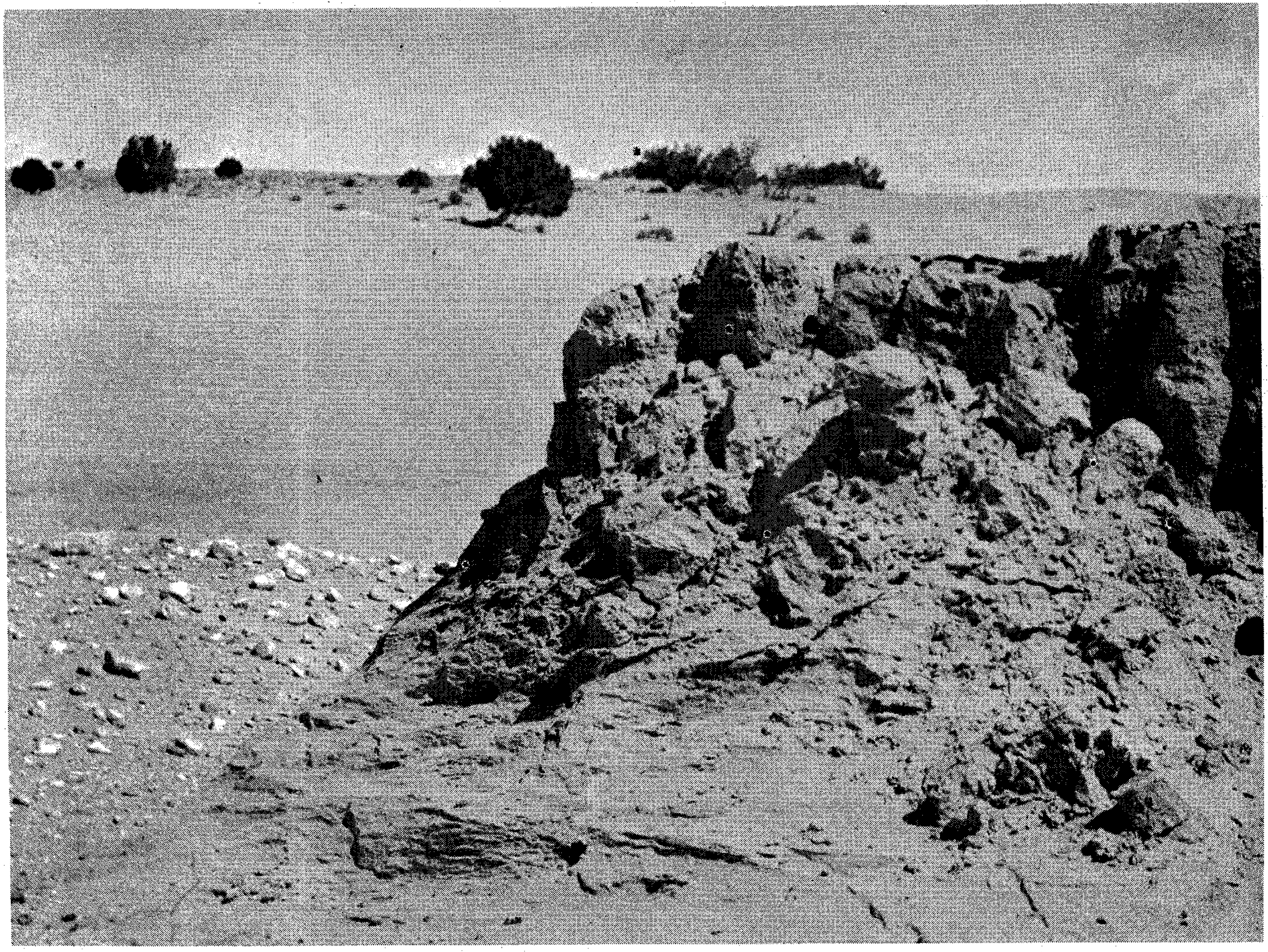
Three days later, Hill again rode out, carrying this time a .30-30 Winchester in a saddle boot. He went directly to The Crater, 5,000 feet elevation. Climbing the extinct volcano cone he surveyed the country for distant landmarks. On the trip of discovery he had crossed Black Rock Desert from the northern extremities of the Cricket Mountains to a point south of Clear Lake. From there he had followed a southeast course toward Fillmore.

Selecting a five-mile square block Hill concluded that the cave had to be inside it. From The Crater he went into camp in the extreme southwest corner of the planned search area.

Leaving the mules hobbled in camp, he rode leisurely north the next morning, moved half a mile east and came down parallel to the morning course. Two cliff walls were examined but neither was high enough.

On reaching camp at sundown he saw nothing of his pack mules. They were finally located a hundred yards away behind some clumps of sagebrush. Both had been shot through the head. Instantly alert, Hill searched around for Indians. He believed redskins had committed the deed, perhaps the ones he saw before, but why?

Finding no evidence of the perpetra-



A corner of Black Rock Desert.

tors being still around, Hill returned to camp. All the food in it had been taken. Riding east until rolling terrain concealed him, Hill pulled off to spend a foodless, chilly night.

At sunrise he returned to camp. Shoe marks were plentiful. That did not necessarily mean white men, as Indians wore heavy shoes in the desert. He tracked to where two horses had been mounted before the pair headed south.

UNDER THE circumstances, Hill could do nothing but return to Fillmore. On a wandering course he was riding down a sandy hogback when a bullet whistled close to his head. Twisting sideways as he drew the carbine, a second bullet smacked into his horse and broke its neck.

Clearing the saddle as his mount fell dead, Hill scurried into some jagged rocks. Bullets dug up sand around him. After the firing he spotted the riflemen on a ridge some 200 yards away.

For two hours there was absolute quiet. The hot sun heightened his thirst. On the saddle of the dead horse twenty feet away was a canteen, but the instant he cleared the rocks toward it bullets whined around him again. Never fully off the ground Hill hurried back into protective covering.

This brief flurry revealed that the riflemen had shifted closer behind a mass of loose rocks. Hill sent three bullets into them, the echo of their ricocheting wafting away on the light wind. Thereafter he refused to waste cartridges.

The afternoon wore on to sundown. When blue dusk gave way to night he crawled to the dead horse, retrieving the canteen of water. Then he moved on to higher ground and over a ridge west. Somewhere in the night the faint noise of moving men reached his ears. On clearing the ridge he dropped into a crouch. With his carbine ready to fire, Hill rushed the loose stones where the shots had been fired. There was no one in them. Empty cartridge cases glinted in the moonlight.

For two miles eastward Hill crept from one hiding place to another. At last a knife-edge rim and shadows came into being. The mass, probably 200 yards long, blocked his way. Hill could not remember having seen this particular high rock wall during his search. But how could he have missed it?

Hastening to its base, he turned along it in mounting excitement. The cave mouth was a black block when he reached it. Really excited, blood pounding, Hill plunged inside and struck a match. It *was* the cave and there lay the pile of wheat-sized grains of gold!

Sitting down when the flame burned out, he felt the heap, trying to judge its extent. It seemed to fill a hole at the base, where the stuff had once been piled in hide sacks. Beneath the loose surface his fingers encountered brick-like objects which must be ingots. Trying another match, his shaking fingers tore the head off, and the third and last one refused to ignite.

Quickly Hill gathered up handfuls of gold, spilling it into his pockets. Outside, he realized that the cliff face should be marked and he used the carbine's front sight to scratch a cross on the wall twenty feet from the mouth of the cave. Halfway along the wall to the south, an estimated 200 feet, he made a second, and a third where the wall slanted down abruptly into the sand.

Despite being hungry and tired Hill took off east in long steps, anxious to reach help and return. Suddenly against the starlight, the three-quarter moon being slightly north, two riders were silhouetted. Hill stared at them in mild disbelief. But they were certainly hairy-faced white men dressed like prospectors and not Indians. If there existed any doubt they were after him it was dispelled when their rifles started blasting.

(Continued on page 42)

Finney's Hollow

Photo by Harold Phelps, Courtesy Arkansas Publicity and Parks Commission

Ozark Plateau is south of Jasper, Arkansas.

By OLEVIA E. MYERS

Photos Courtesy Author

FINNEY'S HOLLOW is some six miles northwest of Lead Hill, Arkansas and about sixty-five miles southeast of Galena, Missouri, and across that sixty-five miles lies some of the most rugged, snake-infested parts of the Ozark Mountains. Over these sharp, flint rock hills and through the snake-infested valleys John Finney, in November 1861, led his wife and three small girls with only the provisions they could carry on their backs. The family was fleeing from the dreaded bushwhackers of Missouri.

Early in the war Finney's only son had marched proudly off to fight for the South. A short time later he was dead. A message scrawled on a torn, wrinkled piece of bloodstained paper told of his accidental death by his own gun.

"He started to mount his horse," the note read. "His gun accidently went off and shot him below the heart and come out of his throat. I rolled him up in his blanket and buried him the very best I could. Very respt. yours, Bob Ellison from Lead Hill, Ark."

With only three young daughters left, there was no one in the Finney family to serve as a replacement. John Finney knew he was needed at home, and here began the trouble with the bushwhackers who talked to him several times insisting the father "get in there and fight." Finney steadfastly refused, saying over and over, "The war has taken my only son. I cannot leave my womenfolks unprotected."

Hard feelings were running rife in Galena as several other older men refused to be pressured into the war, and a group of men who later came to be called Quantrill's Raiders grew ever more bold and lawless in their "conscription" methods.

The whole country was tense and fearful. No candles burned in the tiny log cabins after dark and all windows were carefully covered with blankets to keep the light of fireplaces from showing.

Several men had been brutally beaten, a few killed outright, and girls and women had been shamefully mistreated. Cabins had been burned, livestock driven off or shot, and warnings had been issued to every able-bodied male to "get in and fight or die." Finney well knew he was on the list and sooner or later the bushwackers would be riding up to his door in the dark of night to rob and pillage and burn and rape. He was right.

Just after sundown one day a neighbor rode up on a lathered horse and gasped that the bushwhackers had hit the Brown place a couple of miles away. The frightened man said that as he slipped by the burning Brown cabin one of the bushwhackers had called out, "Let's get the Finney place next."

John Finney had talked earlier with his wife about fleeing from the raiders as soon as they began to threaten him, and now that the time had come there was no confusion, no tears, just a quiet gathering up of the few items they would be able to carry in packs on their backs. A gun, knives for killing and skinning wild animals they would depend on for food, a small sack of salt, a scant change of clothing, two blankets, a couple of cooking utensils—and then, for the last time, John Finney and his wife looked at their home and worldly possessions and said a silent goodbye.

With pack in place on his back, a rifle in the crook of his arm, John Finney picked up the three-months-old baby. Rose, the second child, was frightened and crying quietly. Catherine, the oldest and quite grown up for her fifteen years, was the last to leave the cabin. She, too, During the bushwhacker era of the Civil War nothing equaled the will to kill except the will to survive. Men fled to the caves of the Ozarks, sometimes alone, sometimes with a family who had to be clothed and fed . . .

carried a small pack on her young shoulders.

QUICKLY NOW and stealthily the family began its fearful attempt to outdistance the riders now approaching the cabin. When only a short distance away, they heard a gunshot ring out. So close were they that the voice of the bushwhacker came clearly to them as he shouted, "Come out, Finney, or die in your burning house."

The family stood silently a second and saw the first faint flicker of flame that was to consume their home, then they fell into single file in the cow-path, Finney leading and Catherine bringing up the rear. Urgently now, Finney headed for the protection of the rugged Ozarks. He knew the mountains near Galena well, having hunted in them for deer and bear to feed his family, so the first night and the next day meant traversing familiar territory.

The old caves, or mines, where Spaniards had dug for silver and gold—so the legend said—were right on the trail, for Finney and his wife had decided beforehand that when they were forced to flee they would head toward Lead Hill, Arkansas. Finney knew nothing of that country but there were mountains all the way to provide hiding for his family and then, too, Bob Ellison—the last link with his dead son—called Lead Hill home. Perhaps a vast yearning to talk to the person who had buried the boy influenced Finey's decision—but the family had to go somewhere.

The Spanish Caves were passed the first night and, keeping to the roughest parts of the mountains so as not to be tracked by the killers, the family next day approached the beautiful Fairy Caves, now a great tourist attraction in Missouri. Finney knew the caves were dry and warm, that they would be a welcome resting place, but he also knew the bushwhackers or any other outlaws would be sure to search them, so the caves were bypassed.

The second night was spent in a small hollow where the battle of Wilson Creek had taken place. Human bones could be seen in the moonlight. Clothing and discarded bits of war equipment were everywhere. Not until the moon rose did John Finney know he was on the battleground, but his family was too tired to go on and they would be safer there, anyway. "The dead won't hurt us," Finney reasoned.

Years later Catherine recalled that although it was November and the battle of Wilson Creek had been fought in August the place still reeked with the odor of death.

AT DAYBREAK next morning, stiff, sore and half famished, the couple and their three children started out once more. A thick mist covered the hollow. Catherine stumbled into a deep hole where soldiers lay mouldering. Sobbing, she struggled out of the pit and guided her young sister Rose away from the death hole. She did not want the child to carry the memory of death with her as Catherine was sure she herself would do always.

Up to now John Finney had not dared to light a fire to warm the children or to cook a meal. They had eaten only some cold biscuits and pork that Mrs. Finney had carried from home.

On the following night Finney sought shelter in a small, deep cave far from any path or trail. The small cave smelled of wild animals; Finney was perhaps the first white man ever to set foot inside it. Still he took no chances. After a supply of wood was carried into the cave the entrance was carefully screened with the blankets before Finney made a fire.

There was no longer any food, just the small bag of salt, the gun and some bullets. The father felt it was still unsafe to fire his gun and yet he knew his

Catherine Finney Seals and her husband.

family was suffering from hunger.

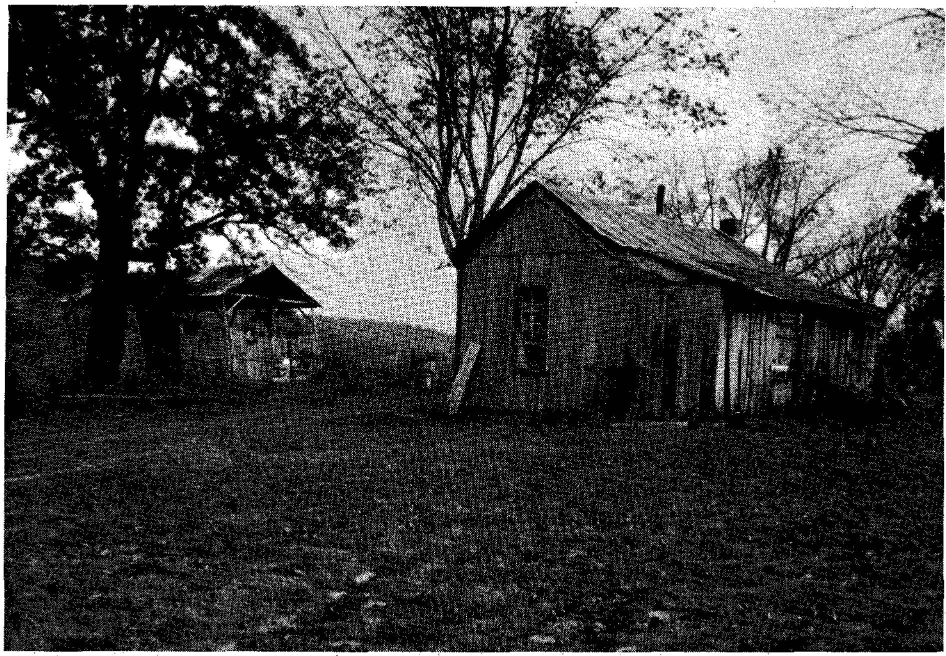
The baby was especially fretful. Rose and Catherine fell asleep at once from sheer exhaustion but the baby continued to whimper. Clearly she was starving.

Finney rose from beside the fire and told his wife quietly, "I'll go out and see if I can find anything—rabbits, birds, anything that we can make soup from. The baby has to have food."

As Finney paused at the blanket-hung opening to look back and tell his wife not to be afraid, that he wouldn't be gone long, his eye caught something moving in the very edge of the firelight far back in the cave. The food problem was solved. It was a large fat opossum.

The next morning Finney rose while the mother and children were still sleeping. He felt sure there were other opossums in the dark recess of the cave. Taking a torch from the fire, he carried it before him as he explored the cave's depths. Finney was right; he found five young 'possums. His wife and daughters awoke to the smell of roasting meat. After they had eaten and had once again fed the baby warm broth with the help of the soaked bit of cloth, they were ready to travel on.

Footsore from the sharp flint rocks which had already turned their shoes to shreds, bone tired and desperately worried, the couple placed their few belongings on their backs and once again



John Finney's home where Catherine lived and died.

started walking southeast. All that day clouds hung low and went scudding across the grey sky which foretold rain and cold weather. Great masses of geese and ducks were honking overhead. Sometimes the huge V-shaped masses split apart in ten or fifteen bunches, each bunch milling about and honking for the leader. The Finneys watched them as they circled and tried frantically to resume their flight pattern. Catherine thought the wild geese were like themselves—lost and probably doomed. Would they ever find a resting place?

Night found the family in a wide valley. It seemed at least a mile across to the next hills and there was no shelter in between. Nothing but trees. Finney said they must go on or turn back to the hills they had just left to search for a cave. He dare not expose his exhausted family to a night which threatened rain at any moment. The sharp wind was noticeably cooler too.

"Let's go on then," Mrs. Finney said in a tired voice. "We don't want to backtrack and have to walk this over again."

Finney realized she was at the breaking point. Without a word he picked up the baby and they plodded slowly toward the distant hills.

Under the first sheltering cliff on the other side of the valley Finney built a fire. Quickly he spread the blankets and with tired sighs the family sank to sleep. All except the father. For long hours Finney sat uneasily, smoking his old cob pipe and watching the fretful baby. He was sure the baby had fever. Who can imagine what the distraught man's thoughts were? Camped in a cave in strange, desolate, barren mountains with a frail wife and a sick baby, the property he had worked a lifetime for, burned and destroyed by devils in men's clothing. All this because he had refused to fight for a cause in which he did not believe in the first place and which had already taken his only son. Finney knew, too, there were hundreds of other men in his shoes—men fleeing for their very lives.

Just at dawn Finney roused Catherine and whispered to her that he was going out. She nodded and lay quietly as he stole from the cave.

Following along the little creek Finney found ripe persimmons, and purple grapes hung in clusters from the tree limbs. The man made note of them and determined to gather some when he returned. Right now he must press on to scout the country for signs of a small village or even a single settler. Climbing to the top of the ridge to the west of the valley he looked long at the quiet beauty spread out below. Peacefully serene, a secluded valley lay before him in the shape of a gentle crescent.

Finney sat down upon a fallen tree and filled his old pipe. He smoked thoughtfully, wondering where to turn to provide for his family. Suddenly he was aware of a familiar sound. Faint and far away it was, but clearly it came. The sound of an ax! Knocking the ash from his pipe he rose and stood quietly as though the welcome sound might go away. Someone was chopping wood over there on the next hill!

DOWN, DOWN through the valley he hurried, walking swiftly toward the towering bluffs across the creek near the hills. Reaching the bluffs Finney followed along at their base seeking a passageway to the top. It was here that he found the cave. So narrow and tall was the opening, Finney turned sideways to enter. But at once it widened out to a large, airy, sandy-floored room some twenty feet across. Along one side ran a wide ledge of rock about shoulder high. Just made for a shelf, Finney said to himself. With quickening heartbeat he examined the cave more closely. Yes, it would do! He had found his home! There was plenty of air and from somewhere light filtered into the large room and cast a soft gleam over the sandy floor.

Finney took one more quick look as he squeezed through the narrow door to again survey the narrow, crescent-shaped valley. The sun lay warm on the small clear spaces and cast a glow of crimson on the bluffs above the stream.

"It'll do fine," he said softly, "just fine." With a determined set to his chin he walked rapidly toward the sound of the ringing ax.

The woodchopper was older than John Finney. A sturdy, salt-of-the-earth sort of fellow. With a firm handshake the men introduced themselves. Finney said only that he was looking for a place to settle.

"Good country here," Russell replied. "Glad to have neighbors."

Finney mentioned the cave and said that he was traveling with his family, getting away from the war. When he started to leave he was given some milk and a small sack of corn meal. In the fast gathering darkness Finney stopped to fill his pockets with the sweet wild grapes, and suddenly hope for the future filled his heart.

As soon as the fretful baby slept, her hunger satisfied by the milk gruel, John Finney told his family of the cave just over the hill.

"Prettiest place you'd ever want to see," he told them. "Nice, clean big cave, pretty little valley and the clearest little creek just right outside. I figure we can have a garden and a patch of corn easy, and I bet the Russells will make fine neighbors."

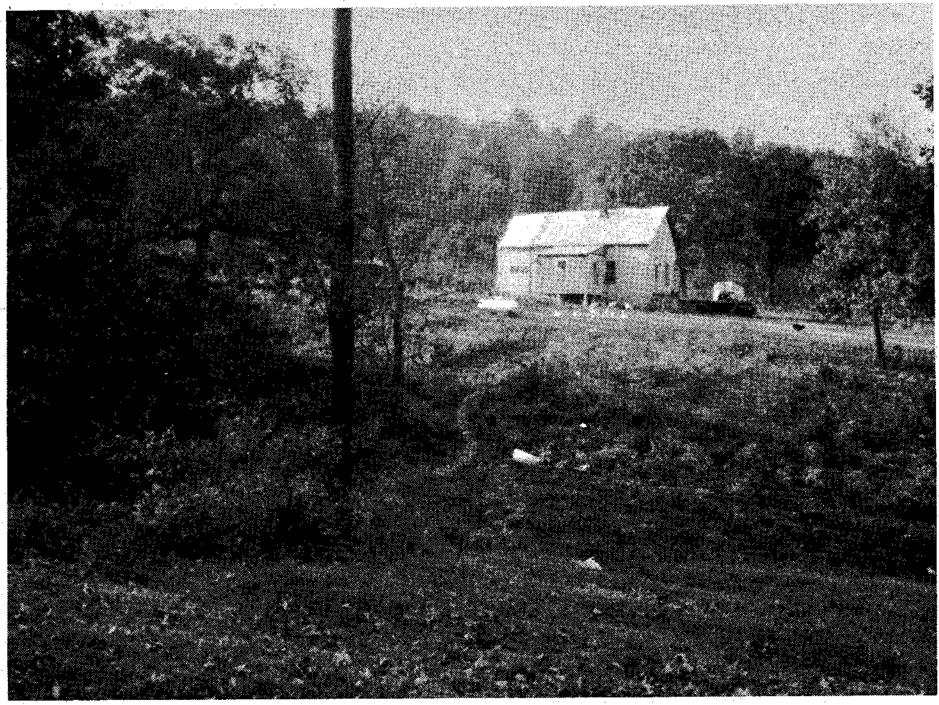
And now comes the poignant story of a family's fight for survival in "Finney's Cave," as it is called to this day. Here is the way Catherine Finney told it over and over to her daughter, Mrs. Ollie Seals Rushing, who still lives on the home place.

"FIRST THING we had to do (Catherine always said 'we' for she and her father worked as a team to preserve the little household) was to make a pen for the baby so she wouldn't roll in the fire or eat sand or pick up a bug or spider maybe. That was easy. We cut four poles, drove them into the floor of the cave near the fireplace, then made a fence about eighteen inches high around these corner poles. Pa killed a deer and we stretched the hide on the pen floor and fastened it down with pegs. The baby had a dandy warm playpen.

"Next, Pa made beds for us all. He followed about the same procedure and then Rose and I took our blankets down along the creek and gathered wild grass and dead leaves and carried great bundles of them in the blanket. When night came we had good, fresh-smelling beds of the grass and leaves. We spread our two blankets over them and slept without covers till Pa could kill a few deer for the hides. These deer hides were stretched over the grass beds and then we had the blankets for covers.

"Next we fixed a chair for Mama. Pa cut a green hickory with an ax he borrowed from Mr. Russell, and in no time

Catherine was 90 years old when she died.



The seventy-five-year-old school which Catherine's children attended.

at all he had a good comfortable chair. The hickory, all peeled nice, made the frame, and deer hide made a seat and back covering. All was laced together with deer hide thongs. Oh, people can manage if they put their minds to it.

"Next, we simply had to have shoes. All of us were the same as barefoot. The trip through the mountains had ruined our shoes, and our feet also.

"This was no problem at all. Pa had shoes, or rather moccasins, made for all of us in one day's time, except for Rose. He ran out of deer hide and so he took a couple of big coon skins and made Rose a pair of fur shoes. How she loved those long-haired shoes! Pa said as soon as he could get some shoe lasts made he would make proper shoes for everyone.

"He found a nice small ash tree and cut it down. With the borrowed ax and his pocket knife he soon had two shoe lasts made. A big last and a little last, as we called them. Then Pa went to Lead Hill and bought a side of shoe leather. He had a little bit of money he had carried from Galena. There were no tacks available so he used small hickory pegs. How good those shoes felt!

"Wasn't any time at all till Pa was going over to Mr. Russell's place and helping him with all kinds of chores like clearing more ground, plowing with the oxen, working in the blacksmith shop making horseshoes, all kinds of things. Usually Pa got paid in stuff like sweet potatoes, sorghum molasses or corn. Anything Mr. Russell could spare we needed, so it worked out just fine.

"Ma and we kids liked the Russells very much and thought nothing of walking the three miles through the mountains to spend an evening. Mrs. Russell came to our cave to visit also and such good times we kids had!

"We all noticed that Mr. Russell was gone from home a lot but it seemed like the family didn't want to talk about it. When we got to know each other better he told Pa why he was away so much. The Russells had a son who was hiding out not more than two miles from our place. This son's name was Hiram and he had consumption real bad. The bushwhackers had tried to force him to join the army but Mr. Russell had said no. Hiram was a very sick seventeen-year-old boy and to send him to fight would just be to kill him.

"The bushwhackers said that was as good a way to die as any and he should go. The only protection the Russells had was to keep Hiram hid in a cave and make out like he had left home to join up. They knew if the outlaw bushwhackers ever found out the truth the whole family would be killed. They lived in constant fear.

"IT WAS ABOUT TEN miles from the Russell's to Lead Hill. When we found out that there was a grist mill only six miles away called White Oak Mill, it was to this grist mill, right through the Ozark Mountains, no trail, no nothing, that I carried sacks of corn that fall to have ground. Many a trip I made lugging forty pounds of corn over to the mill and returning with thirty pounds of meal. The miller got a fourth for grinding. The closest 'big' town was Harrison, some thirty-five miles away.

"That first spring we planted a garden and a small patch of corn. Mr. Russell, good neighbor that he was, let us borrow an oxen and a plow to get the crops in.

"During that summer and fall Ma carded a big sack of sheep wool Mrs. Russell had given us along with the loan of a pair of cotton cards to make the wool batts. Pa got a spinning wheel made after crops were laid by, and that winter we had some new clothes and new covers for the beds. Pa also made plows and grubbing hoes and an axle for a cart. I helped him cut down a big hickory tree and we sawed off two blocks about four inches thick and made wheels for the cart. Pa had borrowed a cow from Mr. Russell to have milk for the baby and we broke the cow to pull the cart. It took a lot of heavy work off Pa and me to have that cow and cart.

"That fall we had all kinds of dried wild fruits and berries and corn a-plenty for our bread and sweet potatoes for all winter. Pa helped Mr. Russell gather his crops and got a fat hog for pay. Now we had milk and butter and meat and bread—and, oh, about everything you'd need. Pa and I felt pretty good. Pa had built an ash hopper for lye about as soon as we settled in the cave and with plenty of fat from wild animals we had lots of soap. Ma always said she could stand most anything but dirt.

"Late in the fall just as the hickory nuts, pecans and walnuts were falling thick after the first hard frost, I was out with Lean Russell, who was about my age, gathering nuts to store for winter. We were in the creek bottom about a mile from the cave where her brother Hiram was hiding.

"Suddenly through the still autumn air came the sound of gunshots. Bang! Bang! Bang! Three shots, then silence. Three shots meant trouble and we both knew this. We started running toward the cave.

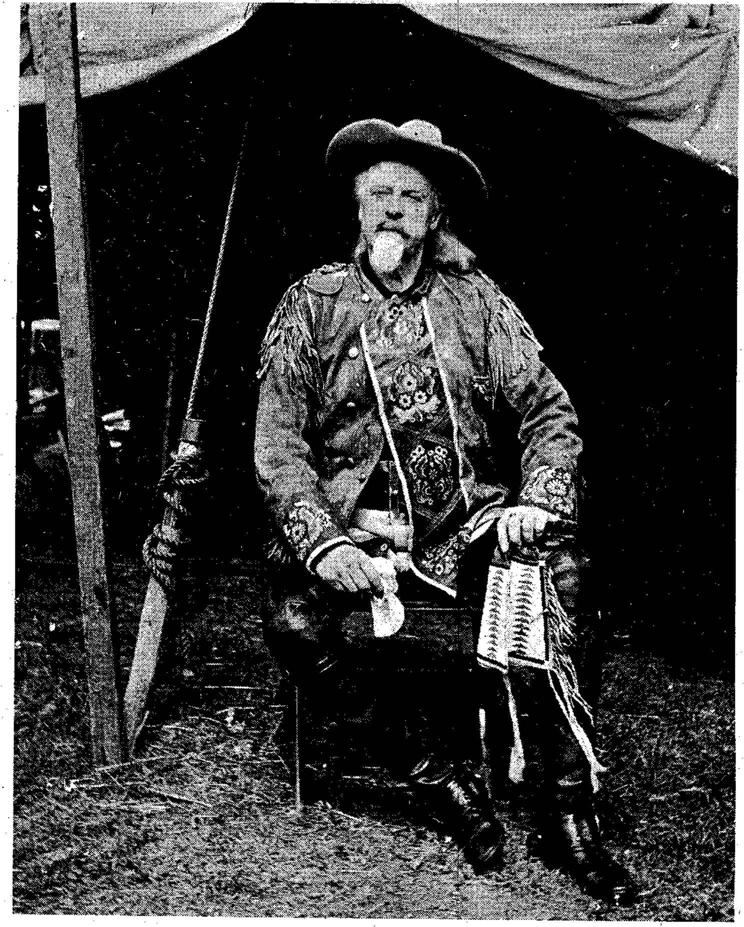
"Yes, it was trouble—only not the kind we'd expected. Hiram lay just out-

(Continued on page 46)

The Way A WILD WEST

By MILT HINKLE

Photos Courtesy Author



Buffalo Bill

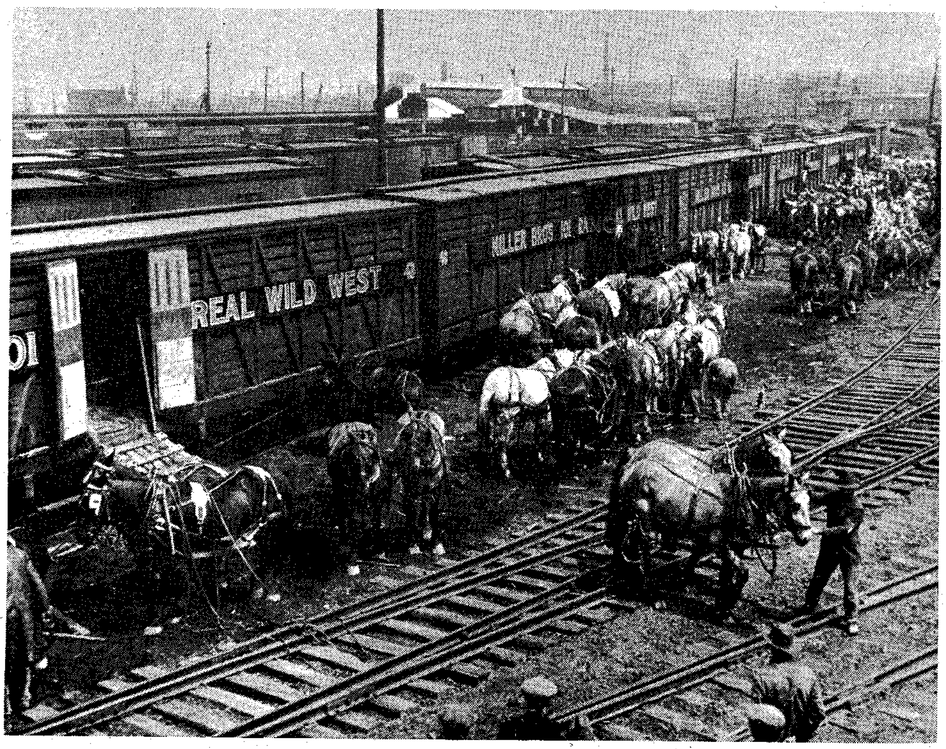
I JOINED THE Buffalo Bill Wild West Show in 1896 and remained until October 1901; the 101 Ranch Real Wild West in 1905 and was with this show on and off until 1932; the Irwin Bros. Wild West for a little while in 1910; Kit Carson Wild West in 1911; The two Bills Wild West Show in 1915, and a few others.

The Buffalo Bill Wild West and the 101 Ranch Wild West were composed and operated on the same basis, and were about the same size. To keep these shows going took a lot of money, plus a staff of men with know-how in each department. And the men had to be honorable.

As a rule, in late January things at winter quarters would start rolling in a big way. The show had to be whipped in shape and preparations made for the season.

The general superintendent was always the first to show up for his instructions, and to take inventory and decide what was needed. He had to see that the winter quarters cookhouse was ready to feed the work crew, and that sleeping quarters were adequate. In only a few days he would have things going full blast—carpenters building and repairing seats, blacksmiths working on equipment, painters giving everything an extra coat, gold leaf specialists decorating the beautiful parade wagons, harness makers repairing and making new harnesses.

Unloading of stock work horses.

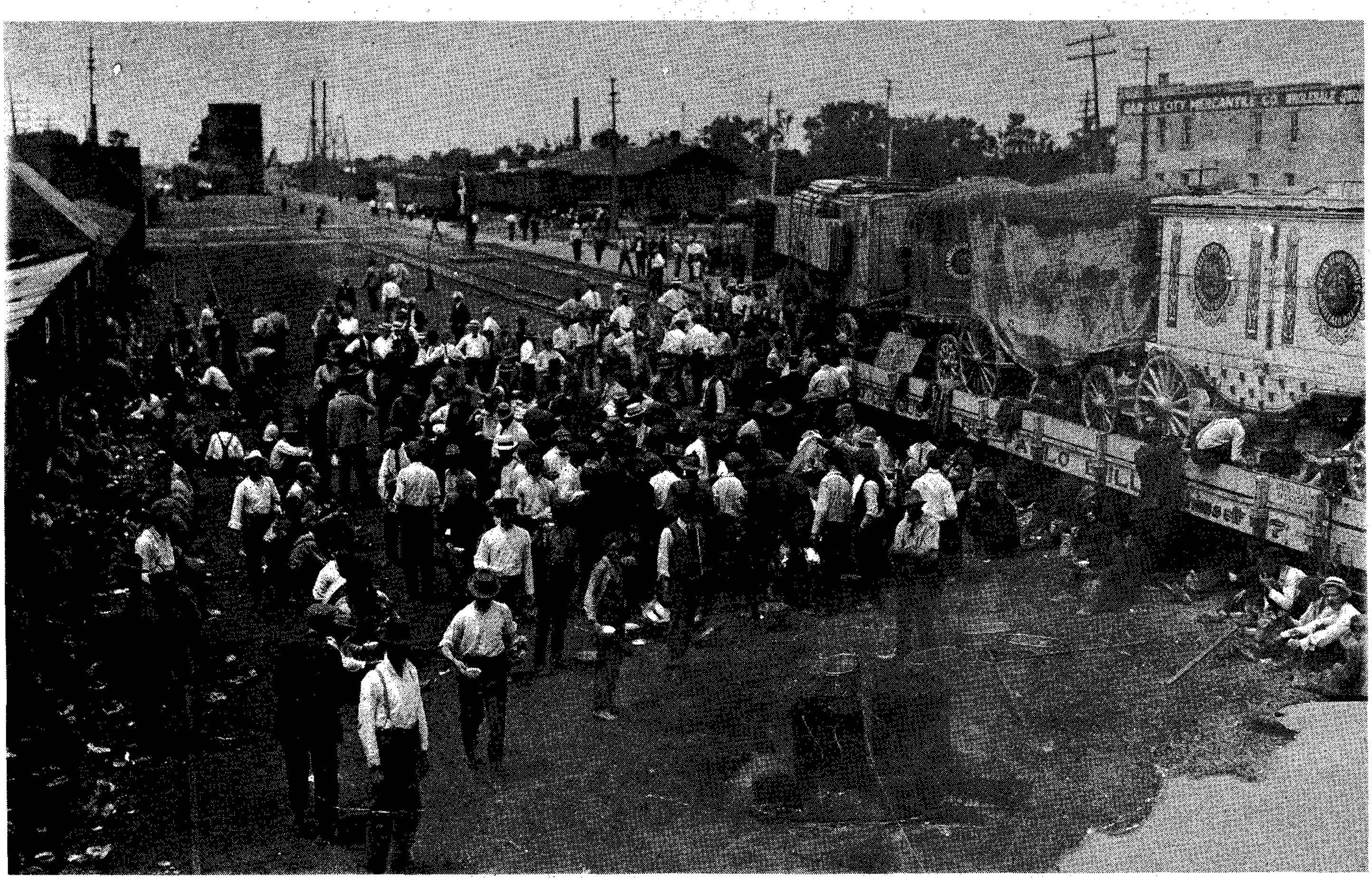


The boss hostler and a few of his long-line skinners would be busy breaking and teaching the new dapple gray horses from Iowa to work in the 4-6 and 8-10 horse hitch teams.

The boss canvasman would arrive on the job about two weeks before the opening date to see that all tents and so on were serviceable.

Then came the sideshow boss to insure that the various attractions were ready. And the man who handled the carbide lights and whom we called the chandelier man. In the early days we had no light plant but relied on oil torches and carbide. Then there was "Ammunition Shorty" who operated a wagon where shells were reloaded for our blank shooting.

A little later the trainmaster would show up and see that all the flat cars were in shape and repaired and that the sleeping cars were all right. He also checked on the pie car, which was the privilege car where card games and dice



Garden City, Kansas. Dinner was cooked over an open fire before setting up the cook wagon (first wagon on the flat car near the center of the photo).

SHOW Operated

What could match the thrill of sneaking out of the house at dawn to watch a train unload? Or match the glamor of the toiling men, the fearsome animals, the sights and the smells . . .

games were operated and where you could get lunch and draw the brass show money which could be used in the commissary department for buying work clothes, shoes, boots and tobacco.

And, of course, we had a pay master, ticket sellers, secretary and bookkeeper. This crew was in charge of all ticket sales. The white ticket wagon was the main office where payrolls were made up and paid every two weeks on Mondays. The white ticket wagon was where the reserved seats were sold and where all tickets of other kinds were distributed to the ticket sellers. And this is where all money was put in a big safe until it could be banked.

The red ticket wagon handled general admission tickets. At the downtown ticket wagon, you could get reserved and general admission tickets until 1 p.m. on the day of the show.

THE NUMBER ONE man, and the most essential was the general agent, who would report about thirty days before the show opened. He and the big bosses, the owners, would set the opening date and choose what they thought would be the best route to take. They would pick out towns with the best payrolls. The general agent also made the railroad contracts on each line we would travel. In addition, he had charge of the billing crew brigade.

Railway car No. 1 left about twenty to twenty-five days ahead of the show with the large 8 by 24 paper sheets. In the car were two teams of horses and wagons, and a boiler used to cook and prepare the paste we used on billboards.

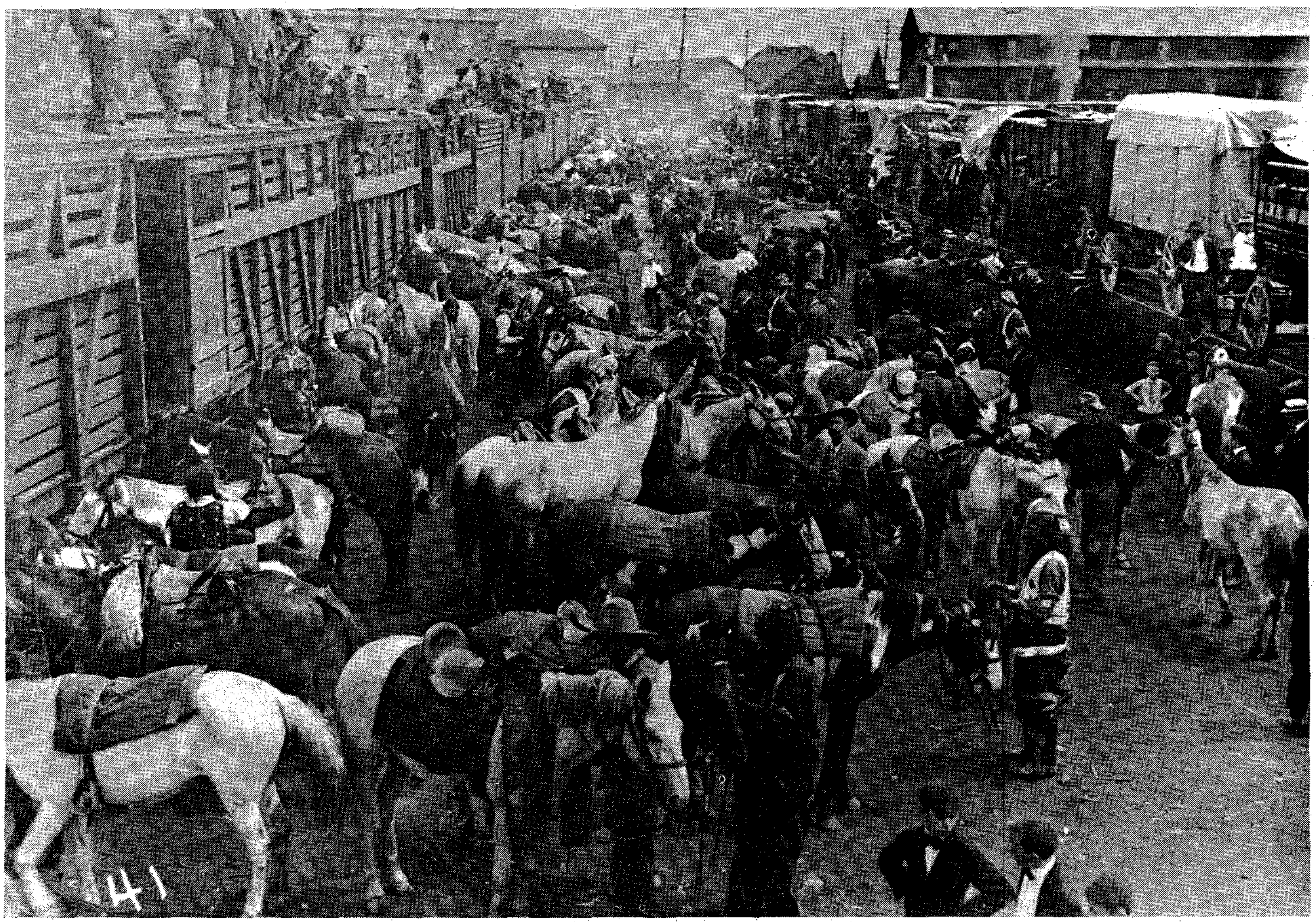
No. 2 car with streamers would stay about ten to fifteen days ahead of the show. It also had two wagons. Occasionally the crew would have to put up "wait" posters.

After the general agent, the next most important man was the publicity man who wrote and planted stories in all the papers. There were no radio stations so he had to rely on newspapers, handbills and billers to get the customers.

The number three man was the train master who had charge of the train crew, who saw to the switch engine, placed the cars at the loading and unloading runs, saw that the stock cars were placed where stock could be loaded and unloaded and that the sleeping cars were placed right.

The boss hostler supervised all the baggage stock that pulled the equipment wagons to and from the train. He saw to it that a water wagon was placed at the cook tent, and additional wagons on the show lot at both the baggage stock tent and the arena ring stock tent.

Next came the chief cook who saw to it that everybody on the show had three meals each day. There had to be plenty of groceries, ice and supplies to feed



101 Ranch Real Wild West Show, 1913

the hundreds of people who made up the show. George Tipton was great at this job.

THE ARENA DIRECTOR would show up about ten days before opening, along with the chief of cowboys, to rehearse some of the acts such as the horseback quadrille, trick riding, trick roping, horse roping, fights over the waterhole, stage coach holdup, and so on. The bucking horse riders were mostly all top riders from various ranches.

The Indians and their interpreter from the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota would arrive in time for the rehearsals and set up their tepees. There was never less than fifty of them.

After rehearsals, the boss porter got very busy placing the people of all departments in their respective places in their berths. The owners' private car was always on the tail end of the sleeping coach, followed by the stateroom car for the office force and special acts, and the performers' car. The pie car was followed by the one carrying the band and the sideshow people. Making up the rest of the train were the bosses and teamsters, the white working men's car, the colored car, and the Indian car. It took about ten in all to sleep the people.

Of course, the show's legal adjuster, who was always a smart talking lawyer, and the show's doctor were with us from the time we left winter quarters.

By the second Saturday in April the show would be rehearsed and ready. The show train was in two sections, twenty-six and twenty-four cars to the section. With engine bells ringing, whistle blowing, the train master calling all aboard, we headed out for our opening stand—say Oklahoma City.

The first section arrived about midnight, the second section about 2 a.m. The train crew prepared to unload. The polers were always big strong men. As a rule the cookhouse wagons were first off the flats (flat cars) and the first to be loaded. By daylight a large crowd of onlookers were on hand to watch the operation. This was a free show for them, and it *was* a show to watch the teams and trainmen at work.

OUR REASON for opening on Monday was to give all departments a chance to place their people and get organized. And without highly trained crews it would have been impossible to have kept such a large outfit on schedule.

At Sunday noon the flag was up on the cookhouse tent pole. This was the sign that the cook house was open and ready to serve.

On Monday the big parade lined up and left the lot at 10 a.m., arriving back at the show grounds at 11:30. Again the flag was up on the cookhouse. By 1 p.m., the doors of the big canopy tent were open for the first rush of customers.

It was not long before the seats were filled. At 2 p.m. the bugle sounded and the show's first performance was on. The Grand Entry was headed by Tex Cooper, a very colorful Westerner and better looking than Buffalo Bill. He carried the 101 Ranch flag, and Bessie Herbert carried the American flag. They were followed by Professor La Blanco and his real cowboy band, all walking and playing the National March, wearing various colored chaps and shirts.

Then came D. V. Tanlinger and his mounted cowgirls and boys with the Deadwood Stagecoach, which had really been used to transport mail from Deadwood to Cheyenne, right on their heels. The stage was pulled by six long-legged yellow mules and the driver was Rocky Mountain Hank, a real old-time stage driver who wore long hair and a fringed buckskin coat. Beside him would be a cowboy with a rifle, playing guard—"The Shotgun" as he was known in the old days. In the coach would be four or five cowgirls dressed in the style of the early days. There was always Billy Lorrette and Bill Carris and their little mules following the coach. They were, I think, the best Wild West clowns in the business, with Dan Dix runner-up. These three could keep any crowd in an uproar. Next in line was the sideshow band followed by Kirby and his eight yoke of oxen pulling an old-time covered wagon. The Cossacks from Russia were always a hit in the Grand Entry, and so were the elephants who brought up the rear.

WHILE THE GRAND Entry was in progress, the band took its place in the stands and got ready to play for the show's many acts.

No. 1. The Cossacks. These hardy men of southern Russia were world renowned for their horsemanship. They performed the most novel and dare-devil feats you can imagine.

No. 2. The Tumblers, Arabian tumbling act.

No. 3. The Millers' trained elephants. These giants of the jungle did a fast routine of tricks.

No. 4. Introduction. The introduction marked the beginning of the Wild West section of the show.

No. 5. The old time square dance on horseback. The leaders were: First couple—Bessie Herbert and Milt Hinkle; second couple—Ed Bowman and Martha Allen; third couple—Hank Durnell and Mabel Kline; fourth couple—Lafe Lewman and Jane Fuller; fifth couple—Juanita Perry and Chester Byers; sixth couple—Ed Lindsey and Aggie Lindsey; seventh couple—Linda Perry and Le Roy Scott; eighth couple—Weaver Gray and Lula Bell. The band played "Turkey in the Straw." This was a very fast event. The caller was Tex Cooper.

No. 6. Wild steer riding and wild horse riding. The cowboys at play on the western prairies. Horses were roped and eared down for the riders to mount. The steers roped and stretched out for the rider. This was a wild event. Some of the riders were Frank Guskey, Le Roy Scott, Clarence Schultz, Guy Schultz, Bill Brazo, Amos Clayton, Duke Lee, Ambrose Means, Cuba Crutchfield, Ed Lindsey, Tom Echard, Gip Holiday and George Hooker. I cannot recall the names of all of them.

No. 7. Rifle and pistol shooting by Stack Lee and Prince Winno, the 101 Ranch crackshots.

No. 8. D. V. Tanlinger and wife Edith in shotgun shooting and boomerangs.

No. 9 Announcements. The big show performance was halted for a few moments so Andy Nolan could tell about the after-show feature and sideshow attractions.

No. 10. The high school horses. Beautiful horses and girls riding them. Doc Weber and Wesley Rogers in charge.

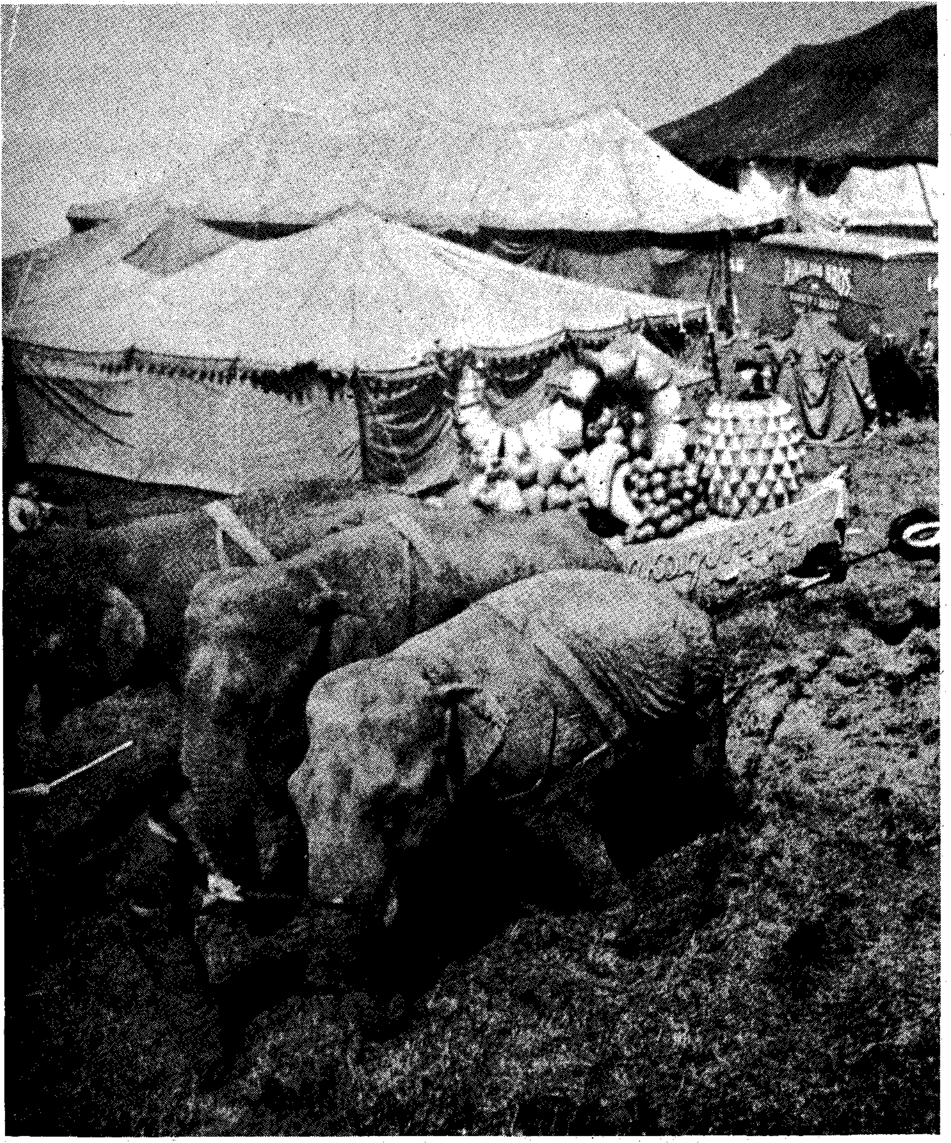
No. 11. Billy Lorrette and Bill Carris and the trained mules and singing donkey.

No. 12. Fancy roping and horse catching by world champions. Chester Byers. Riding for Byers, Milt Hinkle working in center; Hank Durnell roping on the reserved seats side, rider Amos Clayton; Weaver Gray working on the other side, rider Le Roy Scott. Mexican Joe Barrise using up to ten mounted riders for his rope act.

No. 13. The fight over the waterhole, a fight between Indians and ranchers. The cowboys did lots of shooting.

No. 14. Cowboys while riding at full speed picked up off the ground small objects such as hankerchiefs, etc.

No. 15 Chase for the bride, showing how the cowboys of the early days won their wives. The race was on. The cowboy who overtook the girl on a fast running horse, took her from the saddle of the fast horse and got to kiss her.



Cow elephants came in handy for towing parade wagons from muddy lots.

No. 16. Indian war dance. Lots of tom-tom and drum beating plus singing and dancing by the bucks and squaws.

No. 17. Cowboys and girls in exhibition of trick and fancy riding by the greatest in the world. Headed by George Elser, Otho Kline, Weaver Gray, Hank Durnell, Oge Gomez, George Hooker, the Perry twins, Mabel Kline, Bee Brazo, and the clown Dan Dix.

No. 18. The Pony Express showed how mail was carried in the early days.

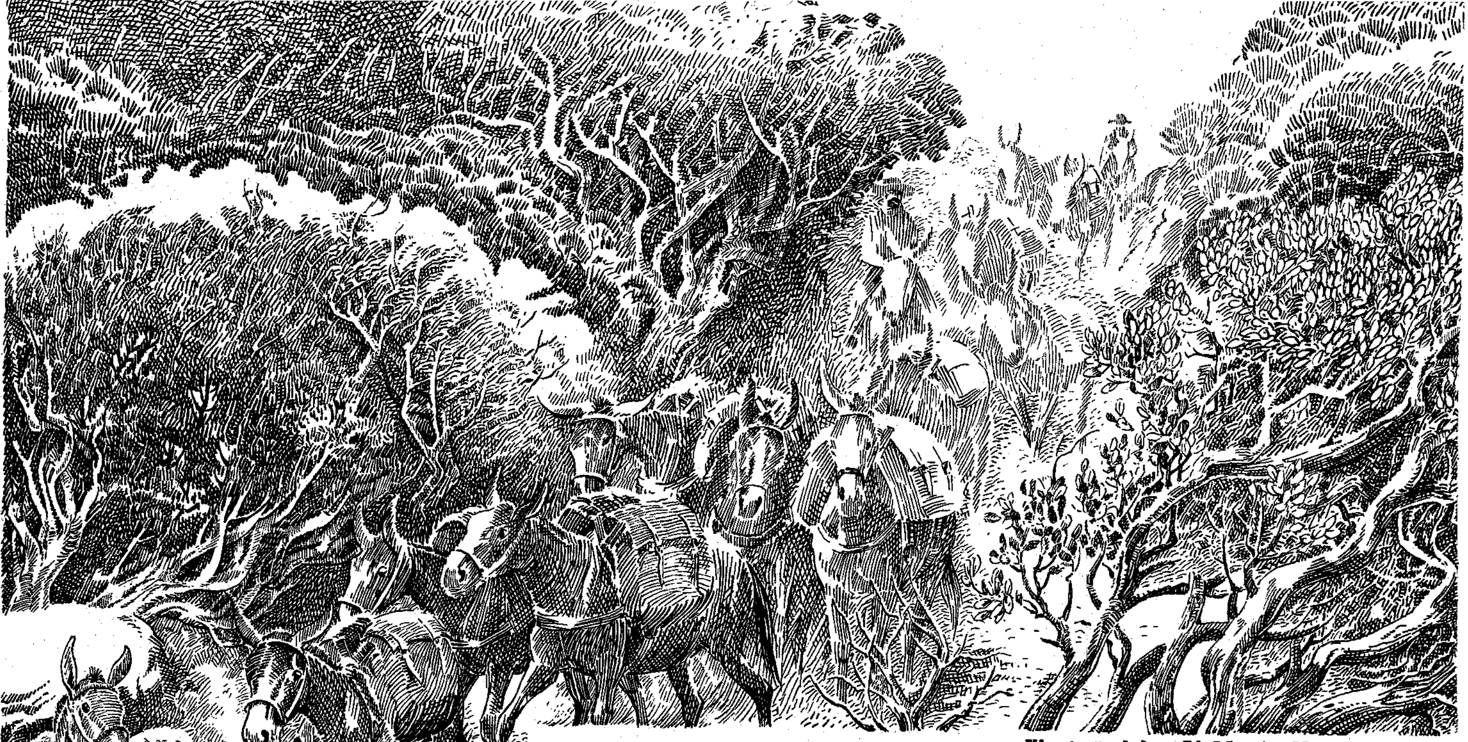
No. 19. The horse thief. Here was a representation of the punishment dealt out in the early days. Short shrift was made of the horse thief and cattle rustler on the plains. Cowboys were roped and pretended to be dragged to death from running horses.

No. 20. Steer wrestling by Bill Pickett, the Dusky Demon and the first steer wrestler; and Milt Hinkle, the first white man to do Pickett's stunt, plus Tom Eckhard, Ed Lindsey and Lafe Lewman.

No. 21. Wild horse riding. Bronco busting was serious work on the ranches of the West. An effort was made to give not only an exhibition of skill, but show how the animals were caught, eared down and mounted, and conquered.

No. 22. The stagecoach holdup. At this time, the Deadwood Stagecoach was in show business. Rocky Mountain Hank would drive the coach at a hard run around the arena several times while the band played a lively piece. It was dangerous on the turns, but Hank could usually handle the reins. While Hank was driving fast, a gang of "outlaws" with red bandanas across their faces would ride in, shooting blanks with their pistols. The "guard", shot, would fall down to the ground. The driver then stopped his mules and the outlaws would command the passengers to get out and line up beside the stage. They took the "money" and "valuables" from the people and then the driver was ordered to throw down the strong box, loaded with old horseshoes and painted boldly "WELLS FARGO." The robbers would shoot off the lock, but before they could take the "gold" about ten cowboys would ride in and give chase, shooting and running off the badmen. It was while going through this act that the lead team

(Continued on page 50)



AL MARTIN NAPOLETANO

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

MONUMENT FOR AN OUTLAW

By ED EARL REPP

METAL AND WOOD WITH NO DATE AND NO NAME— BUT IT TOLD AN AMAZING TALE

FEW PEOPLE grubbing for gold in the Mother Lode country seemed to know where Charley Jack came from. But a lot of folks certainly knew where he went—six feet under, carrying a substantial rope-burn around his neck!

In the 1870s Charley hit the foothills and High Sierra of California's gold country like a Kansas cyclone. Some asserted that he blew in from Nevada where he was said to have used a variety of names—Sawdust Charlie, Little Jack and Choctaw Charley. If the name of Little Jack was meant to describe his size, the delineation was wrong. For Charley Jack was well over six feet tall with the slab-muscled shoulders of a wrestler. The Sawdust part of his alleged sobriquet is a mystery, and he was larger than the usual Choctaw, but had a complexion dark enough for him to resemble a desert Indian.

One thing is certain, Charley Jack had brains and used them to advantage on the old Mammoth Trail. He had a fondness for stripping gold-laden pack trains which snaked across the Sierra from Nevada to Mariposa, California. The trail to Forbestown from the gold rush center of Ophir also felt the sting of the rattlesnake's bite, and for a brief period Charlie Jack operated there in competition with Black Bart who specialized in robbing stagecoaches carrying gold from such places as Oregon City, Cherokee and, of course, Forbestown. Today a monument stands beside the Forbestown highway in honor of Black Bart. It has been badly vandalized, an old rifle and six-gun believed to have been the property of Bart removed from the cement and quartz obelisk.

When Charley Jack took his drop to death, he didn't even rate a notice in the obituaries. Yet he managed to leave a monument of his own, symbolic of his murderous character.

Millions in gold were being hauled out of the Mother Lode country from such mines as the Empire, the Blue Hog, Magalia, Lucky John, Bader, Mineral Slide, Genii, Princess, Cape Horn and many others located from Forbestown to Grass Valley and all points of the compass. The most popular method of transportation was by pack train, and it was frequently difficult to employ armed guards, for men were too busy digging gold or panning it from the streams to waste time on the trail.

For years Charley Jack and his "gang" preyed upon these trains with a success unequalled by any other road agent. When he thought things were becoming too hot for him in one place, he simply moved to another. His modus operandi was quite simple but required considerable planning, first in selecting the choicest location for a raid, then placing his "henchmen"—the victims estimated there were at least ten in the outfit—into position to completely nullify any possible opposition.

Few men dared to move when Charley Jack suddenly appeared in the middle of a trail, guns up, hammers back, and gave a harsh command to "reach and stay put!" He spoke in a gutteral voice, usually adding significantly, "There's a dozen guns aimed right at your bellies! Take a look and see!" He would nod his head, without moving his eyes, toward a nearby thicket where the muzzles of guns were plainly visible—deadly, unwavering. (To any man the muzzle bore in the business end of a .45-70 appears as large as the maw of a volcano!)

Not a sound would come from the hidden outlaws—only Charley Jack's Indian-accented words were heard. He may have disguised his voice. No one ever claimed having heard it other than on the trails, though there were men who listened for it intently in saloons, gambling houses and road-stops.

THE INDIANS in the mountainous country of California had a custom used in hunting antelope, deer, elk and other game fast on the run. They would drive the game up a steep hill or mountainside. Reaching the top where the actual killers lay in wait, the antelope and other animals would invariably be winded and tired out. At that moment the game hunters would step out from places of concealment and begin the kill.

Attesting to the belief that Charley Jack was of Indian blood was the use of this custom to bring his human quarry and their pack animals to bay. The jacks in the various trains were winded when Charley confronted them, hence little chance of a stampede. The drivers' mounts were also tired from the climb. The skinners took one look at the guns surrounding them, and quit.

One man didn't! He was Newt Phillips. Newt had lost his train on the Mammoth Trail to Charley three times before he decided to make a last stand. The packer was desperate. Gold shippers had advised him beforehand that the loss of one more shipment would see him finish. Phillips knew that they meant business and he was being held accountable. There was no mistaking the miners' intentions. They would hang him if he lost this one and returned to Hardscrabble, Virginia City or Bodie.

Phillips sat his big calico mule and studied the outlaw ahead of him, his grizzled face tense and resentful. He watched as the big renegade holstered one gun, sure that the rifles in the thicket had sufficiently subdued the packers. In grim silence Phillips began to realize that his position was extremely bad, since he was carrying nothing in the mule-packs but sand. Discovery of this ruse would surely anger the outlaw. This trip Newt had deliberately schemed to draw Charley into another raid on his train, while sending the real shipment of gold over the towering Tioga Pass trail.

Newt watched the outlaw's greedy eyes run speculatively along the mules strung out behind him. In his huge hand Phillips clutched a heavy-leaded quirt, but Charley Jack kept at a safe distance.

"Nothing of value aboard this trip, mister," he told Jack in a matter-of-fact voice. "You've taken my freight three times already. Can't you give a man a break?"

Jack's laugh was cold, derisive. The bandana hanging up over the end of a hawklike nose moved slightly in and out as he exhaled and inhaled the thin mountain air. "From the way them jennies are bent in the middle, you ain't transportin' bed-feathers!"

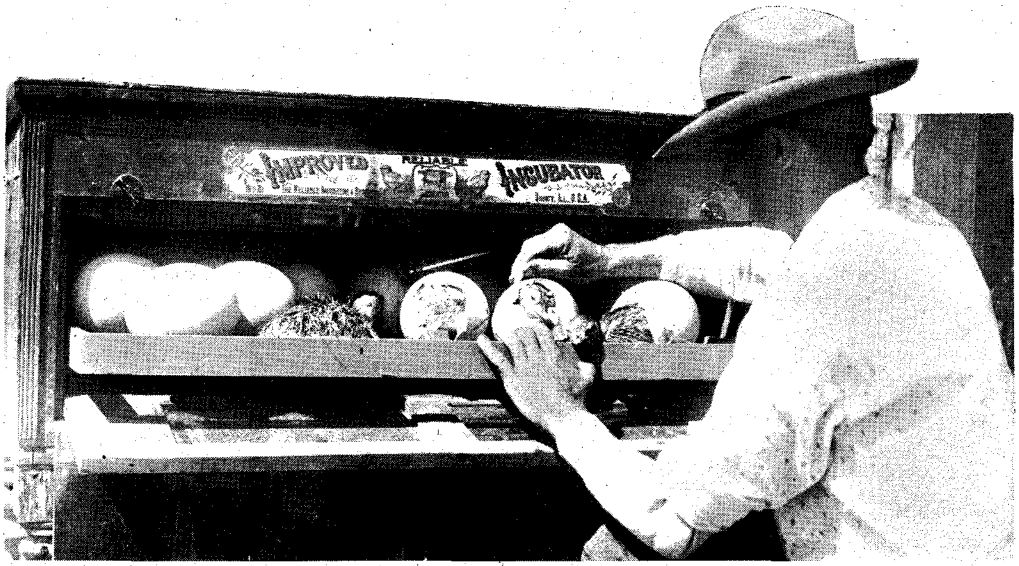
Jack was moving closer now and Newt's body tensed like a rattler ready to strike. Sweat made the quirt in his hand feel greasy. Then it happened.

Newt swung his heavy quirt with all his strength. It hammered down on Charley Jack's right wrist like the blow of a rock-crushing maul. There was a brittle snap of bones. Jack's cocked pistol flew from his hand, dropping behind him and exploding.

The outlaw gave a scream of pain as he looked down at his fractured wrist, a grotesque lump swelling at the breaks. The hand hung loosely, and a steady stream of oaths came from behind the bandana mask.

Expecting to be torn apart by a volley of lead from the brush, Newt Phillips drove his spurs hard into his mule's flanks. The gunshot had already spooked the train and the jennies were racing down the back trail. Newt's calico went into a neck-snapping jog right behind them. Glancing back he saw Charley Jack cradling his broken arm in the crook of the other. Of the hideout gang, he saw nothing. No shots had followed him. Not a man was visible except Jack. Strangely, the outlaw seemed utterly alone there on the trail. His pain was so great he was immobilized! Then a twist in the trail hid him from Newt's view.

(Continued on page 56)



Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society Library

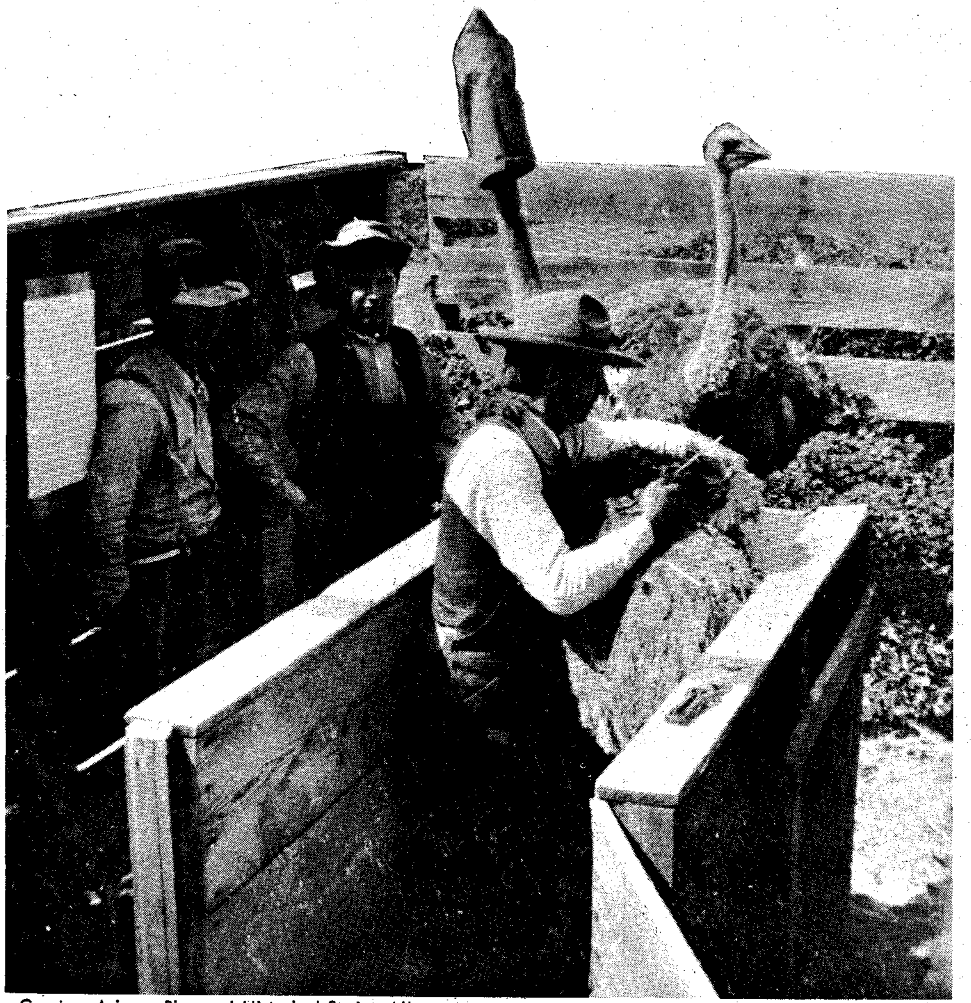
Foreman William Paterson carefully helps an ostrich chick out of its hard shell.

Techniques have to change when a cowboy switches from herding steers to

EYEBALLING AN OSTRICH

By ARIZONA BOB KUBISTA

Photos Courtesy Author



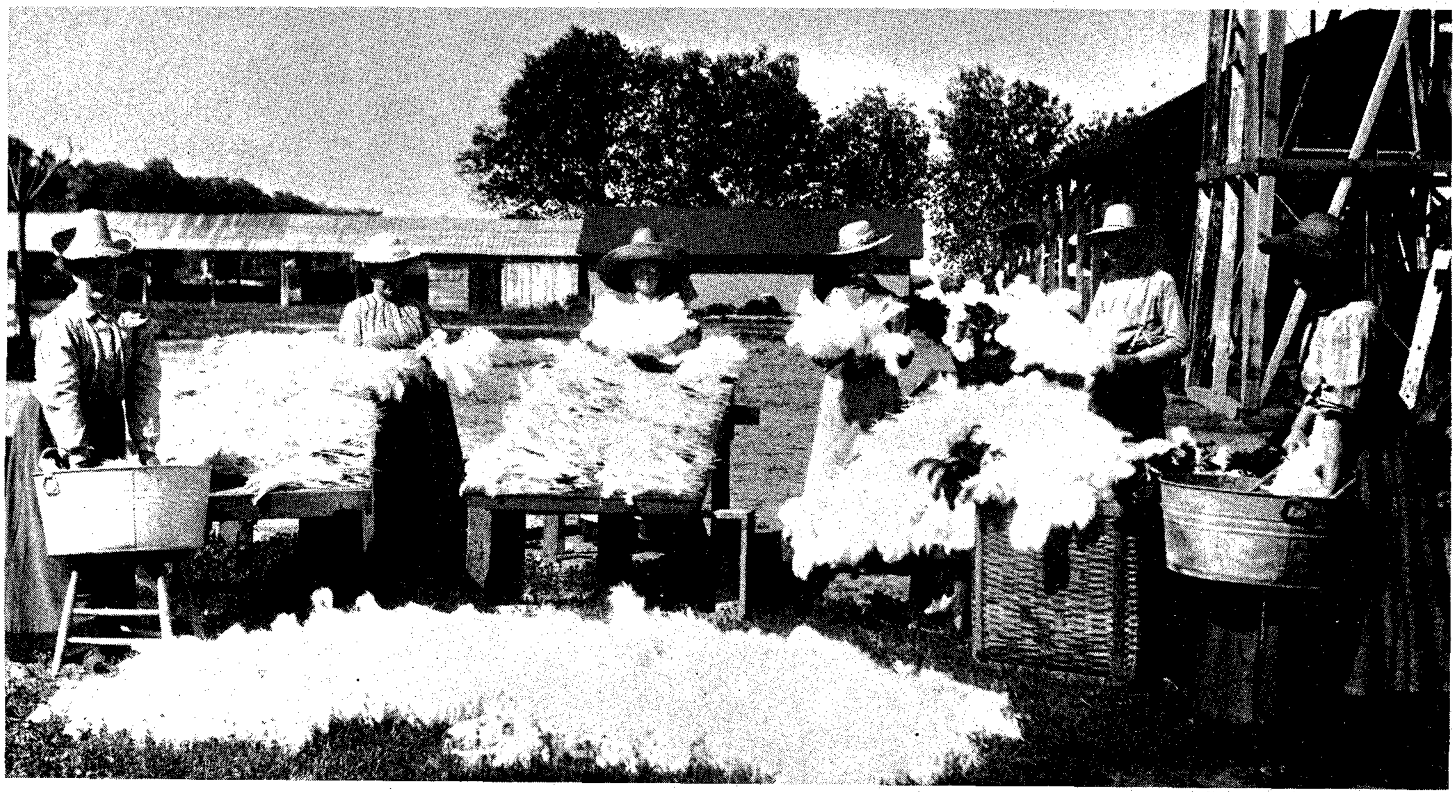
Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society Library

A GOOD WAY to start a fight was to tell a camel-bird cowboy his life was a bed of feathers. For that, he would take you on at any time at any place for money, marbles or chalk. Riding herd in a Texas duststorm or bulldogging a steer in Mexican mud was no picnic, but it was nothing to compare with eyeballing a nine-foot ostrich from atop a six-foot horse.

Camels once were common in early Arizona but ostriches were unknown, or at least no sober cowboy cared to admit that he had seen one. And yet, cowhands have repeatedly sworn they have seen the ungainly birds gallumping across the flats west of Phoenix around the turn of the century, easily clearing high fences to land clumsily inside adjacent alfalfa fields. Legend has it that the gangling birds came across the Great American Desert in 1883, riding inside covered wagons to protect their bald skulls against the blazing sun.

In old southwestern accounts there are passing references to ostriches, fragments of fancy mixed in with bits and pieces of truth. Then in 1966 the First National Bank of Arizona admitted to having a picture of an Arizona cowboy

Left, the giant birds were docile as long as you kept a stocking-like hood over their bald heads while plucking their plumes.



Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society Library

After the white tailfeathers were plucked, local women were hired to wash, sort and tie the plumes into neat bundles for shipment.

sitting alertly on his horse as a big bird strolled by. The unbelieving look on the horse's face was worth a thousand words. Further searching revealed seventy-nine other photographs which I found in the stacks of the Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society in Tucson, where they had lain for half a century or more.

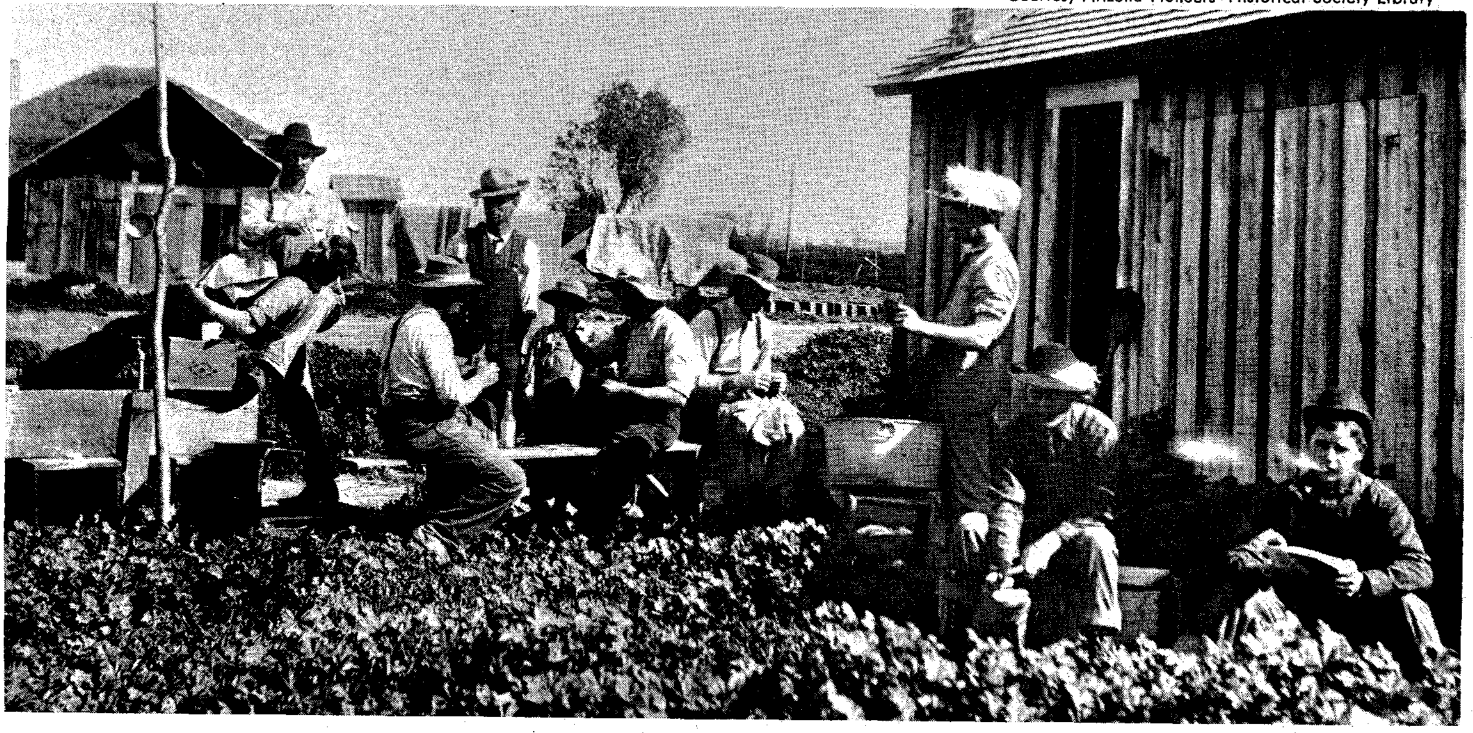
Arizona Territory is justly famous for all sorts of wild ventures, including the well-known fight at the OK Corral featuring the Earps and the Clantons. "Old Man" Clanton is often credited with raising the first ostriches in southern Arizona. A Mr. M. E. Clanton is thought to have brought his big birds to the Salt River Valley, settling them on his ranch west of Phoenix in 1888. Old Man Clanton and one Billie Moore ran a sort of general store at Coldwater, Arizona not so far from the tiny towns of Buckeye and Liberty.

At a time when lesser men sought their fortune by digging deep holes for precious gold, the Clanton clan had loftier ideas. Their dream may not have been exactly up in the clouds, but they *were* nine feet off the ground. Three generations of Clantons were involved in this

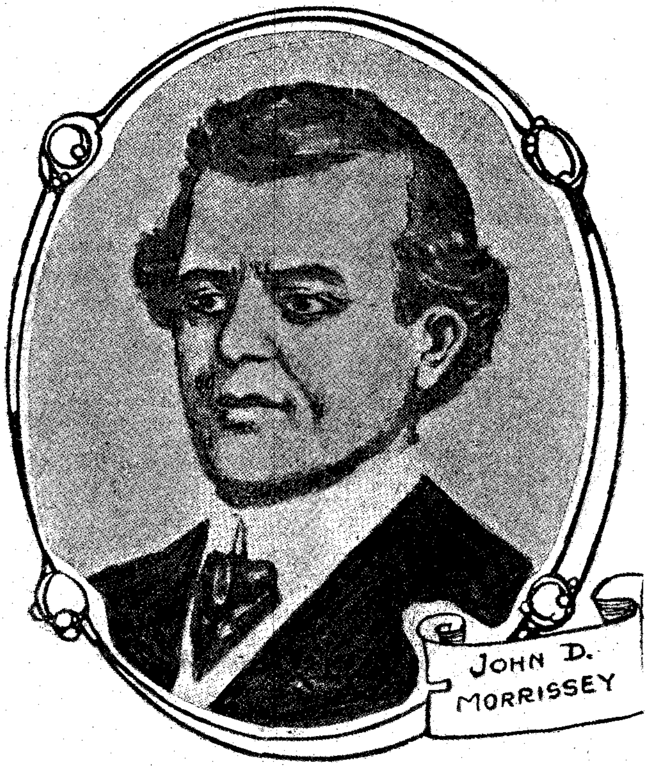
(Continued on page 54)

Sunday at the ostrich ranch was a day of rest. Shaving, playing cards, mending clothes and shoes, washing and just plain reading was the good life on the Arizona frontier in 1907.

Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society Library



MIDAS OF THE MOUNTAINS



Courtesy Denver Public Library, Western Collection

He couldn't read, he couldn't write—or tell the time of day. Men sometimes laughed behind his back, but their faces were straight and their mien respectful when they asked his help with their mining problems!

By AGNES WRIGHT SPRING

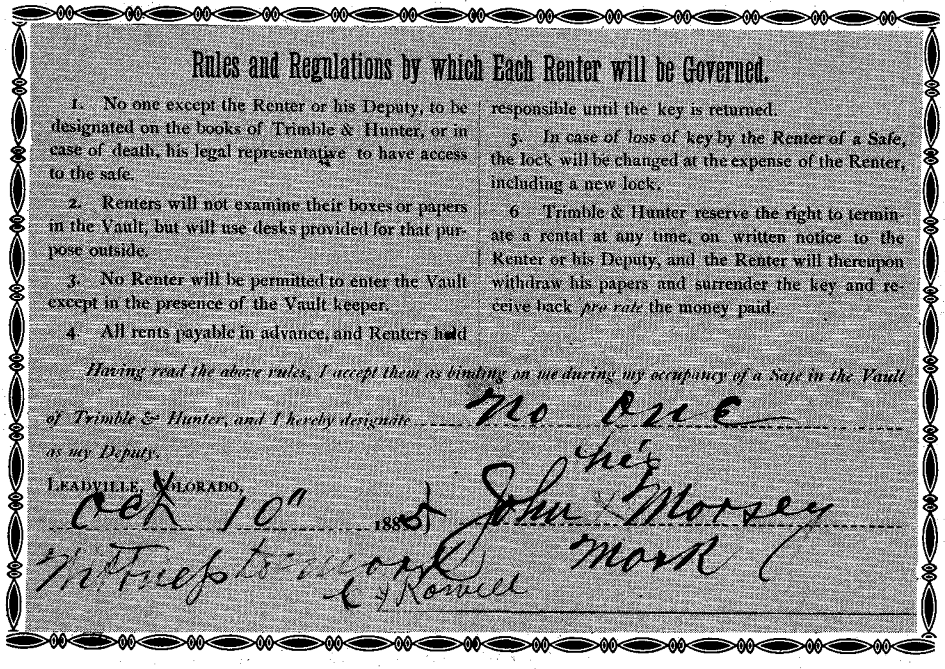
Photos Courtesy Author

EASTERN BANKERS blinked when John D. Morrissey, a six-foot, curly-haired, dashing stalwart presented checks for thousands of dollars signed only with an "X," his mark. The checks always were good. Morrissey could neither read nor write, nor did he ever learn to tell the time of day by his watch with its Roman numerals. But he had native intelligence, he understood mining, and he was lucky. His ability to dig millions of dollars in ore out of Colorado's mountains was uncanny. Morrissey was one of the most spectacular figures in Colorado's mining history—one of those men who dominated the mountains during the famous Leadville boom.

Morrissey was quick witted and used many subterfuges to cover up his ridiculous blunders. His friends, who often called him "Jack," delighted in teasing him or in tripping him up. And because of his many odd sayings and "doings" he was dubbed the "Mrs. Malaprop" of the mines.

But aside from this, his life was hung on the thread of romance—full of glitter and brilliancy at one point, buried in abject poverty at another. Like many who suddenly acquired riches in the mines of the Rockies, he was bewildered and intoxicated by sudden wealth. He let hundreds of thousands of dollars slip through his fingers.

Born in Connaught, Morrissey came almost directly from Ireland to Colorado. Arriving in Georgetown about 1876, he took a job working a windlass in a mine. In his off hours he mined a small property of his own, raising ore in a bucket by himself. Soon he became superintendent of the Boulder's Nest mine on Red Elephant Mountain.



Leadville bank receipt for a safety box signed with an X, John Morsey's (Morrissey) mark.
Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Rules and Regulations by which Each Renter will be Governed.

1. No one except the Renter or his Deputy, to be designated on the books of Trimble & Hunter, or in case of death, his legal representative to have access to the safe.

2. Renters will not examine their boxes or papers in the Vault, but will use desks provided for that purpose outside.

3. No Renter will be permitted to enter the Vault except in the presence of the Vault keeper.

4. All rents payable in advance, and Renters held responsible until the key is returned.

5. *In case of loss of key by the Renter of a Safe*, the lock will be changed at the expense of the Renter, including a new lock.

6 Trimble & Hunter reserve the right to terminate a rental at any time, on written notice to the Renter or his Deputy, and the Renter will thereupon withdraw his papers and surrender the key and receive back *pro rata* the money paid.

Having read the above rules, I accept them as binding on me during my occupancy of a Safe in the Vault of Trimble & Hunter, and I hereby designate No one *as my Deputy.*

LEADVILLE, COLORADO, Oct 10th 1885

his
John X Morsey
mark

[illegible]

IRON SILVER MINE
PHOTOGRAPHIC CO

Courtesy Library, State Historical Society of Colorado

Leadville, Colorado, 1879.

An early story told about him was that when he went into the Teller House at Central City one fine August day and asked for a room, the clerk handed a pen to him.

"An' what is that for?" John asked.

The clerk explained it was for registering.

"Arrah, write it yersel'," said John rubbing his hands and blowing on his fingers. "Me fist is froze and kud'n howld a pin. Put down 'John D. Morrissey, Eskwoire, Superintendent at the Bowlder's Nisht,' an' that'll do."

The clerk nodded, smiled and wrote the name.

MORRISSEY made some money during the late 1870s with Colonel James I. Gilbert and Diamond Joe Reynolds from mines on Red Elephant Mountain and Silver Creek near Georgetown. And although he was illiterate he was ambitious that his future wife be someone of refinement. He therefore selected an attractive young local girl and sent her to St. Mary's Academy in Denver to be educated. He evidently intended to marry the girl when she became old enough. After three years, however, he lost interest when he found that she had other admirers. One night two of her suitors pounced upon him in Kokomo, beat him, and shot him through one lung. Morrissey made a miraculous recovery but that was the end of his first romance.

When the Leadville excitement erupted in 1878, Morrissey was sent there from Georgetown by Colonel Gilbert who recognized his friend's mining ability. Morrissey opened a blacksmith shop but was soon fully employed by Diamond Joe Reynolds and Colonel Gilbert who took over the O'Donovan Rosa at Leadville and a large group of claims in Summit County between Robinson and Kokomo. When the Donovan Rosa failed to live up to expectations, Diamond Joe and Gilbert unloaded the property on some Chicago men. Morrissey was left on his uppers in Leadville and "Owld Di'min," as he called Joe, was $208,000 out of pocket by his investments. This was in the summer of 1883.

Undaunted, Diamond Joe paid $40,000 for the Crown Point and Pinnacle mines and installed $25,000 worth of machinery. He employed Morrissey as manager. John spent a great deal of time at the smelter raising "merry cain" because the smelter couldn't make the low-grade ore pay. The smelter men would hand John a paper with a lot of figures on it and John, who didn't understand anything on the paper, would swear and go away disappointed. But he kept on pushing production at the mines. Soon rich ore was struck which paid from $175 to $250 a ton.

At that time Morrissey was in Denver staying at the Windsor Hotel. One morning as he was standing at the Windsor bar a messenger handed him a telegram. Morrissey looked at the yellow envelope, then slowly tore it open and began to cry and moan as though his heart would break. He handed the telegram to the barkeeper and then put his head on the bar and continued to sob.

"What's the matter, Jack?" asked the barkeeper.

"Ah, wurrah! Ah, wurrah! And may all the saints preserve me! Read it, me boy. I haven't the heart to tell ye."

The barkeeper read the message and looked at Morrissey in surprise.

"What's the matter with you? This telegram is from your superintendent in Leadville and says 'Struck it rich; values run to the pictures'."

Morrissey looked up unabashed and smiled. "Shure and I must have read it backwards," he said.

AS SOON AS Diamond Joe got back all the money he had invested, he showed his appreciation of Morrissey's ability by deeding him a quarter interest in the mines. The Crown Point began to net more than $20,000 a month. Other interests of Morrissey were also producing. It was not long until he was rated at half a million dollars and was referred to by news editors as "Colonel" Morrissey.

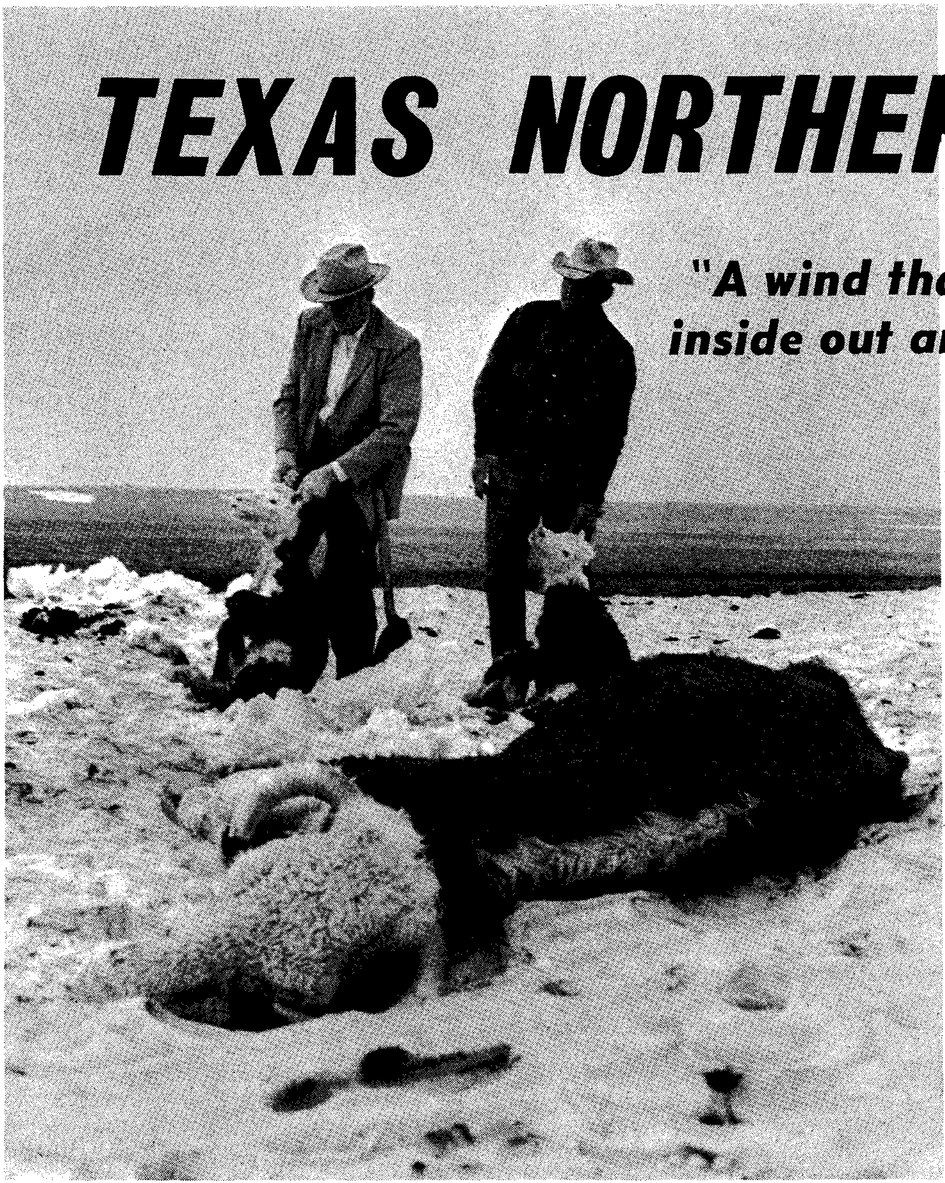
One of the first things he did with his sudden wealth was to buy a diamond-studded watch, estimated to have cost $1,500. It was made in Switzerland. Morrissey wore it on a chain heavily laden with gold nuggets. The back of the watch held a detachable compass and a super-fine magnifying glass for use in examining ore rock. Under glass there was a miniature barometer, a thermometer, and a calendar in colors showing the month and day. A little lever gadget on the side near the winding stem produced silvery chimes on the hour and quarter-hour. The Roman numerals on the watch remained a mystery to its owner.

(Continued on page 42)

TEXAS NORTHERS – DRY,

"A wind that can blow the world inside out and freeze the lining!"

By MARJ WIGHTMAN



Courtesy Amarillo Globe-News

J. D. Amend, right, and ranch manager Bob Carter search a snowdrift on the Amend Ranch south of Bushland (Potter County), Texas, where cattle were stacked two or three deep and covered by wind-swept snow, March 1957.

IT WAS almost mid-February 1899, deep in the winter of our weather's discontent, when the Continental Arctic Air Mass broke loose from its moorings in the glaciers, rolled down over Canada with the ponderous grace of a giant blob of molasses, hopped an inland wind and then, slicing due south across the prairies and between the mountains, locked every sailing vessel on Corpus Christi Bay into a breath-holding charade.

Wind-whipped salt water froze against the hulls of ocean-going schooners and coastal sloops, forcing crewmen to turn their backs into the sleet, walking or crawling instead of rowing ashore. Fish by the thousands blew onto the beaches to lie in the sand, frozen solid, until sightseers and cooks could carry them away. Then, spinning out over northern Mexico, the wind nipped miles of sun-loving saguaros with a seven-degree Dakota touch before surrendering to the southern desert.

This was the classic Texas Norther. It bridged rivers from the Red on the Oklahoma border to the Nueces on the Gulf of Mexico with six inches of ice bringing the Yankee sport of ice skating temporarily to the Brazos, the Colorado and the San Antonio Rivers. It drove wandering herds of cattle to unseeing suicide against snow fences banked high with drifts, stalled trains, presented Dallas with a fuel famine, and froze pickles in their barrels at the general store in Sweet Home. Cotton farmers of an optimistic nature predicted the death of the boll weevil, a forecast which caused some doubt among their neighbors. (The boll weevil survived, but the intense cold on the Norther's eastern flank did kill the yellow fever germs in Louisiana and Mississippi that year.) Wind-tanned old-timers, men who had ridden into Texas before the first woods were burned and who still refused to be outwindied by anything new, recalled the day the sun froze in the streets of Amarillo, causing the chickens to die for want of sleep.

In San Antonio, a city better known for guitar strumming than for ice skating on the river, the frozen body of William Pieper was found on the road to the Southwestern Insane Asylum. "There were bruises on the face of the deceased but no indications of an injury that could have proved fatal," the San Antonio *Express* reported. "Pieper was last seen on his wagon at 9 o'clock within a block of his house. He was perfectly sober." San Antonio's temperature on February 12 ranged from 4.5 degrees to 25 degrees above zero.

According to records kept by the United States Weather Bureau, the winter of 1898-99 was the coldest in Texas since thermometers came west. Tulia, a little Panhandle town almost midway between Amarillo and Lubbock, give or take a few miles to the north, was the lowest of the low with a minus 23-degree reading. (This record was matched once by Seminole on February 8, 1933, but never bettered.)

THESE are times when even spirits fail. Kenneke's Beer Saloon, a frame building buttressed less against the wind than it might have been the day the Norther roared through Hempstead, offered scant protection for the product. But it did leave a peculiar lineup behind the bar as the glass broke and fell away from the beer, leaving the hardened liquid at attention, bottle-shaped and frozen stiff.

In Galveston, City of the Oleander and oldest port on the Texas coast, a group of gentlemanly Monday morning billiard players at the Tremont Hotel dropped their cues at the sound of gunfire in the wine room and dashed for the north side of the building. The fastest of the would-be rescuers opened the door—but backed into the hallway, overcome by the sight and sound of bottles of champagne, imported ginger ale, apollinaris and other charged beverages exploding. The happy artillery, pints cracking like pistol shots and magnums blowing corks with the baritone of field pieces, left them breathless—and, unfortunately, bottleless for the rest of the Norther's siege.

The Corpus Christi *Caller*, a weekly newspaper in 1899, took final stock of the Norther in its February 17 issue: "It froze salt water in the bay out to the T-head. Fishing boats were encased in ice at the wharves; boys walked out on ice almost as far as the Central Wharf bath house. Nothing like it was ever seen before.

"It froze over Nueces Bay with the ice from shore to shore. It froze the

WET AND BLUE

Nueces River and people walked across.

"It killed cabbage and garden truck, oleanders and orange trees down to the ground.

"It froze milk in the cans, vinegar in the bottles, ink in the ink stands, blueing in the stores (breaking the bottles), meat in the market.

"It burst water pipes over the city, giving plenty of work to the plumbers. It froze pot plants and broke water pitchers in bedrooms too numerous to mention.

"It froze thousands of fish and turtle.

"It froze the combs off some of the chickens and froze a bunch of goats to death back of town.

"It froze the prickly pear, which was being used by some as a stock feed.

"It played smash generally, but one thing it didn't do—it didn't freeze whiskey."

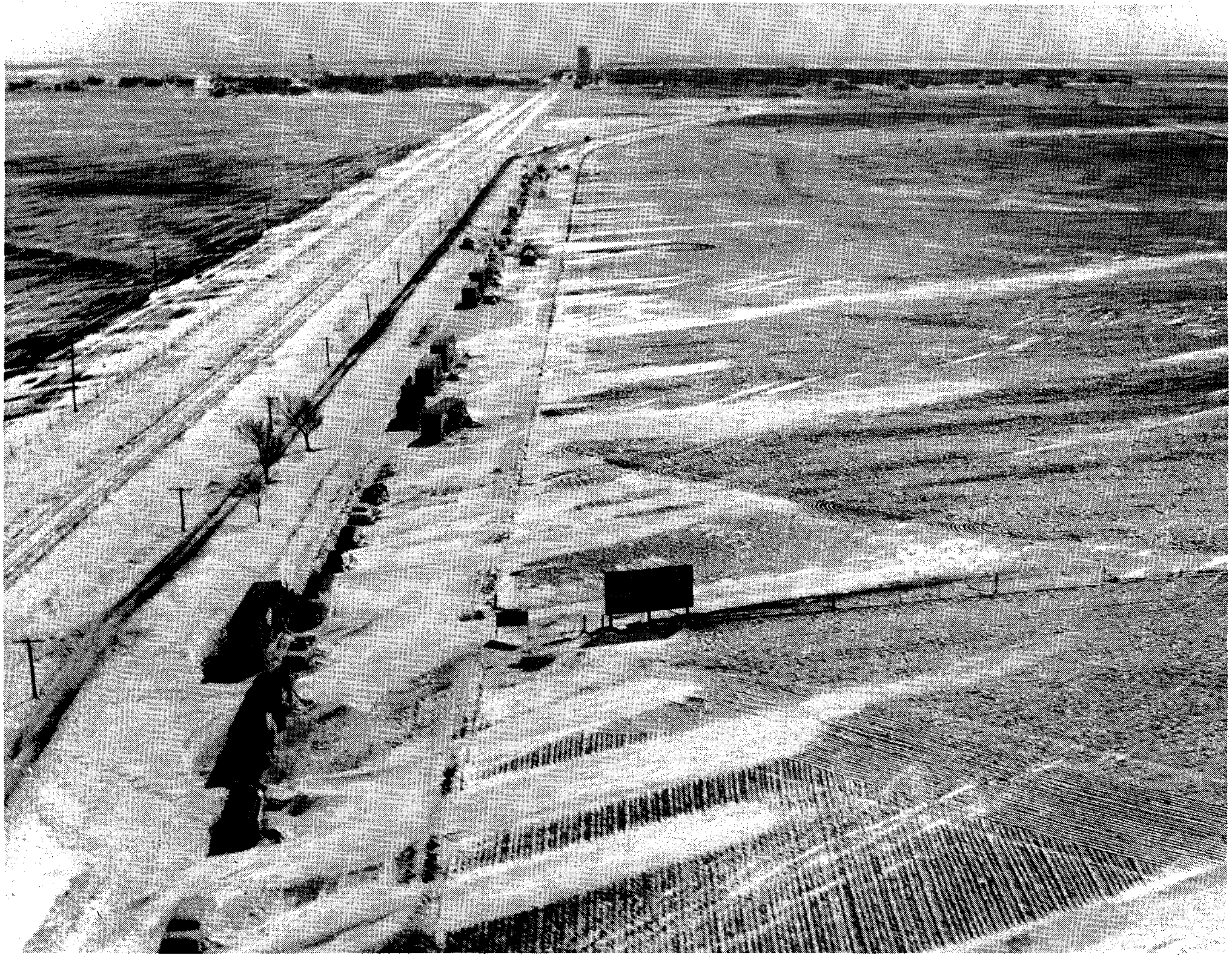
Yet it was the storm of 1886, a whirling blend of wind and snow out of the north covering Galveston Bay with ice and rocking Market Street with a day-long snowball fight, that South Texas remembers as the killer Norther. Galveston Island, which has an average mean temperature of 60.6 degrees and hibiscus growing alongside tall bayfront houses, couldn't believe the warnings when the U. S. Weather Bureau predicted a cold wave on January 8. Snow? It was something that fell in 1864 during the Civil War when nothing was right anyway.

Galveston woke up on January 9 to bitter cold brought by a strong wind blowing into gale force later in the day. Thermometers registered 11 degrees above zero, the coldest this seaport had seen since the Signal Service Station began making statistics out of high and

(Continued on page 65)

The Norther of March 1957 came so suddenly that it stranded many motorists on the highway near Amarillo.

Courtesy Amarillo Globe-News

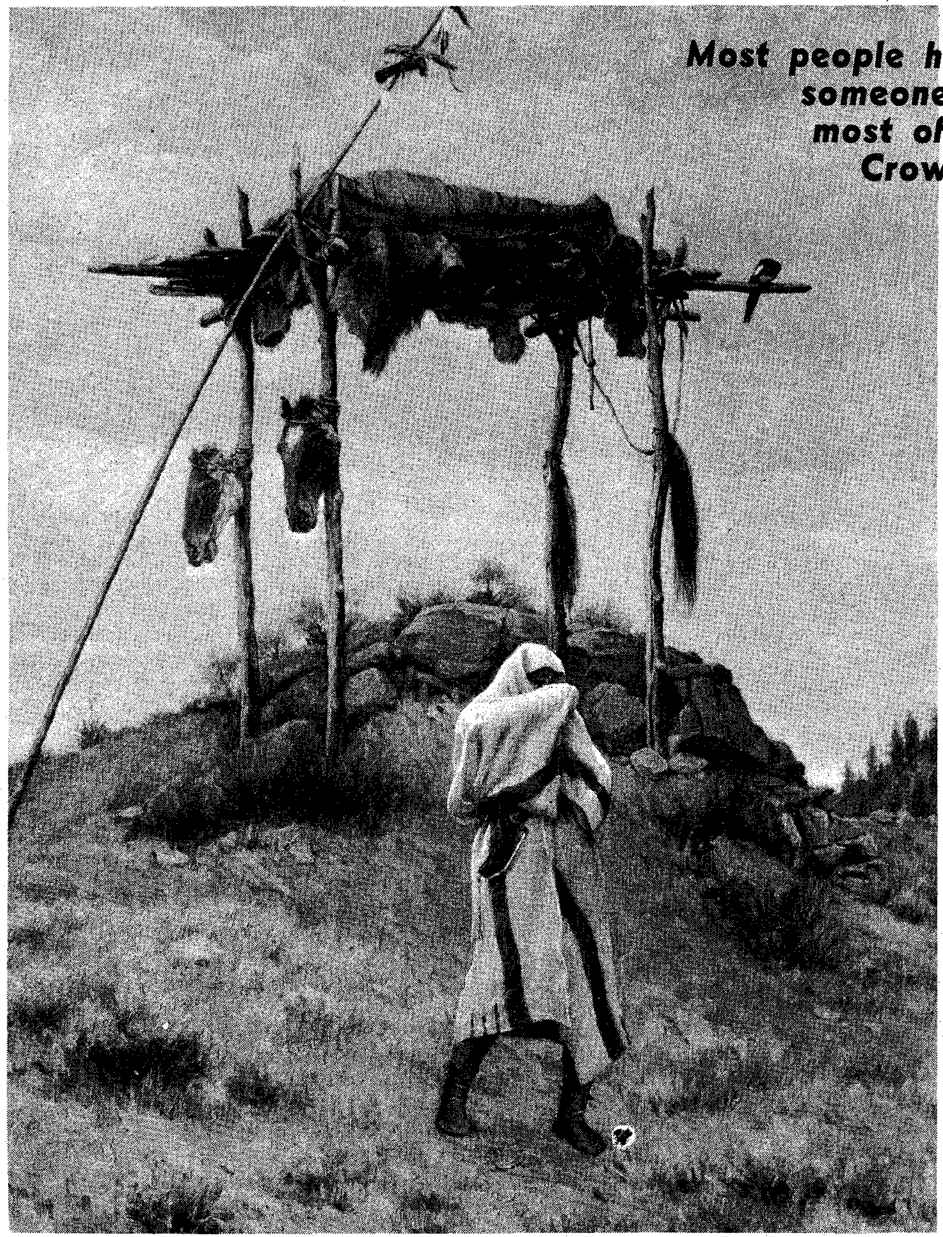


Most people have a traditional enemy—someone or something they battle most of their lives. To this young Crow warrior, the menace was a neighboring tribe

HE

By DABNEY TAYLOR

Photos Courtesy Author



Courtesy Smithsonian Institution

Painting "The Voice of the Great Spirit" by J. H. Sharp.

ARRAPOOASH was extremely handsome, a standout even in a tribe noted for the good looks of its men. As he grew up he enjoyed the Crow permissiveness toward their young and developed into a surly, arrogant and aggressive young brave. He was a pronounced mystic and constantly cultivated these powers to gain control over his people who were exceptionally superstitious.

Born in the early 1800s into a powerful family clan, Arrapooash would today rank among the great Indian leaders, but unfortunately his wisdom, leadership and courage had only a limited exposure in the remote and primitive society of which he was a member.

Arrapooash loved the great wild parks studded with prairie flowers which stretched from the Black Hills through the valleys watered by the Wind, Powder, Yellowstone and Little Missouri Rivers. This was Crow country, called the finest for game in the world with its great herds of buffalo, deer, antelope and then the great grizzly, wolf, mountain deer and sheep and the always valuable beaver.

As a young man Arrapooash, whose name translated into English was the unattractive Rotten Belly or Sore Belly, spoke of his feelings to Robert Campbell, a partner of Sublett in the Rocky Mountain Fur Company.

"The Crow country is a good country. The Great Spirit put it exactly in the right place; while you are in it you fare well; whenever you go out of it, whichever way you go, you fare worse."

The famous shield of Arrapooash was made of buffalo hide and was, of course, a defensive weapon, but its real value lay in its religious significance as revealed in visions. Like many things in the religious and social life of the Indian, a shield had many taboos, among them that it should never touch the ground and was to be handled with all the reverence due a sacred bundle. Its decorations could only be applied by a man.

A tame eagle, claimed to be his medicine, was frequently carried on Arrapooash's wrist. To his white friends he observed that it was not too powerful, but to the Indians he insisted on its absolute infallibility as an oracle. It succeeded in giving him immense power over his people. Washington Irving, in his *Adventures of Captain Bonneville* tells of such an instance as reported by Robert Campbell.

Campbell, who was traveling with several bales of valuable trade furs, stopped to do business with the Crows. Arrapooash invited him to be a guest in his lodge, but Campbell, wary of Indian honesty, hid half of his bales in a secret spot. The others he deposited in the chief's lodge.

Going out to check on his cache, Campbell found the furs missing and reported the loss at once to his host.

Arrapooash was very angry at the news and said to Campbell, "You then have more furs than you have brought in my lodge?"

"I have," replied Campbell.

"Where were they?"

Half-ashamed, the white trader admitted that he had hidden them for safekeeping. The chief then told Campbell to check on how many skins were missing, which he did and reported as 150.

Arrapooash called his people together and, reproaching them bitterly for robbing a guest in his lodge, demanded that the thieves return the skins at once and threatened to neither eat nor drink until this was done. Calling Campbell aside he advised the white man not to thank nor give a reward to any of the Indians who returned the stolen goods. In a short time the skins were brought in and laid down without a word on either side. Arrapooash, wrapped in his robe and sitting in a corner, scarcely moved a muscle of his face.

When night arrived a hundred skins had been brought in. Campbell said he

HATED THE BLACKFEET

Courtesy Museum of the American Indian

The great shield of Arrapooash, famous Crow leader.

was content but the Crow chief refused to touch a crumb of food or a drop of water. The next morning more skins were returned until only a few were missing, but *still* the Indian refused to take food although Campbell again declared himself satisfied and urged his host to eat. Again refusing, Arrapooash sent out a brave who came back a little later with the full complement to make the 150 missing pelts. The Crows had used their own property to make up the lack. This was the chief's great influence with his people.

Arrapooash's next order was directed toward Campbell—to pack and be off and never try such tactics again. "The Crows are not so black as they are painted. Trust to their honor and you are safe; trust to their honesty and they will steal the hair off your head."

HOWEVER, all this came later and Arrapooash himself, as a young brave, had led small hunting parties on horse stealing forays which, due to careful planning, were usually successful. This, of course, with the prestige of his family, caused him to be made a chief before he was thirty.

His first act of historical significance was his refusal to sign a U.S. peace treaty offered to the Crows on August 4, 1825. This was peculiar as his people had the best record of friendship with the whites of any of the Plains Indians. Later his attitude was modified when he fell under the influence of the wild trapper Rose, who, married to a Crow woman, had become a chief because of his prowess against the Blackfeet, the Crow's hereditary foe.

According to Edwin T. Denig, in his *Five Indian Tribes of the Upper Missouri*, Arrapooash early showed an administrative ability unique in his surroundings. In conducting hunts he made careful plans based on his intimate knowledge of game movements. He was always prepared for surprise attacks on hunts and usually threw up a defense of some sort when his party camped for the night. He also encouraged the Crows to trade for guns and powder and balls to replace the primitive clubs and bows and arrows they had used before the coming of the white traders.

But all of this was soon delegated to the younger men as he grew more powerful. Arrapooash had a scheme going that he had studied over for some time. It was to be a daring attack against the Blackfeet who outnumbered the Crows as a people about two and a half to one. He had sent out spies to scout the country and the movements of his enemy. Finally the time came when he thought it advisable to move.

A Crow hunter photographed by L. A. Huffman at Fort Keogh, Montana, about 1880.

A CROW HUNTER, WINTER DRESS
L. A. HUFFMAN

The meeting to which Arrapooash called his tribe was held on the banks of the Musselshell River. Here he gave them an idea of his plans and directed them to divide into small parties and act as though they were going on a hunting trip heading in various directions leading out of the area. The main body then cautiously advanced toward their enemy who numbered eighty lodges. Arrapooash's plan was to lure the Blackfeet into an open plain, pursuing the decoy Crows who would turn and flee and lead the Blackfeet to where the warriors lay hidden.

Shortly after dawn the Crows went forth in small groups, and the Blackfeet, cooperating fully, mounted their horses as a man and set out to add a few Crow scalps to their bag. It was not long before they learned their mistake.

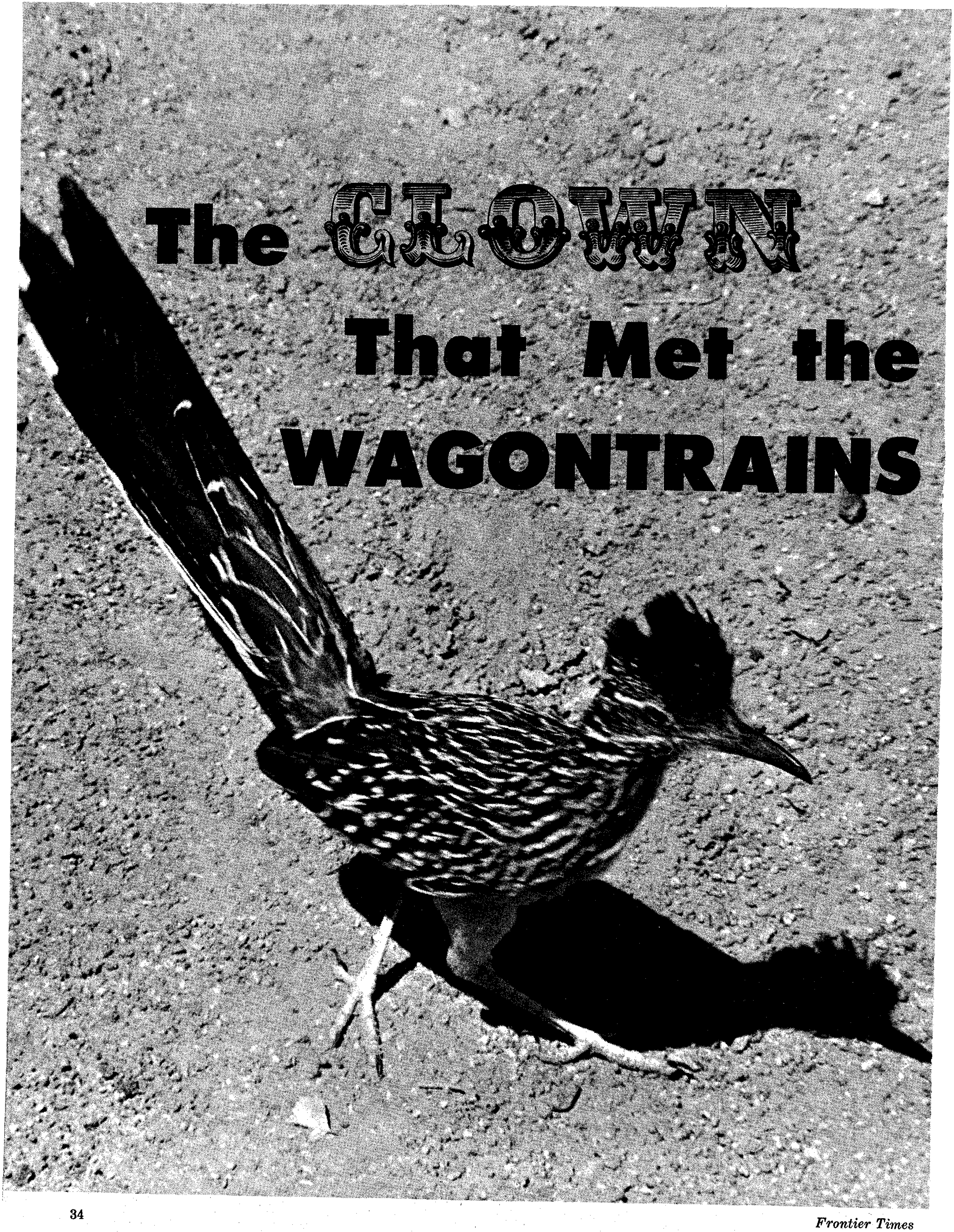
With the Blackfeet confused, outnumbered and completely taken by surprise, Arrapooash and his tribesmen gained a great victory, taking 200 scalps and losing only 22 of their own party.

Unlike some Plains Indians, the Crows took women and children as prisoners rather than killing them. In fact, captives of the Crows, who lived with them for any length of time, often refused to rejoin their own people when the opportunity presented itself.

The Crow camp was in a frenzy of excitement when the victorious braves returned with the captives and booty. They had taken 500 horses in the battle. Arrapooash earlier had been given the ultimate accolade by having his buffalo robe

(Continued on page 40)

The CLOWN That Met the WAGONTRAINS



PULLING WAGONS across the desert Southwest was a miserable ordeal most of the time. Blazing hot by day and freezing cold at night, the trip was a maddening mixture of hard rock and soft sand, white alkali and black flies. Poisonous snakes and hostile Apaches ambushed the travelers, and it seemed that even the vegetation was armed with thorns and needles to stab the unwary. Yet, despite all, the desert did provide one comical-looking crazy-acting clown to entertain the wagon crew. This fine-feathered fool—instead of skedaddling out of sight like most sensible critters—would often hop up on a rock and draw attention with his growling clatter. Then, like as not, he would run a footrace with anyone who took the challenge.

He was the roadrunner, of course. His weird appearance and wild antics kicked up a hundred tall tales and legends among the Indians, Mexicans and *gringos* of those early days, and I rejoice to say that this bird's vaudeville act is still going strong. Despite the sprawl of cities and the menace of BB guns and pesticides, the plucky roadrunner is far from extinct.

He's playing the same old tricks and getting repeated laughs from Texas to California, and south into old Sonora, too. If you park your camper or pitch your tent in roadrunner territory, you'll see some of the same cast of characters that the pioneers enjoyed. The roadrunner is just as much a part of the West as Geronimo, and he's survived a lot longer.

Talk to the old-timers about roadrunners. They may call him chaparral, or chaparral cock, snake-killer, *paisano*, or half a dozen other names. Everyone will have a tall tale about him, and it may be hard to separate fiction from fact. For argument's sake, ask some questions such as: What makes this bird so funny? Is he smart or stupid? Why were the Indians and Mexicans so interested in him? Is the roadrunner easy to tame? How does he kill snakes? Can he fly? Do the birds ever hunt in pairs? Is he a good parent?

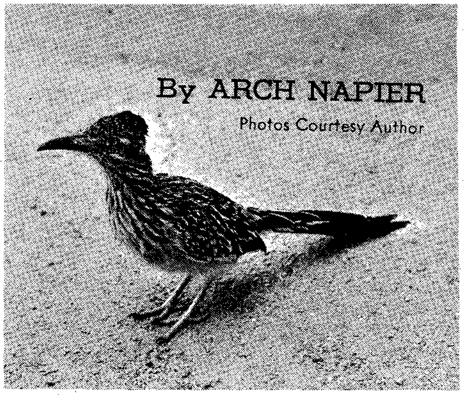
I find that neither the old-timers nor highly-respected bird experts agree on all of the answers. Maybe the roadrunner is such an individualist he acts in different ways at different times, often just for laughs.

WHAT makes him so funny? Well, his clown costume, first of all. Take that fright-wig of crest feathers. One minute it is down flat like the slick hair of a saloon card-sharp, and the next moment it is up like the warbonnet of an Indian chief.

His long legs and big feet are ludicrous. The feet seem enormous because two toes extend forward and two stretch back. This odd pattern means that he leaves a series of perfect "X" tracks in the dust, so that you can't tell which way he was traveling.

Indians think this is very clever, and some southwestern tribes decorate their cradleboards with roadrunner feathers to confuse the evil spirits. The Hopis have a tale about some roadrunners who took pity on a band of their ancestors who were being trailed by enemies. The birds covered up the Hopi footprints with those X-marks of their own, and the Hopis escaped. Since then, the tribe has always honored the bird with a roadrunner clan.

The feet fascinated Lt. James W. Abert, a young Army engineer who scouted through New Mexico in 1847. The toes can be "aptly applied in climbing or perching," he pointed out, "and are adapted well for running, too." He passed along a tale that one of those backward toes could swivel around to help the two front toes, but this seems to be a myth.



By ARCH NAPIER

Photos Courtesy Author

The real fun is to see the bird's braking action. When a roadrunner is streaking after a lizard, watch what happens when the reptile dives into a clump of prickly-pear cactus. The bird slams on the brakes at the last possible instant, turns on a dime, scoots around the clump, and like as not, meets the lizard coming out the other side. Pardner, that's agility!

The roadrunner can make these quick stops and sharp turns because his long tail acts as a combination rudder and balancing-pole. When the bird is racing flat out, his tailfeathers extend straight back in a long low line with his outstretched head and neck. But when he hits the brakes, up comes the tail and it pumps up and down until the bird reaches a balance.

The tail was once the main issue of a New Mexico political campaign. One governor had a fine painting of the roadrunner (the state's official bird) which showed the tail in an up-tilt angle. His opponent countered with the suggestion: "We need our bird in a more progressive stance. Elect me, and you'll see the state symbol moving ahead with his tail straight out." Well, everyone had fun joining the argument. A group called "Tailfeathers" was formed to promote the tail-down position. The Game Department defended the governor's painting. "Those guys wouldn't know a roadrunner from a turkey buzzard," one game warden said. The matter became a running joke at every campaign rally, and finally the voters elected the governor's opponent hands down. Or, was it tails down?

PEOPLE laugh at the roadrunner's looks because he always seems to be a little off balance. His body—covered with brown and white feathers streaked with black—isn't much bigger than a pullet's, and his wings are very short and rounded. Yet his long snake-like neck and heavy head would fit a much larger bird. The off-balance effect is emphasized by a heavy black bill which is handy for pounding mice or lizards against a rock.

No wonder one early-day observer, J. L. Sloanaker, nominated the roadrunner for the freak class at the local fair. "Try and think of a long striped snake on two legs, a feather duster on his head and another trailing behind," he said.

Yet the roadrunner's fame as a clown doesn't depend on looks alone. The thing that amused the old teamsters and stage drivers was the bird's cheeky attitude toward people. And that went for their horses and dogs, too.

I know that some folks argue that the roadrunner is a shy and elusive bird and others will tell how brash and conspicuous he is. In 1853, a Dr. C. B. R. Kennerly remarked on the bird's shyness when he accompanied Lt. A. W. Whipple's mapping party along the 35th parallel of latitude. A later observer with the Wheeler survey called the bird timid. However, many others report that when wagontrains came along, the roadrunner would pop out of the chaparral, and run alongside.

I think these conflicting reports only serve to emphasize that the roadrunner is an independent cuss who varies his actions according to intelligence rather than instinct. He's not timid; he just might want to slip away from the crowd and mind his own business.

Some of this unpredictable behavior could depend on the season. I've noticed

(Continued on page 52)

A bird provided the immigrants with a little amusement in a country whose wild things were more to be dreaded than welcomed, and at a time when laughs were not nearly as frequent as tears...

NUGGETS

NEW MEXICO SHOOT-OUT

By Allton Turner

THE DIAMOND A fall roundup of 1904 had been long and hard. The cowboys were ready to let down in late November. Pat Nunn sent the wagons to the Cowsprings headquarters of the upper outfit. He and some of the boys rode into Silver City to forget the long hours in the saddle, the long and fast rides on drive, branding over 20,000 calves, gathering and shipping about that many steers to the Bakersfield, California pastures of the Victoria Land & Cattle Co., standing long hours of night guard and riding day herd. They were ready to live a little.

But first, Pat Nunn neeeded to buy his new wife a Christmas present. He'd thought about it a lot that fall. She wanted a watch, a gold watch that opened up like those owned by the fine ladies in Deming where the vast Diamond A headquarters was located. Pat finally found one, had it engraved and slipped it into the upper left breast pocket of his ever-present vest. That ought to please her, he mused.

Pat was a big man in many ways. There was no doubt who was boss of the Diamond A, but Pat liked his fun, too. Not many ever crossed Pat, even strangers. He'd told his cowboys to either leave their guns at the livery stable or check them with the bartender. They'd left their horses at the Old Man Corral at the corner of Arizona and Yankee Streets, just around the corner from Bob Golding's Club House Saloon.

No one seemed to know just what started the fracas, but the shooting started in Golding's saloon. Howard Chenowith was doing most of the shooting and Pat tried to get his gun. There seemed to be several guns in play and one of the bullets struck the watch Pat had just bought. It probably saved his life, but he was plenty angry over the watch being ruined.

Jim Blair was then sheriff of Grant County and later was chief of police in Santa Rita for many years. One of his boys, Jesse, still lives in Silver City. Mr. Blair had hired a young Texan by the name of Billy Kilburn as city marshal a few months before. Kilburn had come up from Texas with his folks' wagon-train and in that train were the Whitehills. Harvey Whitehill was the first elected sheriff of Grant County and has a daughter, Olive Bell, still living in Silver City.

Billy took his job seriously and when the shooting started at the Club House he headed for it. As he was crossing the vacant lot (the Club House beer garden encloses it now), Billy was shot dead. Whether it was Howard Chenowith (who was raised in Lordsburg) who shot Billy, doesn't matter. He was thrown in jail anyway for being rowdy.

My father, the late John W. Turner, was freighting supplies to the booming mining camp of Mogollon at the time. When the shooting started, he ducked into a piano crate which was lying on the vacant lot where the Elks Club is today. He said he felt mighty foolish when he examined his barricade after the shooting to find that it was pretty flimsy protection from .45 slugs. When his teeth stopped chattering and his legs gained walking strength, he made it to the Old Man Corral and his soogans only to find wild confusion there. He saw Sheriff Jim Blair arresting Chenowith. Pat Nunn and his cowboys tried to argue him out of it, but were finally convinced they should ride back to the ranch.

How Chenowith was liberated from the old Grant County jail is a little hazy. Roy Tirey (now of Hillsboro, New Mexico) says that Chenowith's sister came to visit one evening and the jailer was made to release Howard. Some say three or four cowboys tied their saddle ropes onto the bars of a jail window and rode their powerful horses in unison to jerk that window free of the brick building.

Whichever it was, Chenowith mounted a stout, fast horse that had been waiting on a hill behind the county courthouse. Tracks indicated that several horses had been there for quite some time.

Sheriff Blair and the posse picked up the trail the next morning south of rocky Boston Hill which showed horses' tracks heading south toward Mexico. Blair already knew within reason they would; that's why he didn't waste much time looking in any other direction. But when the posse found evidence near Oak Grove (now the John Hamilton headquarters ranch) that a horse had been staked to a tree for several hours and boot tracks to indicate someone had changed horses, they turned back to Silver City.

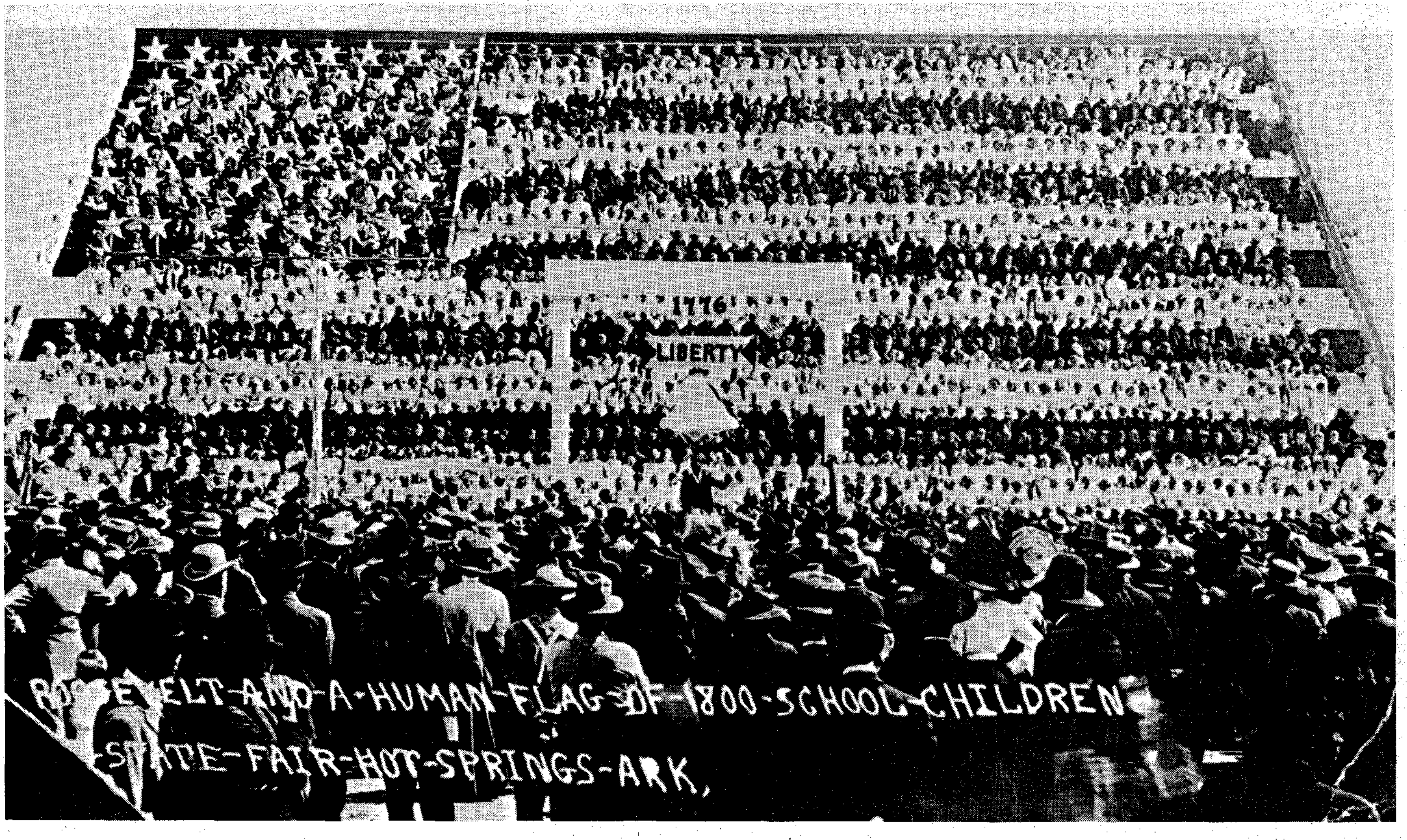
Blair had been a frontier peace officer too long and knew the futility of trying to overtake a man relaying into Mexico on fresh horses. He learned later that fresh horses had been stationed about every twelve of fifteen miles for fast coverage of the seventy-five or more miles to the border.

Some of the old-timers around Lordsburg and the Animas Valley say that a man they think was Chenowith came back there in the late 1940s with an Argentine wife and family. He went to the places Chenowith might have looked up, but he didn't stay long. The man was about the right age to fit Chenowith and was built like him, but forty-five years is a long time to remember a face that must have changed a lot. Anyway, he didn't stay around that vicinity very long. He looked pretty prosperous.

Pat Nunn was killed a few years later in the Lordsburg stockyards when a bucking horse bumped Pat's head into a cross bar over a gate. His wife had saved the watch which deflected the bullet from Pat's heart.

About thirty years later after Kilburn's death, after homesteaders and ranchers had fenced all the cow country from Silver City south, the great Diamond A ranch wound up with a mere township of thirty-six sections surrounding Cowsprings and Hogback. John Dawson was put in charge of the few remaining cattle and just two cowboys were left where once there had been dozens of cowboys and thousands of cattle. Dawson had been Windmill (or Mudhen) boss for years.

Pat Nunn's widow came back to Cowsprings as John Dawson's wife. They lived there until Walter Hightower of the Forked Lightning bought the ranch from the Victoria Land and Cattle Com-


1776
LIBERTY
ROOSEVELT-AND-A-HUMAN-FLAG-OF-1800-SCHOOL-CHILDREN
STATE-FAIR-HOT-SPRINGS-ARK.

pany.

The only evidence left today of the Kilburn place on Silver City Draw is a dead cottonwood tree trunk just above the bridge on the Tyrone road between the Patton Ranch and the old Sam Agee Ranch (where Jimmie McCauley lives today). There was a watering place of the Diamond A across the draw from there which was called the Kilburn Mills, but it is gone now. A few rocks left from the fireplace and foundation of the old Kilburn homestead can still be found on a little flat about half-way between the dry creek bottom and the ridge that was the Kilburn place when Billy was killed in 1904.

THE HUMAN FLAG

By L. A. Larson

THE HOT SUN beat down on us second graders of the Ramble School in Hot Springs, Arkansas, day after day, for hours on end it seemed, as we marched and marched. We were preparing for a contest between the different city schools to see which could perform the best at the Arkansas State Fair to be held in a few weeks at the Race Track and Fair Grounds.

The winning school would receive a trophy from the hands of President Teddy Roosevelt himself! As I remember then (in 1910), we had a deep respect for the august person of our President (whether in office or not).

After each contesting school had performed, we were to clamber up a huge bleacher and, by the color of our costumes, form a flag with forty-five stars and thirteen stripes. The bleacher was an awesome thing, possibly 100 feet long and 35 feet high. As I approached it during our practice march, those rows of seats looked like a small mountain to me. It had steps leading up into the "Flag" part of the construction.

During a rest period some of us ventured to the top of the Flag. As I peered over the top, I'd say we were two or three stories high from the ground. But being only seven years of age at the time, I do not trust my estimate too much. The bleacher was constructed the same as any temporary bleacher today. It had rows of upright pillars braced together with crossed X braces.

WHEN the appointed day arrived, every class of each school with its "drill sergeant" marched out on the Fair Ground field in front of the grandstand where our doting parents were watching their little darlings. We performed and then marched as we had practiced up into the newly built bleacher.

We walked in a double line, the boys draped in red capes beside little girls dressed all in white. At the foot of the steps the boys and girls separated, the boys going into the two front rows of seats draped in red bunting. The girls filed into the next two rows which were draped in white bunting. On up the double rows the other children climbed until reaching the third double row of red bunting. There, groups of children who had been clad in blue capes passed on into the blue field among the pillared stars, while the rest of the children entered their appropriate places. This formed the "human flag."

In later years Mother said the parents of these children were so scared they hardly heard any of President Roosevelt's speech. The cause of this fear was a dread that the contractors who built the many-tiered stand had not built it sturdy enough for the weight of 1,800 wiggling schoolchildren. The whole structure seemed to sway in the sun. Could it have been heat waves causing an optical illusion?

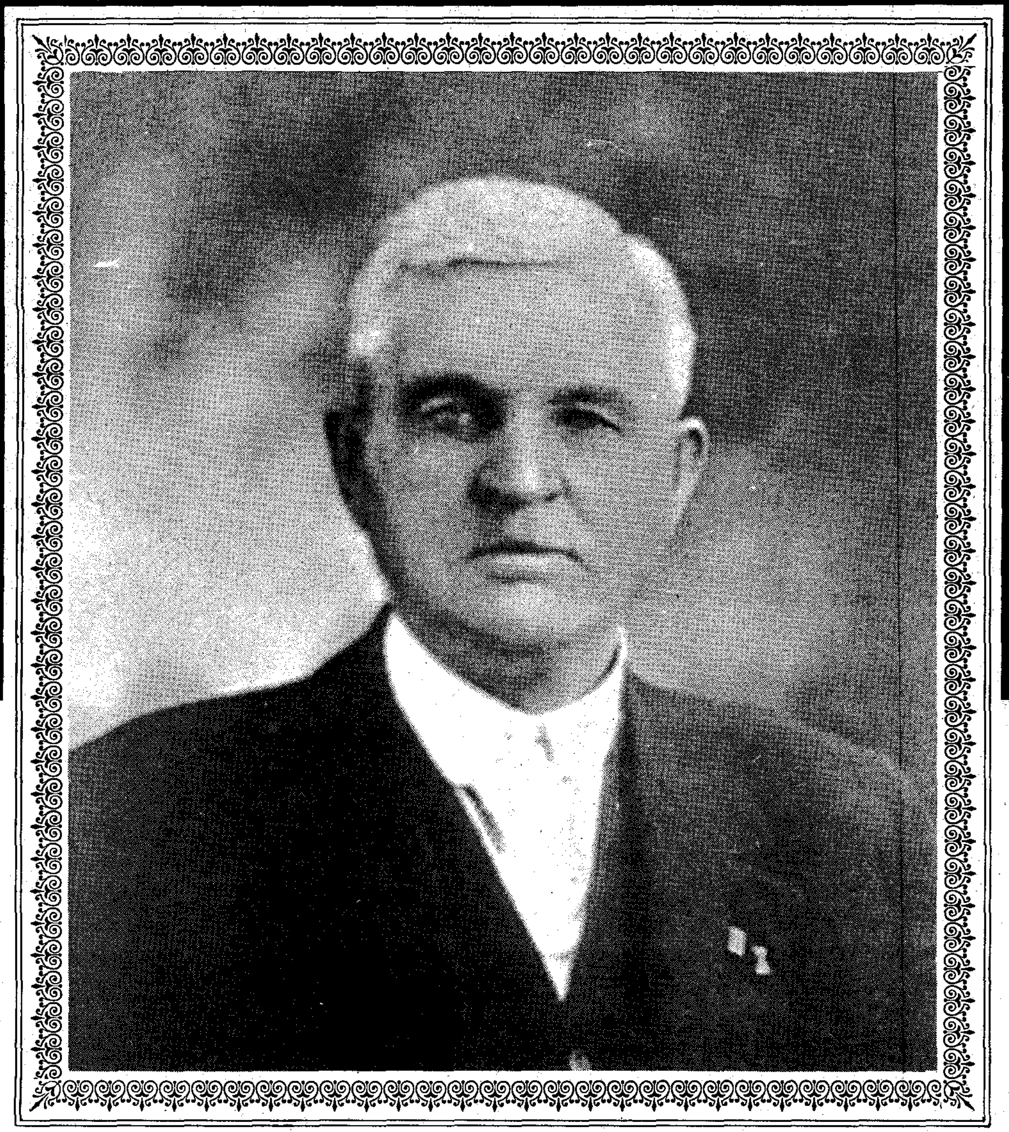
The teachers must have been just as apprehensive as the parents, as they kept issuing orders. "Sit still! You're ruining the effect."

It must have been a real sway for they changed the method of emptying the stand. Previous orders had been to march the younger children out first from the lower seats and then proceed upward, emptying double rows of boys and girls, until all were out. But the teachers issued just the reversal of this method when the time came to exit. They told us younger children to sit very still as the older children filed out of the top tiers of seats, thus emptying the stand from the top to the bottom. I suppose the adults figured if the structure broke, the younger children wouldn't have as far to fall, and thus less fatalities would occur. Also, younger children are more likely to fall limp and cause less damage to their bodies.

After safely leaving our seats, we were lined up to pass before the President of the United States. He fastened a little red, white and blue ribbon onto each child's clothing on the left shoulder. How proud we were of that little scrap of color!

TWO-FISTED TIMOTHY DYER

—beloved Irishman of Old Cheyenne



By BENNETT R. PEARCE

Photo Courtesy Author

THE ROLE OF the hotel proprietor and saloon keeper has never been an enviable one. The difficulties in handling troublesome transient lodgers and inebriates has tried the souls and charities of such proprietors from time immemorial. This was certainly true of the hotel and saloon owners in the frontier communities of the West.

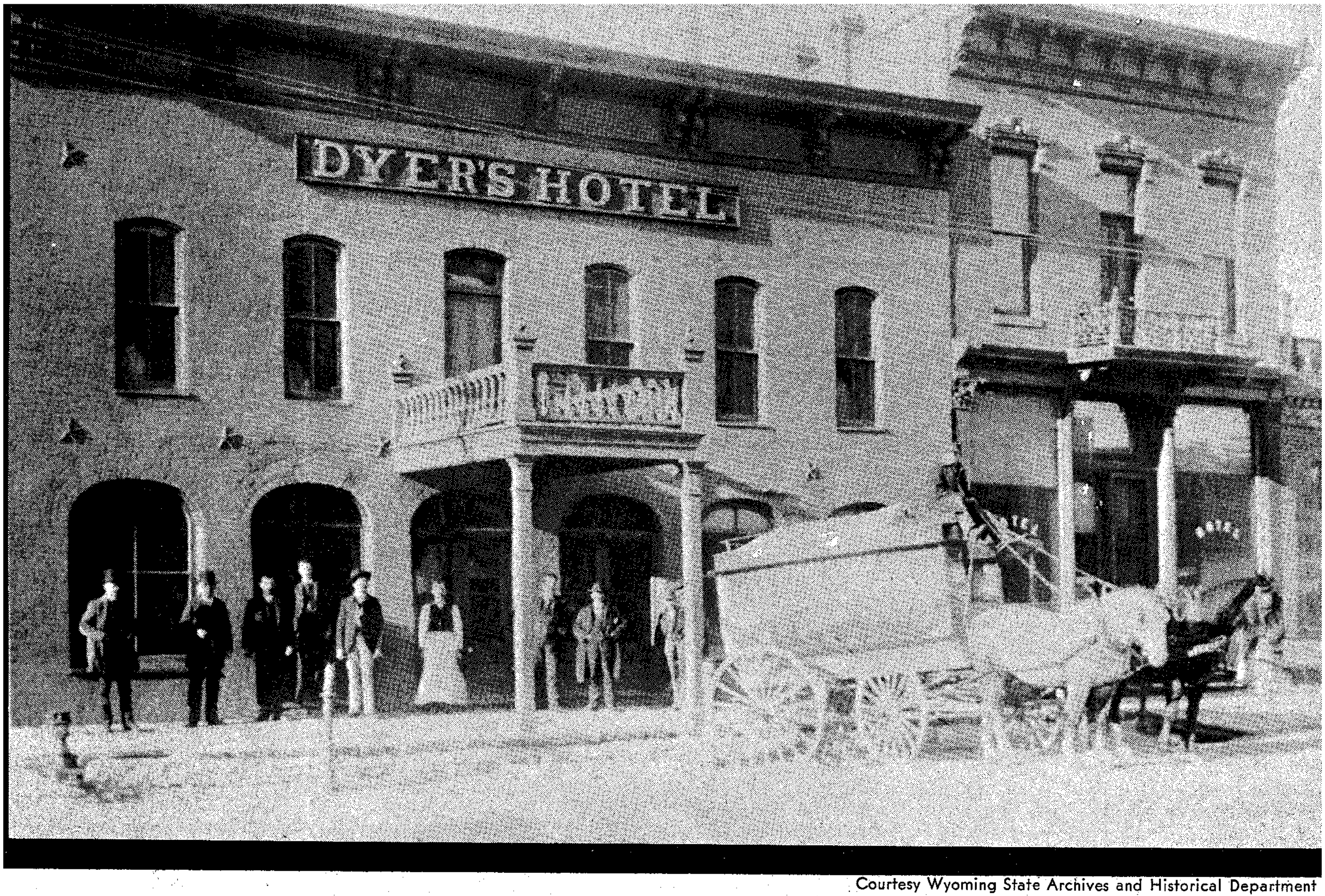
Nevertheless, enterprising ebullient souls always appeared upon the site of a new western town and set up shop in one way or another. Many of these rapidly established operations vanished as the tents and shacks gave way to frame and brick construction. Their enthusiastic proprietors quickly passed on to greener pastures and were soon forgotten and unlamented. A few, who were hardier than their clientele, prospered and stayed on to become pillars of the community.

One such saloon keeper and hotel proprietor, who made his fortune in a Cheyenne hostelry and who in later years became a storied legend, was a two-fisted Irishman named Timothy Dyer.

Dyer arrived in Cheyenne in August 1867, a short time after the town was founded. He had traveled by train from Chicago to Julesburg, Colorado which was as far as the track of the Union Pacific railroad had been laid up to that time. Dyer traveled by horseback from Julesburg into Cheyenne.

As he passed the Pine Bluff which was later to become the state line between Wyoming and Nebraska, a large band of Indians dashed down the hill toward him. This "scalp-raising" experience was his welcome into the future territory of Wyoming. The Indians turned out to be Pawnees who were friendly to the whites and young Dyer was able to proceed to Cheyenne with his flowing locks intact.

Dyer was born in Limerick, Ireland in 1844. At an early age he came to the United States and first lived in Ver-



Courtesy Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department

Dyer's hotel in Cheyenne, Wyoming

mont where he received his education. Later he moved to Chicago where he learned the hotel and saloon business. He soon decided to move west to seek his fortune.

Shortly after his arrival in Cheyenne, Timothy Dyer purchased a restaurant on Eddy Street. He also opened a saloon which became one of the favorite establishments for transient and local tipplers. Though his saloon was heavily patronized it was by no means disreputable. Timothy Dyer presided over a tight establishment and tolerated no nonsense from his patrons. He stood five feet nine inches in his stocking feet and weighed over two hundred pounds. He was fully able to cope with the usual disturbances which occurred from time to time.

IN 1868, with his saloon and restaurant prospering, the Irishman added a hotel. It soon became famous throughout the Mountain West as the best stopping place in town. Much ink has been expended over the years to describe some of the nefarious activities which branded Cheyenne as "Hell on Wheels." However, how many of the stories were fact and how many were fantasies are unknown a century later. Such activities, alleged and real, nevertheless gave the little frontier community a rough reputation during its early years.

Shortly after Timothy Dyer opened his saloon, three desperadoes rode into town and shot things up across the street from his place. Though lead flew at random, no one was killed. The three gunslingers departed from town and rode westward where they were overtaken by the storied vigilantes and hanged at Dale City.

A short time later, two men were killed and a woman was wounded in a house of ill fame located near Dyer's saloon. Even though the shots were heard in the street, the identity of the murderer was not discovered.

It was at that time, in 1868, that Cheyenne's first election was held. A pioneer clergyman confided in his diary that the situation was so rough he remained indoors until the shooting stopped.

Some of the "characters" around town attempted to make Timothy Dyer's saloon their headquarters. The owner made it quite clear that they were unwelcome. Late one evening a local hoodlum who was known as "Dirty Mike" entered Dyer's saloon. It was said that Dirty Mike acquired his nickname not from his personal habits but because of his mean disposition. He carried a revolver and was known to shoot without provocation.

Dirty Mike approached Timothy with his revolver drawn and demanded a five dollar loan. Dyer refused to extend more credit until Mike paid off an old loan. The man grew sullen but Dyer stood his ground, gun or no gun, and Dirty Mike withdrew from the saloon.

A few nights later, Dirty Mike returned. Dyer spotted him as he came through the door and, without any ceremony, knocked him twenty feet across the room. The message delivered, Dyer then instructed Mike to take his business elsewhere. His subdued patron made a sudden exit and never returned to Dyer's saloon again.

Sometime in February 1868, there was a row on O'Neil Street. Three men were shot in the fracas which was engineered by a tough named Dan Cunningham. After the fight was over, about a dozen of the respectable element retired into Dyer's saloon for drinks and conversation. Dan Cunningham and his coterie followed and proceeded to shoot up Dyer's saloon through the windows and doors. The crowd inside rushed out the back door. Timothy Dyer stood his ground and received a bullet hole through his coat but was not injured. The next day forty-eight bullets were picked up and dug out of the room's walls and benches.

The following night the same band of toughs gathered on the street across from Dyer's saloon and threatened to kill him. Suddenly they found the sidewalks lined with vigilantes all wearing soldiers' overcoats. The toughs departed very rapidly. Later the rough Dan Cunningham was run out of town and two of his confederates were hanged at Dale Creek by the vigilantes.

(Continued on page 62)

He Hated the Blackfeet!

(Continued from page 33)

fringed with human hair; of course his spear, shield, leggings and jacket were also suitably festooned. Indeed, as he raced through camp on his war horse, he looked like a flying fox.

AFTER THIS VICTORY, the people separated into small bands and set off to enjoy the new freedom of movement they anticipated after doing in their ancient enemy. Among those who went off visiting was a small group under Dangling Foot, who headed for the Black Hills having heard that the Cheyennes, another enemy people, had vacated the area. Unfortunately, Dangling Foot had not also heard that when the Cheyennes went off toward the southwest they had been badly beaten in an encounter with some of the local tribes, and now wiser and more alert had trailed back to their old hunting ground. They numbered around 300 lodges.

The Crows were completely off guard, and their fate was the same as that of their recent foes, the Blackfeet. Only a few men escaped back to Crow country to tell the tale and describe grisly details of the torture inflicted on the prisoners. Arrapooash was summoned to work out a plan for revenge.

The next day, mounted on his great war horse, Arrapooash accepted the ceremonial pipe handed to him, and addressed the wild group of mourners who, Crow fashion, had chopped off finger joints and pulled out great handfuls of hair. In speaking, the chief said he would test himself and his medicine, and do as it directed.

Early the next morning, before dawn, he directed a group of young braves to scrape clear an area and to build a mound of buffalo chips and sweet sage to his height. When he rode into the clearing, the chief was garbed in all his savage finery and carried his famous shield on his back.

"If I fail to mount this pile and fall," he said, "I shall not undertake to punish the Cheyennes. If I mount well, I shall then fling my shield from me and if it falls on the face, again I shall not go."

So saying, he mounted the pile waving two bird wings in his hands for balance. His ascent was successful and he then hurled his shield from him. It fell face up. The war was on.

After a careful plan was drawn up, the luckless Cheyennes were attacked and all were killed.

For himself Arrapooash reserved the pleasure of running down Striped Elk, the Cheyenne leader, who had killed and tortured the Crow prisoners with such viciousness. Him he scalped, riddled with bullets, and finally took his head and dashed it to pieces.

This victory made the position of Arrapooash one of unquestioned authority among a people who were loosely united and prone to go their own way—perhaps one of the reasons their losses of manpower had been so heavy in the past in their impulsive forays against their enemies. Then, too, the results of a smallpox epidemic had placed them in a poor position in regard to the Blackfeet. Even after the Crows' victory, the Blackfeet outnumbered them and had the Bloods, Piegans and confederates of long standing, the Gros Ventres, to bolster their strength even more.

ANOTHER disadvantage was the growing friendship between the Blackfeet and the chief factor of the American Fur Company at Fort McKenzie. Major Alexander Culbertson had trod very gingerly in making friends with the Blackfeet who had been extremely hostile in the past.

Culbertson had married the daughter of the Blood chief, which had greatly extended his influence and had made Fort McKenzie a rendezvous for the Blackfeet when they came down from Canada in the fall to trade. Quite rightly, Arrapooash concluded that if the Blackfeet could get guns and supplies so close to Crow country, life was going to be just that much more difficult for his people. As a result he developed a daring scheme. It was to loot Fort McKenzie in the late summer when the fort was almost empty of personnel. He would strike before the traders returned from St. Louis with the winter trade goods and supplies, after taking in their fur bales to the company warehouses.

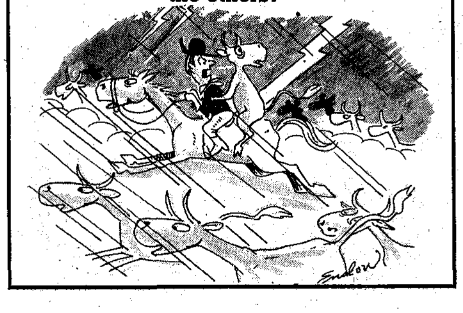
Naturally, Arrapooash had the country along the Marias River well spied out. Crows hidden in the tall buffalo grass on the sloping hills across from the post had long been watching the comings and goings of the inhabitants.

Fort McKenzie, built in 1832, was typical of the Upper Missouri forts. It was surrounded by a stockade 200 feet square with two inner bastions on which cannons were mounted. If Arrapooash expected the doors of this stronghold to be hanging open he was underrating Culbertson, who not only possessed great executive ability, but was also thoroughly aware of the nature of the half-civilized people he had to deal with and the quick change from friendship to anger which was one of their characteristics.

THE FIRST HOSTILE move by the Crows was the capture of the horses which were sent out every day to graze. Major Culbertson immediately put Fort McKenzie on battle station and was ready to receive a white renegade named Jim Coats who soon approached waving a white flag. Coats lived with the tribe.

Coats asked to be admitted to the fort for a parley with the major but this was refused. Culbertson knew the man wanted only to determine the number of people left at McKenzie, case their supplies and, if given an opportunity, question some of the Crow women within the post.

"Why the heck can't you run with the others?"



The most reliable account of this strange attack was written by Major Culbertson in his diary which he always kept and in which the dates of the siege were given as June 25-26 of 1834.

Meanwhile, the Crows were crowding up as close as possible to the pickets. Culbertson refrained from turning the cannons on them or allowing his men to shoot; he was a trader not an Indian killer. The Crows, likewise, showed no overt hostility. It was a cat and mouse game. Culbertson, although in short supply, had some bales of dried meat thrown over to them.

On the second day of the siege Major Culbertson was surveying the country through his spy glass from one of the bastions which gave him a full view of the region, when he noticed wild activity in the Crow camp. Their lodges were being torn down, the horses herded in, and their leaders were in close groups talking. The meaning was soon made clear. The Blackfeet were on their way back from Canada—much earlier than usual.

Angry and desperate because of the failure of his plans and the trouble sure to follow, Arrapooash hurried his people toward Crow country. In the meantime, a small band of Blackfeet, unaware that Crows were in the neighborhood, had taken off from the main body and were hunting as they went through the area. This news was brought in by Crow scouts.

Arrapooash, determined to recover lost face, immediately ordered an attack. The Blackfeet were taken by surprise and two of their men were killed but the rest managed to gain protection behind the walls of a small mud fort of the type frequently found in that hostile country.

The Crows, satisfied with their two scalps which had been taken without any loss to themselves, were ready to go on their way, but not so Arrapooash. Only a young warrior who held back his horse prevented him from giving immediate chase. The great leader was dressed in complete war finery and his mystic shield was held in his hand.

Finally, when he seemed to give in, his aide dropped the bridle; then quick as a prairie lightning, Arrapooash spurred his horse and leaped over the walls into the band of Blackfeet crying, "Two Blackfeet cannot pay for the loss of Little Bear! One last stroke for the Crow Nation!" But even as he fixed an enemy with his spear, his own body was suddenly filled with arrows and he fell dead to the ground.

Swarming after him the Crows quickly dispatched the rest of the Blackfeet, gathered up the body of their leader and, wrapping him closely in his raiment, placed him in a tree to ultimately rejoin the elements of the country he loved so well. So died, in his full power, Arrapooash, sometimes called the "Tecumseh of the Crows."

GHOST FORT IN GRAPEVINE CANYON

By JAN S. PAUL

Photos Courtesy Author

Most army wives thought kindly of Tejon; to their husbands it was a detested assignment...

IF YOU HAVE never heard of Fort Tejon, you are not alone, for, with a useful life of but ten years, it may well have been the shortest-lived headquarters post in the whole western history of our country.

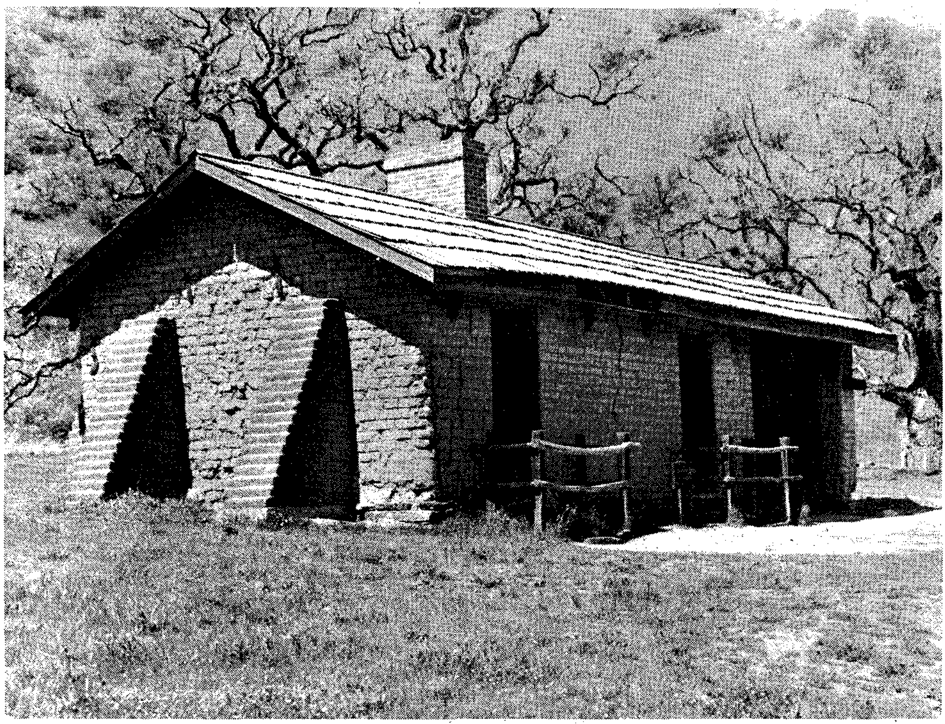
It was established in the mountains of south-central California in August 1854, by direct recommendation of General Edward Fitzgerald Beale, in his capacity of Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Beale, who might be called the founder of Fort Tejon, is still something of a legend in the southern San Joaquin Valley. A rather ordinary young ensign, he came to fame and glory fighting with the army in the Mexican War. As an observer with General Kearny in the Southwest, he participated in the bloody ambush at San Pasqual, and with Indian scout Kit Carson stole through the Mexican lines and brought help from San Diego. Later, in action in Mexico he was seriously wounded, but escaped with valuable information which he successfully carried to his superiors. As a result of these wounds he was retired from the navy and migrated to California, where he established his vast Tejon Ranch. There he was appointed Commissioner of Indian Affairs and commissioned a general in the California Militia.

The selected site for the fort, at the head of Grapevine Canyon some fifteen miles southwest of the Sebastian Indian Reservation, cast it in the dual role of protector of the friendly Indians and at the same time control point for the major pass out of the San Joaquin Valley to the south. Before the establishment of the fort a big traffic in stolen horses and cattle was carried on via the pass. In the Los Angeles area, buyers weren't at all particular where the animals came from; further, once over the Grapevine, stolen stock was relatively safe.

The first personnel to inhabit the fort were members of the First United States Dragoons, and shortly after their arrival on June 30, 1854, Fort Tejon was designated as their regimental headquarters. With the subsequent name change from Dragoon to Cavalry, the fort automatically became one of the earliest western regimental cavalry headquarters—and the most obscure militarily.

(Continued on page 48)

Orderly's quarters at Fort Tejon. Walls and floors are original but the roof has been replaced.



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Gold Like Wheat

(Continued from page 15)

As Hill dropped to the ground, he saw them dashing forward. At three hundred yards he opened fire. They had gained much closer, still throwing lead, when one pitched out of the saddle. The other quit shooting and was turning aside when his horse was downed by a bullet. Clearing the saddle the rider took refuge behind the carcass. "Come up with your hands in the air!" Hill shouted.

There was no reply, not even when he yelled twice more. Maybe the man had been fatally hit. Standing upright, ready to shoot, nothing happened. The loose horse had disappeared somewhere into the night.

Advancing slowly, Hill had taken a dozen steps when a rifle blazed from behind the dead horse and sent a bullet plowing painfully through his left ribs. As Hill went down he sent two bullets into the powder flame spitting at him, then all firing ceased.

When a count revealed that only two cartridges remained in the carbine, Hill started crawling away. Out of the flat and covered by ground shadow, he emptied his shirt pockets of gold and tied it into the tail. The rest of the garment was used to bandage his broken ribs.

As Hill set out walking, as best he could, he glanced occasionally to the rear. Before daylight he had found water and rested until mid-morning. Late that night he staggered into Fillmore. His friend got a doctor, and put Hill to bed in his home.

The wound began healing well enough, then complications set in. The young man had to remain convalescent several weeks before he was able to get around. That winter he lived with his storekeeper friend, who sold the golden grain for a goodly sum.

WHEN SPRING arrived, Hill's friend and a son outfitted and went with him into Black Rock Desert. After three weeks of futile searching, the truth had to be faced. Hill could not find the cave of golden wheat!

The party returned to Fillmore. Weeks later Hill ventured back to the desert alone, remaining out until fall. In Fillmore again he heard a curious story (but hardly so to him). A wandering desert rat reported finding the varmint-stripped skeletons of two men. No mention was made of anything else, such as the remains of two horses, but Hill felt certain that both his attackers had been killed.

His friend declared, "They heard about your find right here in town. When you went back they set out trailing you to the gold. Figuring that they had learned enough they planned to kill you and take over."

Two more lengthy searches were made by Hill, and then he went north to Idaho where he became a rodeo cowboy and lived near Mackay until his death in 1934.

The story of the peculiar grains of gold became something of a legend in that section of Utah. No one ever found the golden wheat again, unless a sheepherder known only as Francisco did. He appeared in Eureka north of the Black Rock Desert one day in the 1930s. There he traded the contents of a buckskin pouch to local merchants for clothing and food. It was all wheat-size gold. Before leaving town he claimed to have found it in the Sevier Desert. He also alleged there were tons of it, all the same size.

In 1939 Francisco showed up in Salt Lake City with a large but unknown amount of the same curious gold. Taking one pouch at a time he traded and disposed of it in shops, taverns and stores. His sales drew wide interest and many questions. At the height of the excitement he created, and ahead of federal officers who wanted to question him, he disappeared.

Treasure hunters have combined the stories of Hill and Francisco. Likely their gold came from the same place. But the search is concentrated now from Sevier Lake to Trout Creek. It is, they believe, an old Spanish cache and if found and traced back to its source, an important goldfield would be opened up.

Midas of the Mountains

(Continued from page 29)

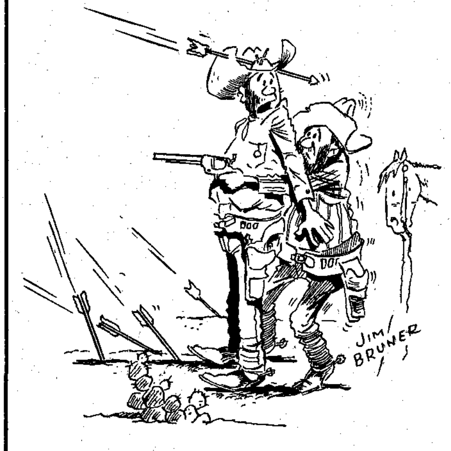
Friends knew that John could not tell time and would invariably stop him and ask him the hour. He would pull out the watch, open the front case and say, "Ah! See for yerself. Ye might think I was lyin' to yez."

On one of his trips to Denver, Morrissey became acquainted with a dashing young woman, for whom his love suddenly grew cold. On taking the train for Leadville one night he discovered that the lady was in the car. Morrissey directed one look at her, one in which he expressed much disgust and contempt.

"I'm not after riding wid ye, Madam," he announced haughtily. And he didn't. It cost him $375 to charter a Pullman on the train for himself.

Morrissey had a friend who read his letters for him when he was managing the Crown Point and Pinnacle. When he received his mail, Morrissey's custom was to call at his friend's office and, throwing down a letter, nonchalantly remark, "There you ar'. See what Owld Di'min has to say today." Any letters

"Hold it, Buckshot! They ain't even seen us yet!"



would be read aloud and everyone would be acquainted with the contents.

In 1885, a new body of ore was uncovered in the Crown Point that was about seven feet in thickness and of good grade. At that time, too, Morrissey acquired a lease on the well-known Smuggler and other properties. As often happened during the mining boom, suits were filed against Morrissey and Reynolds by persons claiming to have an interest in these mines, but the original owners always won out.

Daniel J. Sayer, who was associated with Morrissey for years, said that many of the stories about him grew out of the desire of Sam Adams to tease Morrissey. Adams was the founder of the big Adams dry goods firm of New York. But Sayer did admit that many of the incidents were true.

One night Sayer and Adams were in the Windsor with Morrissey when a man from Leadville came in and asked "Well, have you been up to the Tabor [Theatre] to see 'Macbeth'?"

Sayer replied that he had not, as he had seen "Macbeth" so many times. Adams said something to the same effect.

Morrissey broke in, "Macbeth, is it? Shure an' I've known that low-lived son of a gun for twinty years, an' I wouldn't go across the street to see him."

AT THE APEX of his career Morrissey married Mollie Brennan, a Leadville schoolteacher. He built a fine residence for her (which is still standing [1967] at 1129 Pearl Street in Denver), and maintained an office at 1235 Broadway. They had one daughter. Although Morrissey admired his wife's education, he did not profit by it.

As the money continued to roll in, Morrissey bought the Diamond Joe cattle ranch on Crystal Creek on the North Fork of the Gunnison, also a large stock farm on Cherry Creek about where present-day Denver University is located, and the 960-acre Colemont ranch in Ralston Valley near Arvada, for which he paid $150,000. He bought the opera house and the bank building in Leadville, the bank building in Aspen, and property in Denver.

His chief interest, however, was directed toward his stables. Morrissey's trotting and pacing horses were known from San Francisco to New York and from New Orleans to Canada. He became someone to reckon with in every meet at Sheepshead and similar places.

Outstanding among Morrissey's horses were L. C. Lee, the famous "whirlwind pacer" for which he paid $7,500; Highland Mary; Bill; Bunker; Carl; Black Diamond; Montana Regent; Superior, a beautiful sorrel stallion with an established mark of 2:17¼; Prosper, a three-year-old bay stallion; Beulah, a light-gray mare who had won $2,000 in the trotting class at Mason City, Iowa; Sunbeam, a sorrel mare trotter; Kallula, with a five-furlongs record; Bamberg, a fine racer; and French Park, one of his best. Ham Hitchcock, well-known Denver horseman, had outstanding success with the Morrissey string for several years at the Bay District circuit in California.

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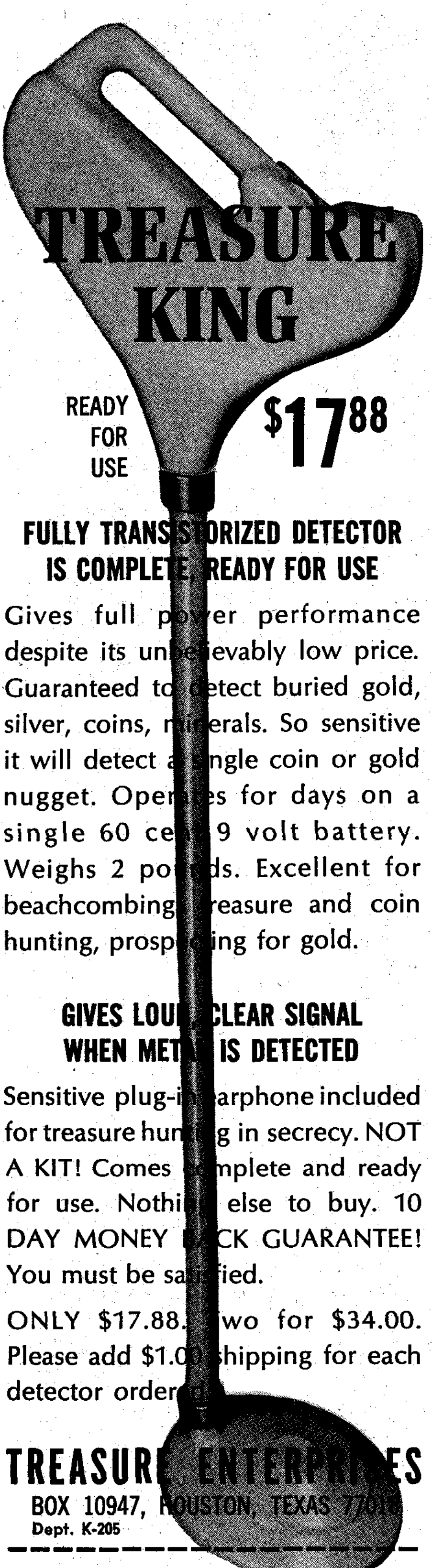

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sports suit, wide-brim tan sombrero, binoculars in a black leather case slung by a strap over one shoulder, his magnificent watch in hand (which could be converted into a stop watch), Morrissey was a familiar figure at tracks the country over. He had a great desire to appear as wealthy as Belmont and Cassatt or any of the other millionaires interested in racing. His foolish expenditures in trying to be a good fellow are said to have contributed in part to his ruin.

According to Dan Sayer, "It was in New York just after Elkwood had won the Suburban. Morrissey's Bamberg had been in the race. Morrissey was convinced that his horse was the better one and offered to put up $5,000 with young Gaetz, owner of Elkwood, that Bamberg could win in a match race. Gaetz took the bet and then Morrissey backed out. His trainer put up the $5,000 and in the race Bamberg won.

"Of course Morrissey got nothing but the $1,000 put up by the racing association, but in the exuberance of his spirits he invited everybody at the race course—or rather those in the proximity of the bar, which extended all under the grandstand at Sheepshead—to drink with him. Nothing but wine was served but the bill was $3,000."

Morrissey "did" the Continent in regal style. He squandered thousands in the Rue de la Paix and the Palais Royal. In London, with his gold watch chain three feet long and a diamond pin "as big as a boot jack," he was the cynosure of all eyes in the cafes where he talked of the Carbonate Camp—the Cloud City—Leadville.

Morrissey's betting losses were said to be tremendous, chiefly because he was "double-crossed" by his trainers. He seldom placed bets on his own horses, but had he done so he would have come out all right. He was a plunger and wagered great sums. He always kept $20 bills in one pocket; $10 bills in another; and $5 bills in another. He kept a side coat filled with silver. A dollar was the smallest piece of money he gave, and he gave anybody who asked.

Morrissey was still ingenious in concealing his inability to read. He would go into a poolroom and gravely look at the board on which the names of the horses and the odds were posted. Then, shading his eyes as if he could not see clearly, he would ask the person nearest him, "What's the top horse?" His neighbor would read off the name, the jockey, the weight and the odds. In that way Morrissey would go about the room getting one name after another, and he never forgot anything. He would walk up to the clerk's desk and say "Give me a thousand on and so. Let me see . . .," and glancing at the board, "2 to 1 eh?"

Although the clerk in time got to know the failing of "Old John," as he was called, he never let the millionaire suspect it.

ON ONE TRIP to New York City, Morrissey got into conversation with two strangers. One said he was a cattleman from Colorado. Morrissey was steered into a place which looked like a ticket office and was asked to buy a suit of clothes he did not want. When the two strangers began a three-card monte game and declared Morrissey the winner of a roll of bills including a $1,000 bill, it did not take him long to decide that these men were bunco men. In describing his experience to Denver newspapermen Morrissey said: "I says to meself, I'll skin. I knew I was being buncoed. I really expected a trap door to open under me and something else—maybe a gun or a knife."

When one man left and the other demanded money, Morrissey saw that he was in for a fight. "So I drew the roll of bills out of my pocket in my clenched fist," he said, "give him a right hander in the stomach and a left hander between the eyes. I broke his glasses, smashed his nose and knocked him down. Then I rushed out and there went the hayseed from Denver up the street faster than French Park can run."

One of the jokes told at the expense of John Morrissey, mining expert, related to a trip he made to the southern part of the state to examine a mine for Senator H. A. W. Tabor and other Denver capitalists. After having made an examination of the property Morrissey forwarded his report to Denver and reached there himself soon afterwards. He went at once for an interview with the senator and others to discuss the outlook of the property.

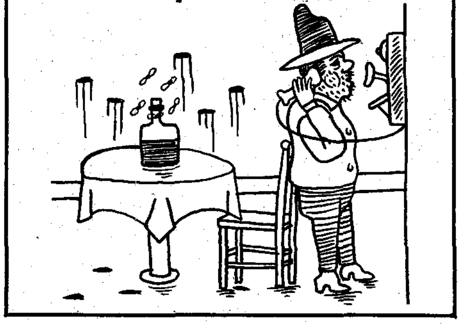
Senator Tabor remarked, "Morrissey, the property that you reported upon is in litigation."

"Ye don't say," replied Morrissey. "When I left it was between porphyry and lime."

One time there was an epidemic of smallpox in Leadville. The snow became very deep in the street and a painter in the basement of the town's post office made a big sign which read, "Keep Off the Grass." He playfully placed it in a snowbank. Someone called Morrissey's attention to it. The affable miner looked at the sign and said, "Yis, be jabers, smallpox, ain't it too bad!"

The oft-told story of the chandelier, usually credited to H. A. W. Tabor, is considered by Leadville historians as one of Morrissey's "breaks." It is such an old and well-known story that it has been adapted into humor classics. According to the story a chandelier was won in a church fair at Leadville by the most popular foreman at the mines. When the result was announced, Morrissey, turning to the pretty girl who brought the news, commented, "So he got the chandelier, did he? Let him take it home, but

"Been killing flies with tobacco juice. What you been doin'?"



none of them can play it."

John's experience in handling large sums of money sharpened his wits and enabled him to handle the many demands put upon him. He had many and frequent appeals for loans by former acquaintances. One applicant simply asked John's endorsement upon a note.

"I don't want you to give me the money, Mr. Morrissey. I just want your name on this bit of paper. Mr. Trimble, the banker, says if you will sign the note, he'll let me have the money."

Morrissey hesitated only a moment and then said, "That's all right, Mike. But you tell Mr. Trimble to put his name on the note, an' I'll let ye have the money."

JOHN D. MORRISSEY'S downfall was swift and complete. Some of his acquaintances said it was caused by too much gambling on the races. Others blamed too much of the "wine cup." But those closest to him declared he died of a broken heart.

While Morrissey was still manager of the Crown Point and Pinnacle, with James Healy as superintendent and M. H. Duffy as bookkeeper, Diamond Joe Reynolds arrived in Leadville one day in 1887, and fired the entire staff. He accused Morrissey of cheating him by shipping ore and dividing the profits with the owner of a certain sampling works at Leadville. He forced Morrissey to deed back to him all interest in the mines which had paid more than $1,000,000.

The only direct proof that ore had been taken was in connection with two lots of 100-ton shipments. Morrissey's friends insisted that he was the dupe of another, but the incident marked his downfall. He was obliged to pay Reynolds $100,000 and deed him his largest ranch. Even after losing his friend and making the settlement, Morrissey still had $100,000 left, but it soon went.

He mortgaged the Denver home and his wife divorced him, supposedly because of his addiction to alcohol. She returned to teaching to support herself and daughter and is said to have kept up a heavy life insurance policy on Morrissey.

In April, 1891, Diamond Joe Reynolds died near Prescott, Arizona, in a tent on one of his mining claims. He was seventy-one years of age. An inventory of his estate showed almost $10,000,000 left to his widow, Eleanor. Joe also left $50,000 each to two men friends whom he trusted.

Nine years later, in June 1898, Morrissey, a shrewd but good-hearted, unlettered man, who had been largely responsible for Reynolds' good fortune in the Colorado mines, died miserable and alone in the county poor house in Leadville. The records gave the cause of death as Bright's disease, but his friends, including Daniel J. Sayer, said that after the trouble with Diamond Joe, Morrissey lost hope and died of a broken heart.

John D. Morrissey lies today in an unmarked, uncared for, windswept grave in Evergreen Cemetery in Leadville, the Cloud City, within sight of the mines where he had taken millions from the mountains.

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Finney's Hollow

(Continued from page 19)

side the cave entrance and he was dead. Alf Cook, an outlaw—or so they claimed later he was—lay just within the entrance. He too was dead. Another young man lay inside the cave, dead also.

"We ran without stopping all the way to Mr. Russell's to tell the terrible news. Mr. Russell went back to the cave with us leading one of the oxen behind him. He wrapped Hiram in a blanket and put him gently on the oxen's back for the sad journey home."

HIRAM RUSSELL was buried in what was called the Manely Graveyard and when the great Bull Shoals Lake was built by the government several years ago he was moved along with the rest of the graves to the new Milam Cemetery.

At the time of Hiram's death John Finney had gone to Harrison to work at a sawmill. There was no one Catherine could turn to about the two dead men left in the cave. She knew that before morning wild animals would be at their bodies. It just didn't seem right to young Catherine Finney to let them lie there at the mercy of the elements and wild animals. Yet neither could the bereaved father be expected to bury his son's killers.

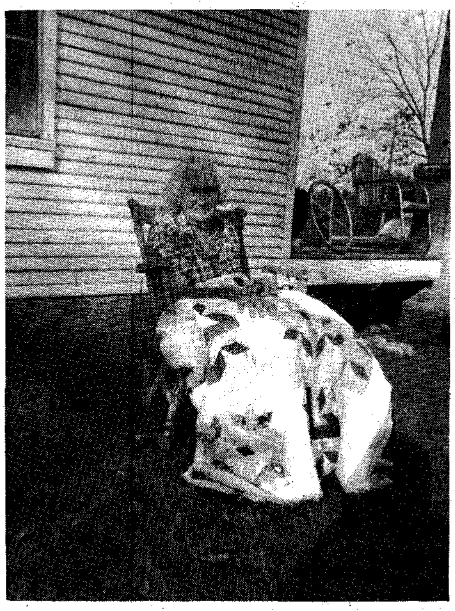
A widow and her two children from Harrison were spending a week at the Russell home. She and Mrs. Russell had been lifelong friends. In all the sorrow and confusion that sudden tragedy brings, Catherine got the visitor's two kids aside and proposed that the three of them go bury the dead strangers. The little girl said no but Tee Hopper, the small frail, twelve-year-old boy, agreed to go.

Catherine and Tee slipped away from the saddened Russell home and hurried to the Finney cave. There, Catherine caught up the old cow and hitched her to the clumsy, wooden-wheeled cart. They drove the cow as fast as Catherine could urge her to the cave where the dead men lay. Blow flies were already taking their toll of the wide-open mouths and staring, sightless eyes. With a shudder Catherine covered the dead faces with a dirty blanket she found in the cave. Now came the problem of loading the bodies into the cart. They were already stiff in death.

Catherine had decided to haul the bodies to an old burying ground of the Indians some two miles away on top of a gentle slope. She told Tee Hopper, "It ain't right to bury men off out here in the woods all alone."

But the two children soon found that their combined strength was not enough to lift the corpses into the cart so Catherine boosted them up, one by one, into a standing position then simply toppled them over into the cart.

Urging the old cow to hurry they were soon down in Finney's Hollow. On they went, down the valley, around the gentle crescent, and then came the most difficult time of all—something Catherine had not foreseen. When they started up the slope the dead men kept slipping out the back of the cart. The bed was far too short to hold them and their legs stuck out like rails. Every few feet Catherine had to stop and push the bodies back in the cart.



Catherine's daughter Ollie Seals Rushing sits in Catherine's old rocking chair as she pieces a quilt.

They had brought along a shovel and pick and as soon as the old burying ground was reached they started digging. "One grave will do fine for both of them," Catherine told Tee Hopper. "We'll put them together." The two children worked at digging the hard earth until both had great blisters on their hands.

The sun was low and the Ozark Hills were beginning to take on the faint bluish cast of the fabled Ozark Range when the task was finished. Twilight had come and in the last light Catherine searched for, and found, a smooth large rock which she placed as a marker at the head of the new grave. Tee Hopper placed a smaller one at the foot.

The wooden wheels of the old cart creaked and groaned on the dry axle, and night birds called and twittered as they settled in tree branches for the night. Far in the distance a screech-owl called its frightening, mournful cry as Catherine and little Tee Hopper wound their way up Finney's Hollow. Before they had departed Catherine had paused to offer a prayer for the dead men. Not knowing what to say she murmured, "Lord, You know these are Your children—look after them, please. Amen."

WHEN LIFE had just begun being somewhat easier for young Catherine Finney fate dealt her a staggering blow. Her beloved father died of rabies.

There had been a mad dog scare in the country and a small black and white dog had been killed by Mr. Finney. Some three weeks later he called Catherine to the smoke house on some pretext.

Entering the thick-walled log house Catherine found her father standing near the meat table he used to salt down the meat. There was a strange look on his white face.

"Catherine," he said, "I was bitten by that dog. I knew I might go mad but there was no use worrying you all about it. Catherine, I am very sick now. I want you to go out that door and shut it and lock it with that big padlock I have just put on it. After you've locked it, take the key with you and go for help and whatever you do, don't open that door until you have enough men here to hold me." John Finney died a horrible death.

Catherine Finney married, reared a family, grew old and died at age ninety-four on the very spot her father had built a small house when the war was over and the family dared leave the cave.

Ollie Seals Rushing, the daughter of Catherine Finney, is now in her eighties. The old house where Catherine lived and died still stands but is used for storage, and Mrs. Rushing's home sits a few feet away. A wide veranda runs the length of her comfortable home and overlooks Finney's Hollow. Across the hollow looms the gentle hill where two unknown men lie buried in a single grave. The stones placed by Catherine and Tee Hopper still mark the resting place. In 1966, over a century later, a grandson was clearing the hilltop of wild berry vines and underbrush and while there he cleaned off the ancient grave which attests to the courage and valor of his grandmother, Catherine Finney.

This grandson lives in an old converted schoolhouse just across a small hollow from the Finney place. It was in this same seventy-five-year-old schoolhouse where Catherine's grandson and great-grandson now live that Catherine started her own children to school to a young teacher named Seals. The teacher became the husband of Ollie Seals Rushing, Catherine's daughter. Now the great-grandchildren of Catherine play in the old school yard and run down the path to Grandma's house where once long ago the light-footed Catherine ran for help for her dying father.

To get back to Highway 14 at Lead Hill from the old Finney place, you wind up and down and around the ridge with the narrow, one-way road always following the path of least resistance. You come at last to a down-sweeping stretch more narrow than usual and you are down in Finney's Hollow. Across from you are the bluffs and the cave known today as Finney's Cave. If you cross the still clear, still sparkling little creek and go along for a mile or so over the same narrow flint-covered road scratched out of the mighty Ozarks you come to the old Russell place, where, long ago, John Finney was led by the ringing ax. Here you turn sharply to the right. You can't do anything else. And once again you are driving along a narrow, deep-rutted, hidden road which is almost a trail. Your only worries are that you will ruin a tire on the sharp flint rock, or scratch the paint on the sides of your car by the overhanging bushes. And you have a tight moment of fear at each sharp turn of the road at the thought of meeting another car headon. These were my worries in 1966. *(Continued)*

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In 1862 Catherine Finney's worries as she carried her sack of corn to be ground into meal was that she might tear her sack on the sharp bushes and briers or ruin her only pair of shoes on the flint rock in winter or get stone bruises on her bare feet in summer. Around the sharp curves, over the steep hills, or in Finney's Hollow her only worry was that she might meet a group of bushwhackers or perhaps the great black panther who lived in the mountains and could be heard giving his high woman's scream night after night as he hunted for food.

Catherine Finney made that torturous trip to get food for her family. I made it to give you a story of Catherine Finney's undying courage.

Ghost Fort in Grapevine Canyon

(Continued from page 41)

FORT TEJON was, however, the focal point of social life in the area between Millerton (north of present-day Fresno, California) and Los Angeles. While its unimportance in terms of the military might make it a sort of "punishing" or "settling" assignment for the men, for the distaff side it was a far better place than posts like Laramie or Robinson. The Indians were friendly and peaceful, and just across the pass, an insignificant journey by stage, lay Los Angeles.

It was the custom at Fort Tejon to assign a soldier to do the cooking and heavy work for officers' wives. While it seems an odd arrangement, these men were noted not only for the exceptional quality of their cooking, but also for their remarkable ability to secure hard-to-get items. There were three ordinary sources of food, none of which had very much variety to offer. The post commissary carried such basic issue items as flour, coffee, preserved fruit, dried beans and peas, canned salmon, corned beef and dried fish, which was lovingly known as Bombay duck. Various fresh produce came from the troop garden in season, and the sutler could provide such items as eggs (at $2.00 a dozen) and essentials like wash tubs (@ $7.00) and flat irons (@ $2.00). Venison, hunted by the soldiers on their own time, was eternally welcome, but bears, which were occasionally flushed out by the hunters, were a real problem. They were hard to kill, often tough to eat, and frightened the horses and tore up the gardens if left on their own. Tejon's cooks took advantage of the freight line from Los Angeles to augment the larder.

CAMELS came to Fort Tejon because of General Beale, too. Some of the animals imported by U. S. Secretary of War Jefferson Davis into Texas were assigned to a road survey party under the direction of Beale. He was so impressed with their performance that he not only recommended purchase of more animals, but also requested that they be permanently attached to the regiment at Fort Tejon. Twenty-eight of the animals were sent to the fort in 1857, and camels, in varying numbers, remained a permanent part of the fort until the discontinuation of the "Camel Corps" in 1861.

The mission of the fort during the Civil War was varied and singularly different, if somewhat inglorious. Escorts from the regiment provided safe conduct for gold from the California goldfields, gold much needed and sought after by followers of the Confederate cause.

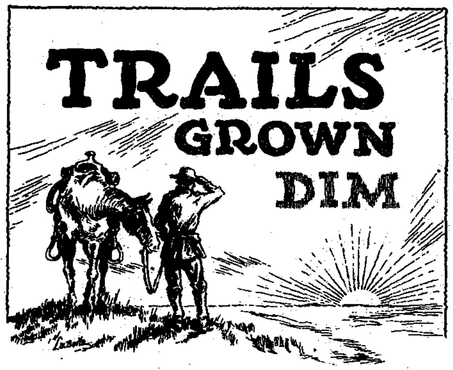
Also, in cooperation with contingents of the 2nd Cavalry at Camp Babbitt (near present-day Visalia) and Camp Independence (northeast of the present town of that name) they kept a close check on the Indians, keeping them as far as possible within their prescribed reservations. Now Indian fighting was long a time-honored part of our cavalry mission in the West, but, unlike the fierce Plains tribes, the Indians of California were a peaceable lot, so that the "Indian Wars" of California were something of a joke among the crack fighting units, and a loathed assignment.

By 1864 the supplies and men that were required to man Tejon it was felt could be put to better use elsewhere, and the fort was ordered abandoned. The last trooper rode out on September 11, 1864, and the site was incorporated into the vast Tejon Ranch of General Beale.

While in length of service the use of Fort Tejon was exceedingly short, it was a proving ground, not only for camels, but for fifteen officers who later commanded during the Civil War. In these few short years, seven "Rebs" and eight "Yankees," all destined for generals' stars, served at this remote outpost. Of these, two, H. W. Halleck and A. S. Johnston, are notable. Both were instrumental in the making of California, and each, in the end, followed his conscience into the opposite camp. Although prior to his appointment as Commander of the Union Armies Halleck was Commander-in-Chief of the campaign in the West, and Johnston was in command of the Confederate campaign in Kentucky, including the defense of the Mississippi River, it is doubtful that these old "buddies" of the far West ever actually met in battle. By the time Johnston was killed at Shiloh, Halleck was in Washington, and Grant was leading the western armies.

Another famous Yankee, Hooker, was familiar with the little adobe fort at the head of Grapevine Canyon. In 1853 he had retired to a ranch near Sonoma, but, with the outbreak of war in 1861, he gave up this life, served for a time in the Volunteers, and went on to everlasting fame in the battles of Williamsburg, Chancellorsville and Lookout Mountain.

One can't help wondering what these men later thought, as former fellow soldier met former fellow soldier in battle. Was there hatred, or only deep sadness at a duty which separated them, one from the other, and then brought them together as sworn enemies? In the height of bloody battle which pitted friend against friend, did they possibly long for those days in that quiet, unknown fort in the mountains of California?



If you have information concerning persons referred to below, do not write to us. Communicate directly with the letter writer.

Joe Kenneth Hawkins

I am trying to locate my dad, Joe Kenneth Hawkins, born in Graham, Oklahoma in April or May 1928. He would have brown hair, grey-green eyes, height about 6'5", weight 235 lbs. He has two sisters, Lois and Eva May, both married, and one brother, Jackie LeRoy, also married. My grandfather's name was LeRoy and my grandmother's name was Versie. Both are deceased. My dad has lived in Blythe, California; Redondo Beach, California; Lawndale, California; and Porterville, California. I have tried to locate him before with no luck. I would like to find all my relatives on my dad's side of the family. Maybe some of them can help me find him.

I don't know my grandmother's name before she married my grandfather Hawkins. I did hear my father was in Porterville, California in 1959. Also, I would like to find my halfsister. Her name is Sherron Lee and I think she is about twenty years old. Her mother's name is Freda. I think they lived in Porterville or Blythe, California. I would be very grateful if someone can help me find my dad. I am seventeen.—Tommy Joe Hawkins, 21814 Redbeam Avenue, Torrance, California 90503

Eunice Lemons

I am trying to locate a person I knew years ago in Oklahoma. She is believed to have married a Texan and to be living somewhere in Texas now. I knew this person as Miss Eunice Lemons of Muscogee, Oklahoma. I am now sixty-nine years old and would like to hear from her and her family.—Henry J. Arceneaux, RFD 3, Box 25A, Church Point, Louisiana 70525

Andre of Castile

My great-grandfather was known in the Royal Court of Spain as Andre of Castile. He defied the king and challenged the royal house to a duel. Because of his bloodlines, he was given a choice: death or exile. He chose exile. He took with him a family by the name of Ribas. They landed in Cuba, where the Ribas family remained. My ancestor came north from Florida to Indiana, where my grandfather met my grandmother. (They had changed their name from Andre Del Castilla to Countryman.)

During the war in Cuba, my father Andrew met the grandson of Andre Ribas. I took the family name back, as is my right in a free country. I think the Ribas family is still in Cuba but I would like to hear from any of them or any of the Castilla-Countryman family.—Clyde Andre Castilla, 120 East 5th Street, Los Angeles, California 90013

George and William Henry Thompson

George W. and Arabelle (Belle) Randolph Thompson lived from 1876 through August, 1891, near Erin Springs, Oklahoma, where their twelve children were born. Late in 1891 or early in 1892, the family moved to Lincoln County in that state. Arabelle did most of the managing of the farm, raising cotton, etc., besides helping the neighbors during illnesses, while George was gone quite a lot freighting and racing horses in the area.

One evening in November, 1892, while George was away, a man rode his horse rapidly into the Thompson yard. He had ridden far, but with news that George was seriously ill at the Robinson home and needed Belle's assistance. By the time the pair returned to the Robinson's, George had died. Does anyone know where George Thompson is buried or where the Robinson home might have been?

After George's death, his father and step-mother, William Henry and Lucy Scott Thompson, came to help their daughter-in-law and her family for a while in Lincoln County. About 1904, William Henry lived with his son, John Thompson, near Lindsey, Oklahoma. When did William Henry Thompson die, and where is he buried? Any information will be greatly appreciated.—Mrs. M. C. Schons, 2143 Spruce, Boulder, Colorado 80302

Milburn Family

My great-great-grandfather was David Milburn, born October 14, 1829, in Kentucky. He was left an orphan when quite young and nothing of his brothers and sisters was ever known by his wife, although she understood that as late as 1890 many of his relatives still lived in Kentucky. David Milburn served in the Civil War. In Illinois in 1851, David Milburn married Eliza J. Huffaker. Mr. and Mrs. Milburn were among the early immigrants of Texas and settled first in Grayson County, finally settling in Parker County, where they raised their family and where both are buried in the Dixon Cemetery near Aledo. I would like to correspond with anyone with any information on any Milburns who could be related to this David Milburn.—Mrs. Donnell Doss, 1709 Bankhead Drive, Weatherford, Texas 76086

Vestal and Howell

I would like to hear from any Vestals or Howells whose families migrated from Jefferson, North Carolina. My grandparents, Sarah Ann and Will Howell, were from Jefferson, North Carolina. They settled in Miller County, Missouri. My great-grandmother's maiden name was James. She married a Vestal. My own grandparents later went to Arkansas,

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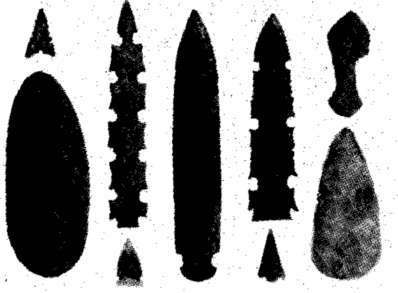

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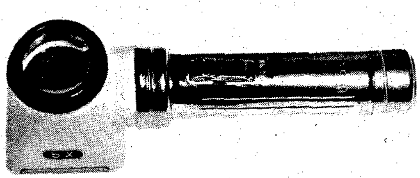

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then back to Missouri, then settled near Oak Valley where my grandfather died.

My grandmother had two brothers that we know of, Hilary and Abe Vestal. So I'd like to hear from descendants of Hilary and Abe Vestal or Howells, anything of my great-grandmother Vestal, or from any of the Howells who lived in Howell Valley in Missouri.—Mrs. Elsie Howell Crowell, 411 N. Roosevelt, Walla Walla, Washington 99362

John Clayton McCuistion

John Clayton McCuistion, my great-grandfather, married a girl whose maiden name was Cox. Their son, John William, was born October 11, 1884, in Wise County, Texas. He married Nancy Leola Powers and they had five daughters, Stella Mae, Dollie Lee, Fern, Lula Beatrice, and Viola, and four sons, William Samuel, Travis, John Stanley, and Marion Doyle.

Can anyone tell me where John Clayton was born and where he was buried? Also the name of John Clayton's wife, her birthdate and birthplace and the date and place she was buried? I don't know where or when they were married and don't know the name of his parents.—Mrs. Julia A. Layman, 916 North Mirror No. 94, Amarillo, Texas 79107

Luther May

My father, Luther May (possibly spelled Mayes), married my mother, whose maiden name was Bessie Shatswell, in Red Rock, Newton County, Arkansas on January 31, 1921. I was born October 30, 1921, about three months after my parents separated. They had moved to McIntosh County, Oklahoma shortly after they were married. I was told my father was either from West Virginia or Arkansas. I only saw him once when I was nine years old. That was in 1930. My mother's parents were G. R. and Emeline Shatswell.

If my father or any of his relatives are still alive, I would like very much to hear from them or anyone who might know them. I was told I had at least one half-brother. My mother passed away in September 1960. I have one aunt left on my mother's side. She had two brothers, Leck and Lonzo Shatswell, both passed away. If anyone knows anything about the whereabouts of my father or any of his relatives, please contact me.—Evon Lujan, 311 Fontelieu Drive, New Iberia, Louisiana 70560

Burke and Mikkelsen

Father's side: My grandfather, William Burke, and my grandmother had five children, Andy, Ira (nickname "Pumphandle" because they took his name off a pump when he was born), George (my father), Aunt Okie, and Aunt Ola. My father mentioned that he once had some cousins in Oregon. Differences long past have kept us all apart. Before it's too late, I would like at least to say hello.

My father, George, and my mother parted in 1929. My maiden name was Gladys Jane Burke. I recall the family saying that my grandmother was a tiny woman with red hair and that she had a hard time of it when grandpa took off. But she raised all her children (they even lived in a tent for a while). Later, she was supposed to have made feather pillows and that grew into a little mattress factory. After her children were grown, she married a man named Harley, but I don't know his last name. My father was born in Stillwater, Oklahoma, in 1898 and some of his relatives lived in Tulsa for a while. That's all I know. I wish we could hear from one of them. When I was very small, one of my relatives said I was related to "Calamity Jane Burke." I have never taken this seriously; now I wonder if it's possible. Knowing how carefully your readers go back into history, I imagine this last point could be cleared up in a hurry. I was born June 23, 1920, Omaha, Nebraska, at Grandma Mikkelsen's farm. I am an only child.

Mother's side: My father and mother married in Stillwater, Oklahoma, and have since divorced. My grandparents, Caroline Mikkelsen and Martinus Mikkelsen, lived in Omaha, Nebraska, and had come from Denmark about 1870, settling in Lincoln. My mother's name was Laura Agnes, and an aunt was Bernice, who married a man named Ed Berger, a policeman in Omaha when I saw him in 1930. I had cousins named Lillian, Gladys, and Buster. I lost track of them after they moved from 2063 Deerpark Boulevard in Omaha, Nebraska, and moved to California. My mother and I lived alone in Chicago, she never remarried. I am in close contact with her, thank God. I am happily married with two fine children and they are curious about their great-grandparents and kin. I do not have one family photograph or momento to pass on to my children from their great-grandparents. In fact I get a lost, black-sheep feeling when I think of it. All letters over the years have come back, address or person unknown. My mother never liked her name Laura so she called herself Thelma Burke. Though I have seen and heard from my father from time to time over the years, he has remarried and has children and grandchildren now and though I don't fit into his life I still would like to hear from my kin.—Mrs. C. E. Thatcher, 102 Norris Avenue, West Chicago, Illinois 60185

The Way a Wild West Show Operated

(Continued from page 23)

would turn short and nearly turn the stage over. It was quite a thrill for the audience.

No. 23. The wagontrain. This wagon was a real old-time prairie schooner and looked mighty authentic when pulled by eight head of long-horned work oxen. Kirby, with his long hair, big western hat and fringed buckskin coat, added the perfect touch. The covered wagon entered accompanied by cowgirls, some of whom rode in front, some at the back of the wagon, and several would walk alongside. They plodded along as if they were worn out and they were made up to look the part. Dark smudges on their faces and hands bespoke long hours of dusty and dirty traveling. There were two older men with long whiskers and shabby clothes who walked beside the women. The picturesque driver would stop the team in the center of the arena and unhook his oxen and tie them about fifty feet from the wagon. The women busied themselves with unloading pots and pans and gathering sticks for their supper cooking fire.

Suddenly in would race fifteen or twenty Indians in full war paint and mounted on Indian-type ponies. Flourishing bows and arrows, they would ride in a circle, yelling their war cries. The women huddled under the wagon in fear as the Indians shot their arrows, some of which were burning, into the wagon cover. The flimsy, lightweight canvas cover on the wagon had been soaked in coal oil. It would burn with a fierce high flame when it caught fire during the act. While the wagon cover blazed, about ten mounted cowboys would come running to the rescue, shooting their blank bullets rapidly.

The Indians galloped swiftly out the back end of the tent. Ed Bowman had a trained horse with his act. During the Indian attack, he and the horse would fall to the ground and lie there. Kirby hooked the oxen to the wagon, the women scrambled back aboard after throwing in their pots and other camp equipment, and the wagon started out. Ed Bowman, the "dead" man, had a small wire fixed to the fallen horse's front leg and would then nudge him to get up. The cowboys loaded Ed across another horse and the trained limping horse would slowly leave the arena, followed by poor old Ed across the saddle of his "well" animal. The cowboys filed out, with their hats off, as the band played a sorrowful tune. I think it was "Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie."

This last act of each performance has been seen by uncounted thousands of people who received it enthusiastically. My description has not done it justice because I cannot describe the authenticity of the wagon, cattle, people in old-time dress, and the feeling the actors put into their work.

AFTER THE NIGHT SHOW was over, torchlights were placed from the lot to the train where the loading of the cars took place. The polers, pull-up team and pull-over team would go to work under the direction of the train master who knew the length of each car and wagon and knew how to place them.

After the wagons were chained on the flat cars and all the stock was loaded, everyone would make a mad dash for the sleeping cars and pie car. Some of us on hot nights would seat ourselves on the tracks outside the sleeping cars, tell tales, and sing and play. And when we did not show on Sunday in states that had the Blue Law, the girls and boys would most always go to a hotel over Sunday night for a good bath and a good time.

After the very last performance of the season the band played "Home Sweet Home" and our train returned to the show's winter quarters. Some of us had saved a nice nest egg but others wouldn't have enough money to get home on. A few would sell some of their belongings.

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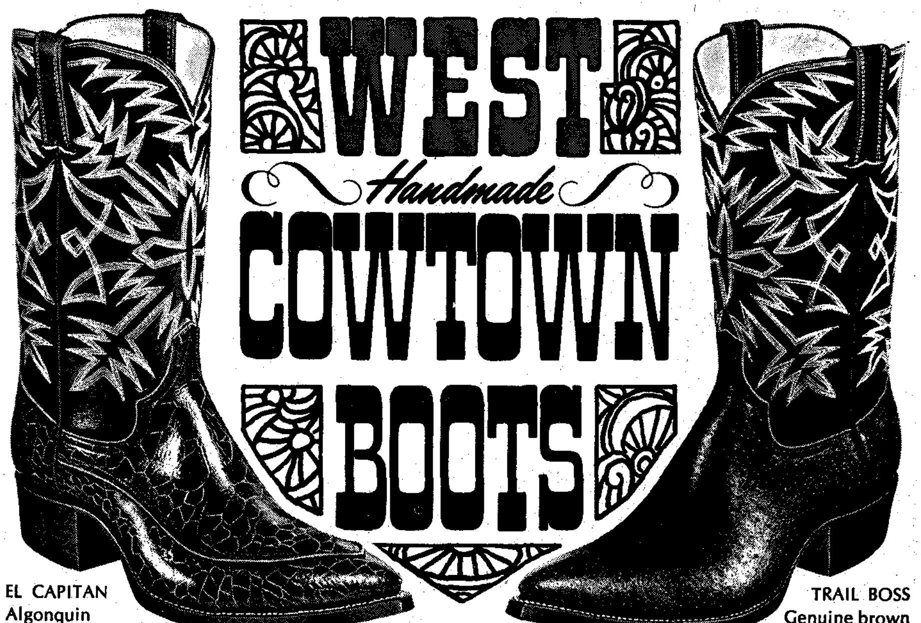

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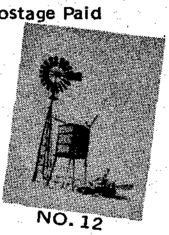

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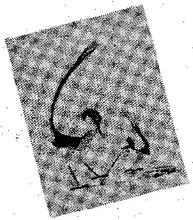

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Money was nearly always a problem with us. The Buffalo Bill that I knew and worked for, I met in the year of 1896. At that time I was only 15½ years old, but large for my age and was considered to be a man by all who saw me and knew me, for I did a man's work, and drew a man's pay, and was considered an all around cowhand. I joined the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show as a bucking horse rider.

I remember his first words to me. "Do you need any money, young man? How are you fixed?"

That was the type of man Buffalo Bill was. He was always good for a touch; and when he put his hand into his pocket, the bill he pulled out was what you got, whether it was a five, ten, or twenty. This generosity was the cause of his being broke at the time of his death. He died at his sister's home, in Denver, Colorado, January 10, 1917 at the age of seventy, and owing, so it was said, the sum of $75,000. He was just too big-hearted for his own good.

I worked for Buffalo Bill for five years. I was with the show when the train was wrecked near Wheeling, West Virginia, killing 110 head of our horses. It was in this same wreck that Annie Oakley got her head injured.

I talked with Buffalo Bill about thirty days before his death. One day when he was riding in his buggy, he drove by the place where I was working. I was working for Hollis and Platts Horse and Mules Company, riding the inspections for the war horse sale. He stopped when he saw me, and yelled, "Howdy, Wrang, come on over here and let's have a talk."

We visited for a while, and it was then that he told me he felt his time was short here on this earth, and that he wanted to be buried at his old home, near the wine cellar, at North Platte, Nebraska, where he first started his show. He told me goodbye, and it was the last time I saw him alive.

I went to his funeral, though. His body lay in state for several days in the State Capitol Building in Denver before they buried him on the mountaintop. It made me sad to think they did not honor his last wishes to be put away at his old home.

The Clown that Met the Wagontrains

(Continued from page 35)

that during the mating season in late winter and early spring, the roadrunner pops out and inspects every person and critter that comes along. In the hot summer though, the bird seeks the shade even if it's only a narrow patch under a skinny cholla.

Old-time drivers explain that roadrunners came out of the mesquite to snatch up any lizards or mice which were stirred up by the horses and wagons. I'm ready to believe this because hunters have told me that the birds follow them through the grass to catch grasshoppers as they spring out. Roadrunners will follow a farmer's plow to gather worms and will hang around a rancher grubbing mesquite and juniper to catch the mice and other varmints dislodged.

More than food is involved. The roadrunner has a strong sense of property at times, and he's just brash enough to come a-running when he hears somebody invade his territory. If the intruder is another roadrunner, you'll see those runty wings and that narrow tail fan out and start a fluttering contest. Nobody usually gets hurt, but somehow the birds decide who is the stronger and a frantic chase will follow.

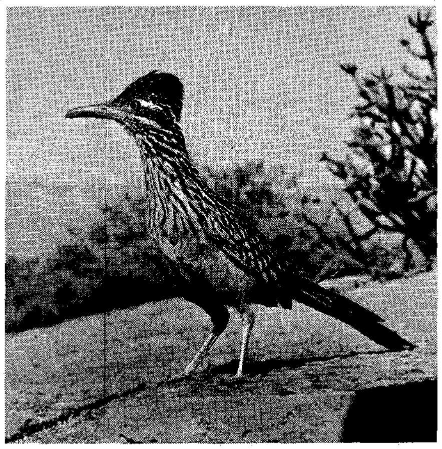
If the trespassers are humans, the roadrunner may stand his ground, raise his crest feathers, and start that "Cru! Cru! Cru!" call which ends in a wild clacking of his bill. Bill Huey, who grew up with these birds in Texas and New Mexico, tells me that this isn't showing off, or being entertaining; it's real serious, threatening behavior. Threat or not, it looks very funny.

Many a tale indicates that the bird may have a sense of humor, or at least an element of playfulness. Back in the 1890s, a pair of roadrunners used to come to one of the mines at Hachita, New Mexico, for a drink of water at about the same time each day. A foxhound used to go after them, and they always led him a merry chase, but got their water too.

Other folks have cited roadrunners which teased dogs, but it is still an open question on just how deliberate this is. A roadrunner often scoots along the adobe wall behind my house near Albuquerque and sends my dog into a frenzy. Then the bird stops and tilts his head on one side, apparently knowing he is just slightly out of reach. He looks as if he's laughing, but I'm sure his beak is open just for panting.

A different kind of dog-bird relationship is described by Gerald Austin of Santa Fe. Seems that Gery had a dog over in Texas that liked to chase a local roadrunner but whenever the old dog saw a snake, he would go get the roadrunner to come and kill it. Tall tale? Well, Gery says this happened often enough to be more than a coincidence, and I'm ready to believe him.

A SURE WAY to provoke an argument among Southwesterners is to ask them just how intelligent they think the roadrunner can be. Certainly there are times when the roadrunner (who is a member of the cuckoo family) will get



excited and act as crazy as people. When a cat surprises a roadrunner in a yard, for example, the bird may panic and run around and around, even though he could easily fly over the fence. These birds prefer the ground, but they can fly up to the top of a twenty-foot barn if they want to. A fine sight is to see one glide down from a high point and hit the ground running.

Yet there are many instances of roadrunner intelligence, too. J. Frank Dobie used to tell a tongue-in-cheek yarn about one *paisano* that never killed the lizards it caught. It knew that lizards could grow new tails, and so the bird kept a whole mountain of live lizards on hand and dined very regularly on a continuing supply of new tails.

There's ample evidence that roadrunners can be domesticated if captured at an early age. The Mexicans keep them around the house to catch rats and mice. To some they are a symbol of good luck, like house swallows.

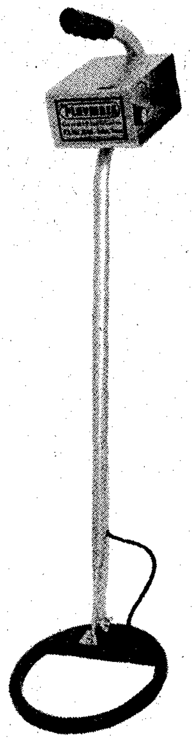
Dr. George M. Sutton once had a pair of young roadrunners who soon learned that he would turn over rocks for them so they could snatch up the insects underneath. He found that, when he paused near a likely stone, they would urge him on with anxious "coos," and would rush back and forth in their excitement, and even bite his hands gently in their impatience.

My wife started putting bits of raw meat out on the garden wall for our neighborhood roadrunner one recent spring, and the bird started coming around for the meat more frequently as her nestlings began to hatch. Eventually the bird would hop on the wall by our living-room window to get our attention; as soon as I would tap on the window, she would rush to the back door to wait for the latest meat supply. If I did not fling the scraps to her fast enough, she would clack her bill impatiently.

From all reports, the roadrunner is an extremely adaptable bird with a wide variety of food tastes. In Texas it has learned to hunt small birds and cotton rats; in the Arizona-Sonora desert country, grasshoppers and lizards; and in California's Salton Sea area, the beetles and grubs which hide under cakes of mud.

There's no argument anymore about whether the bird kills rattlesnakes; this feat has been captured on movie film. But apparently, different birds attack the rattler in different ways. Some wear the snake out by feints and lunges—using their outspread wings like a bullfighter uses his cape. Others seem to lure the rattler out in the hot sun where the heat weakens the snake.

One of the most persistent myths about the roadrunner is the old tale that the bird will build a corral of cholla cactus branches around a sleeping rattler and then come back and attack him when he is weakened by hunger or thirst. This story is a very old one and was probably first written by Father Ignaz Pfefferkorn, a German Jesuit missionary who published a book on the then-Spanish province of Sonora in 1794-95. In his version, the bird broke off the cholla



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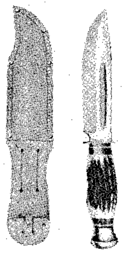

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segments with its bill and built a fortification around the snake, and then caused the reptile to thresh around and impale itself on hundreds of cactus spines until absolutely helpless.

Reputable scholars keep repeating this old tale as fact, and a few ranchers still believe it most sincerely and will show you a cactus "corral" as proof. However, J. Frank Dobie points out that cactus spines never seem to be much of a barrier to snakes, and Lewis Wayne Walker adds that rattlers can go for weeks and months without food. Besides, why should the roadrunner go to all this trouble? He's a very effective snake-killer without a corral.

ANOTHER controversial tale about the roadrunner is the widely-held belief that he is the bird-hunter's enemy. Most wildlife experts now dispute this. The roadrunner does eat an occasional baby quail, but actually he eats more of the quail's enemies, such as the rats who prey on quail nestlings and eggs.

I find wide disagreement on whether roadrunners hunt in pairs or not and on just what kind of a parent the male bird might be. Usually, roadrunners are solitary birds, but I have often seen them running, two at a time, about ten or twenty feet apart. Are they deliberately scaring lizards into each other's path? I'm willing to believe this, but am not quite sure.

Dobie and others claim that the male roadrunner helps the female incubate the eggs and also feed the youngsters. It's hard to tell because both sexes look identical, but I feel the old man lights out after breeding-time and lets his mate raise the family alone. Here, too, the evidence is inconclusive.

Estimates vary on the roadrunner's speed. The old-timers thought the birds could run as fast as twenty-five miles an hour, but recent experts have scaled this down to about half this speed. It looks very fast anyway, but I think the bird's nimbleness and sharp eyesight are more important characteristics.

Dr. Sutton once said that you never really know the roadrunner unless you've risen morning after morning with the desert sun and had cactus spines in your shins. Well, there's still lots of desert sun and all too many cholla barbs. Thankfully, the West also has a plentiful supply of roadrunner clowns. He's such an adaptable bird that he can make a living on a missile range, or a modern ranch, or a randomly-populated suburb, long after the owls and eagles have fled. He's so self-confident about his speed and agility that he doesn't mind sharing his territory with a few humans and dogs. He'll even use a tin roof to warm his feathers in the winter and a lawn-sprinkler to cool off in summer.

He's a good symbol of the Old West—independent, full of confidence and courage, fast on his feet, willing to work, and strong on survival.

The Mexicans called him *paisano*, which means "fellow countryman." He's a good neighbor, and still a lot of fun to have around.

Eyeballing an Ostrich

(Continued from page 27)

first costly experiment as feather merchants, and their exact roles are not really known. M. E. Clanton did arrive in 1888, but Newman Haynes (Old Man) Clanton was there long before that. In fact, the *Arizona Citizen* for September 12, 1874 carried an article on "His Farm and His Work" in which it clearly mentions that he lived in the Gila River Valley above Fort Goodwin. His untimely death with four other Americans at the hands of Mexican bandits in Guadalupe Canyon, New Mexico on August 10, 1881 was duly noted in the Tombstone *Epitaph* of September 13, 1881. Other Clantons carried on as ranchers, known by the various names of Phin, Fin or Finn. Finn Clanton, the eldest brother, died on September 30, 1882 in Safford, A. T. on the family ranch. His brother Ike was with him and placed the death notice in the *Courier* on September 30, 1881. Brother Ike is better known for his restaurant in tough Tombstone, a venture well covered in the December 12, 1878 issue of the *Weekly Star* in Tucson.

Other Clantons include Joseph Isaac, Joel Elmer (1873-1940) and Peter, who was killed at St. Johns, Arizona in October, 1877. While one part of the family was raising hell, the other part was raising ostriches. Neither was very successful. Precisely when the original ostrich farm petered out is not known, but the idea did not die with the Clantons.

OSTRICH RANCHING in the great Southwest was once considered a great idea. Then, as now, shipping costs had a great deal to do with making money, and what is lighter than a pound of feathers? To satisfy the demand for plumage, which was all the rage around 1900, ranchers turned from cattle to birds. Elsewhere in the world great fortunes were being made from feathers; in fact, the entire albatross population of Marcus Island in the Pacific was wiped out "leaving heaps of birds waist high." The American egret was practically made extinct, and thousands of peacocks, parrots, herons, quail, hummingbirds and other varieties were harvested. As the supply of wild birds went down, Arizona entrepreneurs went to work breeding ostriches. Feathers were worn everywhere—on fans, hats, dresses and robes, and they had to come from somewhere. Why not Arizona? The day of the camel-bird cowboy was about to dawn.

The West's newest industry really began in 1882 when the first birds were shipped from Capetown, South Africa for breeding purposes. Twenty-one of the giant birds were then transported by rail from New York to Anaheim, California. Within four years another ostrich ranch appeared, beginning with forty-four imported birds. Phoenix greeted its first flock in 1885, when the birds arrived by rail from the Pacific Coast. Two grown ostriches began the trip with eleven chicks, ten of which died en route. The female adult expired soon after. From the one male and the one chick, a successful enterprise was born. By 1897 the number of ostriches had grown to 97, and by 1905 to 1,103. Arizona's largest ostrich farm (there were eventually two) was located ten miles west of Phoenix near the junction of the Hassayampa River and the Salt.

The Pan-American Ostrich Farm was a success almost from the start. The camel-birds were happy in an environment so much like home. Healthy as horses, they needed very little water and thrived on alfalfa. The dry climate and hot sun did not bother them at all and with very little care they multiplied rapidly. The birds soon learned to step over the usual low fences and no nearby alfalfa field was ever completely safe. These ostriches were known for their speed and, while their short wings were useless for real flying, they helped to lift the 300-pound birds off the ground. At top speed the ostriches could take strides of twenty-five feet or more, running sixty miles an hour, faster than the fastest Arabian horse. No cowboy could hope to catch up, but smart men outwitted the dumb birds by running them in circles until they slowed down enough to be safely lassoed. You tried that trick only once, at sixty miles an hour!

The usually cut-and-dried "Report to the Governor of Arizona" in 1905 provided by the Pan-American Ostrich Farm reported that in Maricopa County there were 1,103 of the birds, at a total value of $55,150 and that in Navajo County there were 120 asses valued at only $600. In 1906 the same personal property report gave the following tabulation:

Cattle, range and stock	16,729	$168,170
Sheep	2,820	8,460
Goats	4,239	6,435
Swine	1,209	3,325
Stands of bees	10,506	15,760
Railroads, standard guage	105.2 miles	990,775
Ostriches	1,304	56,700

No asses were listed that year; probably they had already left for Washington, D. C. where Federal Congress was in session. The 1907 report proudly states that there was "sanguine promise of success. A peculiar lustre added to the value of the feathers, the result of alfalfa feeding." That year there were 1,354 birds, valued at $67,700. This $50 per bird evaluation was strictly for taxation purposes.

AT THE blossoming Pan-American Ostrich Farm 1,000 birds each produced $30 in income a year. Tough range riders had to literally be trained from scratch and some pretty wild happenings occurred. Cowhands quickly learned that ostriches flocked in groups of 100, and needed one-acre corrals per pair during mating season. Raising them was cheap enough—an ostrich would eat four pounds of green alfalfa daily, while a full grown steer needed sixty pounds. Furthermore, no steer could graze on the green foliage on top of young trees! Dry hay was just as welcome, but the gallumping monsters had to have gravel, just as all birds do. Their gravel took the form of quartz nuggets the size of hickory nuts, liberally sprinkled in their feeding lots. They were not above eating bones, glass bottles and odd bits of metal, which did them no particular good, although a sick bird was a rarity. Whatever they ate went down and stayed down—and their meat tasted like it. It was coarse and similar to dried human flesh or wild dog. The older the ostrich, the stringier the meat. The eggs, on the other hand, were delicious.

Tame birds mate at four years, and are usually paired for life. The drab female scoops out her rude nest with her breastbone—nothing more than a hole in the ground one foot deep and four feet in diameter. She will lay her eggs every other day until twelve or fourteen are deposited, weighing three to four pounds each. She will usually turn them daily until they hatch forty-two days later. The handsome male has his come-uppance now and soon learns that his job is to sit on the lumpy nest from four in the afternoon until eight the next morning. No wonder he gives a deep-throated roar, something like that of a wounded lion or musk ox, when he stretches wearily after sun-up.

During the day the female takes over again, and many Arizona cowboys have learned to their deep regret that collecting ostrich eggs was not the great sport they thought it would be. The male birds would attack readily, kicking forward with their long, thick legs aiming with extreme accuracy for the groin area. They would frequently disable a curious horse and easily put a dumb cowboy out of action for months.

The eggs could be collected most successfully between the changing of the guard, but no ordinary picnic basket was used. A whole farm wagon went along for the daily event when the hen-fruit was collected by the hundreds, most of the eggs to be incubated in hot frames in the shade of the Pan-American ranch buildings. Ostriches are clumsy things and frequently step on their own eggs or walk through another nest. Besides, the birds sometimes would lay their eggs anywhere and actually kick them into a pile in the center of a field.

To protect themselves, seasoned veterans of the range took to carrying shepherd-like "crooks" with which they would hook the ostrich's neck, bend it to the ground and render him helpless.

Sunday morning breakfast was a joyous event at a ostrich ranch, the usual fare being "poached eggs and smashed potatoes." Bug-eyed guests were casually asked "One egg or two?" and were served by the local cowhand comedians wearing black-and-white ostrich plumes. If the eggs were allowed to hatch, the chicks entered this world the size of barnyard hens, with a huge appetite for grain.

ONE BY-PRODUCT, not usually mentioned, was ostrich fertilizer, sold far from the farm by waggish cowboys. Needy ranch hands, with well-honed imaginations, were not above peddling bird-droppings the size of footballs. The product's main selling point was the size of the birds themselves, on the cowboys' theory that if there was something in the birds' diet which made them grow

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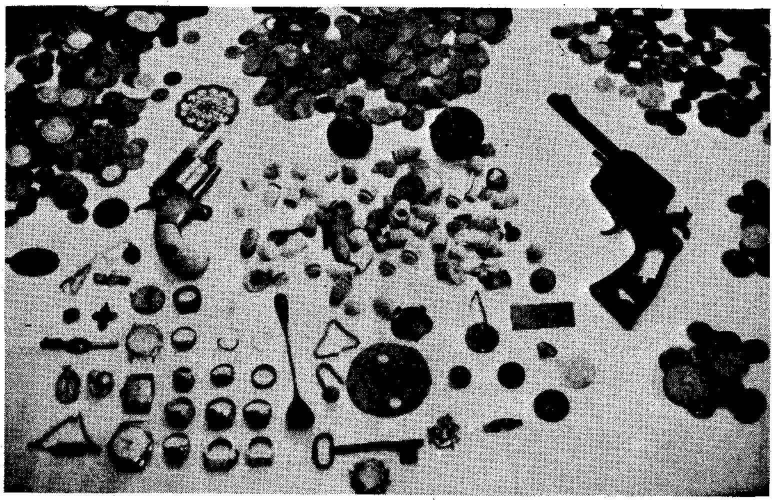

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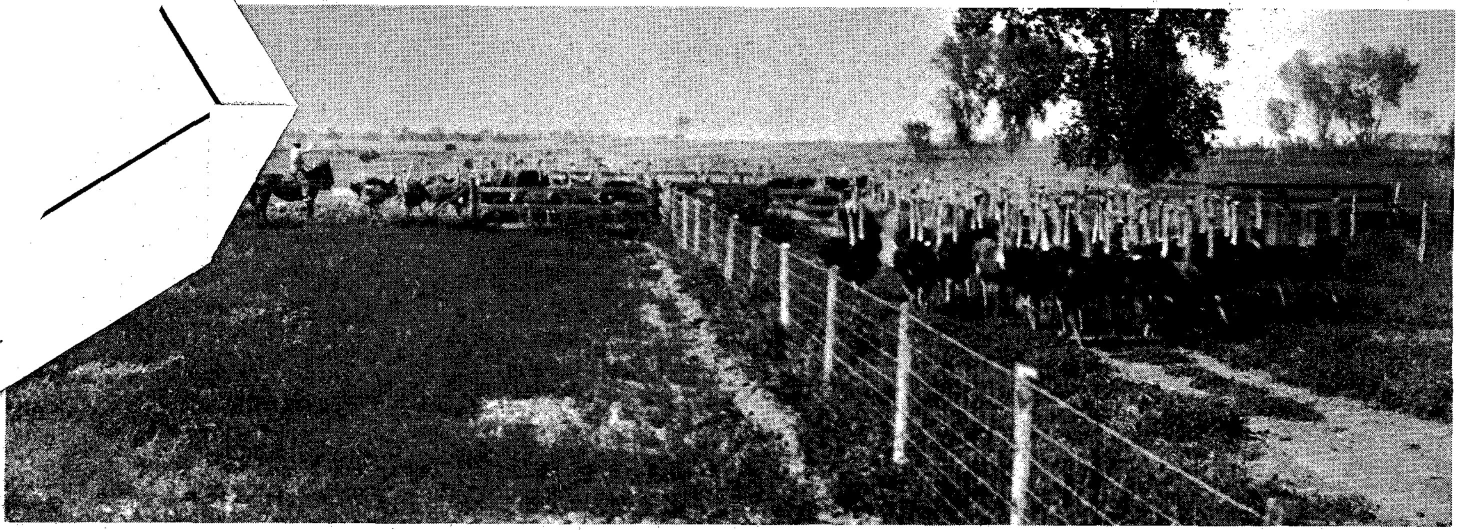

Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society Library

The bird-cowboys drive home a gaggle of ostrich in preparation for a session of plume plucking.

tall, "Think what it could do for your lilacs, Lady!"

On the return trip, unsold droppings were carelessly deposited on various front lawns, to the great mystification of unsuspecting city dwellers. And slightly ripe ostrich eggs tossed at summer picnics rapidly became a major sport, second only to shooting your mother-in-law.

In far off London and New York Arizona feathers were readily recognized as the best obtainable. The birds had a productive life of twenty-five years, after which their brilliant plumage gradually lost its sheen and color. Plucking was done when the bird was six feet tall and six months old, although the actual process involved "cutting" the feathers. The second cutting came eight months later, and the third cutting produced the first full crop of salable feathers.

During the banner years of 1907 and 1908 at the Pan-American Ostrich Farm, the birds were handled by placing them in a tight corral, two men on horseback crowding them in. The corral was just large enough to admit one bird and one plucky "plucker" at a time. The unhappy male ostrich became perfectly docile after a long canvas stocking hood was pulled over his head, and quietly allowed his beautiful black body feathers to be harvested. Carefully the snow white wings were raised, and "fully ripe" wing and tail plumes were cut with great precision. Two months later the corraling process was repeated so the dried quills could be painlessly extracted.

Under the careful supervision of ranch foreman William Paterson, the ostriches grew with leaps and bounds. Farther to the south, the fledgling University of Arizona at Tucson was trying its hand at raising the giant birds, too, keeping them as late as 1916 or 1918 when the bottom dropped out of the market. Before that happened, there was lots of money to be made and the feather merchants made it. Silver was selling for $8 a pound when ostrich plumes brought $15 to $30, with no back-breaking digging needed. It did take money, however, to buy an ostrich from out of state. Locally, very few were ever sold. A six months chick went for $100. At one year it might be worth $150, and at two years between $200 and $250. A drastic price increase took place at four years, when a pair of birds ready to mate easily brought $800. So few Arizona birds were actually sold that ostriches were listed in the tax reports as valued at $25 each, even though they were now ready to produce ten chicks annually, worth $100 each. To increase their chances of survival, the large eggs were gathered by the wagonload and placed in oversized wooden incubator drawers manufactured by the "Reliable Incubator & Brooder Co." of Quincy, Illinois. When ready to hatch, hardened cowboys were set to work tenderly picking holes in the hard shells assisting the baby chicks to enter this troubled world.

The Arizona ostrich industry did so well for a while that it seemed nothing on earth could change the trend. Nothing did, except for women, thousands of miles away, who gradually began preferring featherless apparel. Literally thousands of wild birds worldwide had been senselessly slaughtered in the name of female vanity before the merest whisper of protest evolved into a roar.

On April 17, 1913 the Ways and Means Committee delivered a body blow which served to crush a lot of feathers in the process. In a report on the Tariff Act, the senators freed the price of cotton, sugar and wool, *and* banned the import of certain feathers. Prices dropped on all four commodities, and public opinion began to be felt. Unfortunately, it blindly turned on American breeders of tame birds also, and harmed them most of all. It suddenly became unfashionable to wear those "nasty bird feathers," and every plume, no matter how innocent, was suspect. As the World War I approached, women's clothes became austere, with sack dresses and cloche hats predominating. Tame ostriches sold for a mere $5 each. Every embittered housewife who couldn't afford a real ostrich feather for her hat, now pointed an accusing finger at her more affluent friend. In less than two years, the Arizona ostrich industry was dead.

So were all the helpless ostriches. Tame birds by the thousands were slaughtered due to a change of fickle fashion. Their eggs were cruelly smashed. Some of their tough skin was saved and tanned to make ostrich-skin purses and wallets, but the bodies were turned to fertilizer or allowed to rot under the hot Arizona sun. The bird-cowboys gave up their short-lived careers as bird pluckers, and went back to cowpunching. There are no feather merchants in Phoenix today, and the lilacs are ordinary-sized forevermore.

Monument for an Outlaw

(Continued from page 25)

PHILLIPS breathed a heavy sigh of relief, completely baffled that he had not been shot to smithereens. A dozen gun-muzzles had been aimed at him. He'd seen them! He reasoned the outlaws could have riddled him. Why in the name of hell hadn't they done so?

He saw the three skinners with the train pull up well down the trail. Packs were scattered far and wide, their cargoes of sand burst open. The skinners barred the advance of the braying jennies and ended their wild stampede. Newt Phillips tugged on his reins, his mind filled with unanswered questions.

Had the hidden outlaws been overawed by his quick attack on Charley? Why hadn't they dropped him from his saddle? Were they too stunned to react quickly? Or was there a gang? Certainly, there must have been! Hadn't he seen the guns aimed at his heart?

It was mighty mysterious! Phillips thought of the previous raids on his train, and recalled that he had seen the guns before, but the only outlaw he had met face to face had been Charley Jack himself. The outlaw had simply disarmed the packer and skinners, sent them fleeing with a couple of shots over their heads, and made off with the gold-laden animals.

Puzzled, Phillips halted his mule and listened for sounds of pursuit. He dismounted and laid an ear on the rocky ledge of a trail. He heard only the pack animals restlessly stomping. No sounds of shod horses. Now only the murmur of a stream far below and the sighing of tall pines along the timber line.

Newt's excitement slowly subsided and the urge to return to the holdup spot became overpowering. He knew he would never be satisfied unless he went back to investigate. Instructing the skinners to continue on down-trail, he gave in to his curiosity and headed his calico back up the mountainside.

Cautiously he approached the thicket. Charley Jack was nowhere to be seen. With renewed courage, Newt looked around for sign. The fresh trail of a horse led diagonally across the dusty trail and vanished into a carpet of pine needles.

Suddenly the packer's blood ran cold. He found himself once again staring wide-eyed into the array of gun muzzles aimed at him by the hidden gang. Although no command was given to do so, Newt raised his arms over his head in surrender. He felt his ticket was to be punched out this time. He had ridden into a trap!

Newt's eyes roamed the thicket. A carbine was protruding there, a shotgun yonder, a Krag next to it, a pistol held in an outlaw's hand, arm stretched around a young bull pine. Newt couldn't see the outlaw's body, but the pistol was there, steady, vicious. The packer could hear his heart pounding against his ribs. Suddenly he realized that his mule seemed unreasonably quiet. There was not a quiver in its body beyond normal breathing. The impossible calmness of his calico, when the presence of strangers had always made him skittish, brought Newt back to reality. The quietness of the beast indicated one thing only—they were alone! He dropped his arms slowly. Still no shots from the thicket.

Suddenly it dawned on the now bemused packer that there had never been a gang behind Charley Jack. Charley had been a lone wolf all these years. His alleged band of killers was nothing more than a ghost gang. But the guns? There they were!

Jack, with a badly fractured arm, was gone, leaving quickly for treatment somewhere. It was an injury that could not be overlooked for long, else the outlaw would be crippled for life.

The packer dismounted, not without a certain apprehension. His hunch could be wrong. The utter silence of the hidden guns was eerie. As he walked to the edge of the thicket, sweat stood out in beads on his forehead. The short hair at the nape of his neck seemed to crawl.

At last Phillips came face to face with the shotgun. It remained silent, moving not the slightest. He plucked it from the thickly leafed and flowering tickweed. No resistance was offered. A battered old range hat remained in the brush over the spot, making the stand appear from the trail exactly like a man.

Charley Jack was a shrewd one, all right. His plant here was perfect. The packer went from gun to gun. Now he began laughing softly to himself at the fright he had endured. Charley Jack, terror of the Sierra gold trails, had cost him and countless others like him thousands of dollars in cargo, and evidently he had done it alone!

BUT THAT WAS not the finish of Charley's career. He left the gold trails, vanishing like a wraith. Other renegades attempted to take his place, but were quickly eliminated either by the rope or a packer's gun. Newt Phillips continued packing gold to the mint in San Francisco.

It was not until June 1882, that he had suspicions that Charley Jack might again return to the Mammoth Trail. Newt by that time was packing dust from the gold camp clinging high on the mountainside overlooking what is now Convict Lake. On returning from a trip to Mariposa, he was confronted by a poster tacked to a tree adjoining his mule corral. It mentioned the names of at least two renegades, Sawdust Charlie and Little Jack, hinted to be the aliases of Charley Jack, Mammoth Trail terror who had been run out of Nevada.

Newt Phillips paused one day at Charley's old ambush site. Something always seemed to lure him there. Perhaps it was because he had never felt closer to death than he had at that spot. It intrigued him. Now he found himself, out of curiosity, searching the thicket again. He saw the remnants of an old jacket hanging from the brush. There was also a headpiece, a Rebel war cap from the war. Snows of many winters, the downpours of countless springs, had all but rotted it away. Then going around a tree, he looked up and saw the muzzle of a pistol protruding from the rough bark, pointed squarely at the trail beyond.

He had overlooked the bulldog pistol on previous visits. He was elated now with his find. The gun would add to his collection of Charley Jack relics which his sons admired so much. Forthwith he chopped down the tree and cut out the section containing the gun. It had been imbedded in a depression evidently carved out by the outlaw himself. The bark, as time passed, had grown around the butt, holding it firmly in the timber. Dreaded by all who traveled the Sierra gold trails, Charley Jack had managed to leave a monument to himself.

Stowing his find on a mule, Phillips continued on his way to Mariposa. That thriving community was agog with excitement when he arrived. The town held an air of gaiety. Drinks on the house flowed in every bar. Newt Phillips' corral-tender broke the news when he packed in. Charley Jack, stalker of the Mammoth and other trails, had attempted to hold up a stage between Mariposa and San Francisco, and had been captured. Justice Scott had just ordered him hanged. It was a gala day in Mariposa. Miners swarmed in for the execution.

Charley Jack spent his last moments dangling from the branch of a tree in the town square. The rope is said to hang today from a scrub oak at a private museum maintained in Pasadena, California by a millionaire collector of western relics.

Beneath it, in a glass cage, Charley Jack's monument rested for many years.

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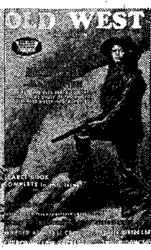

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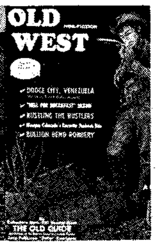
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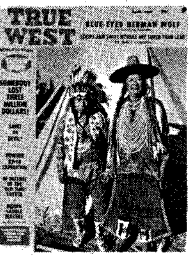

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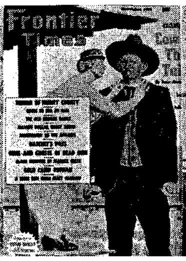
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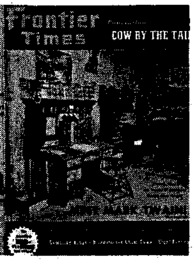
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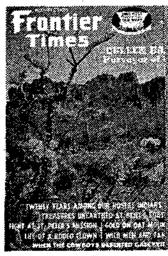
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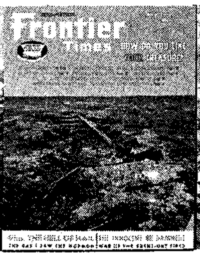
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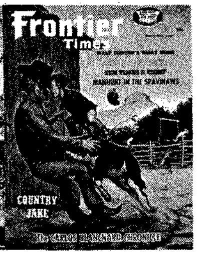
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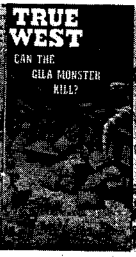
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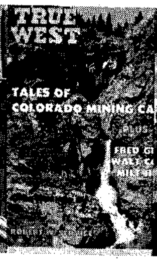
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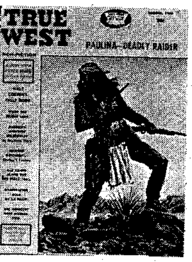
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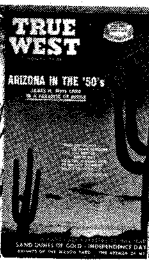
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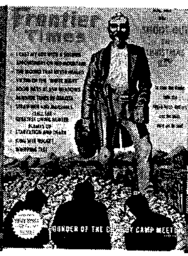
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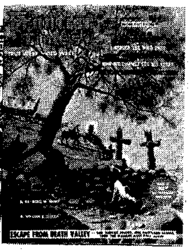
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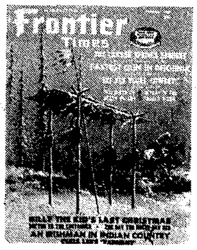
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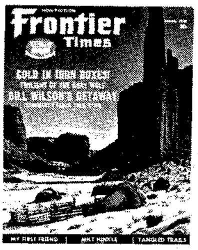
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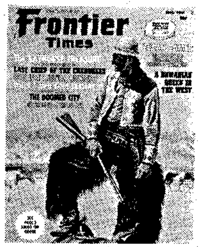
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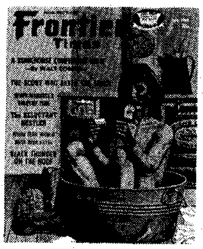
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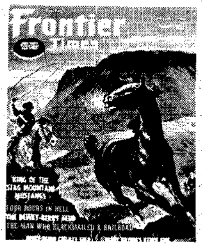
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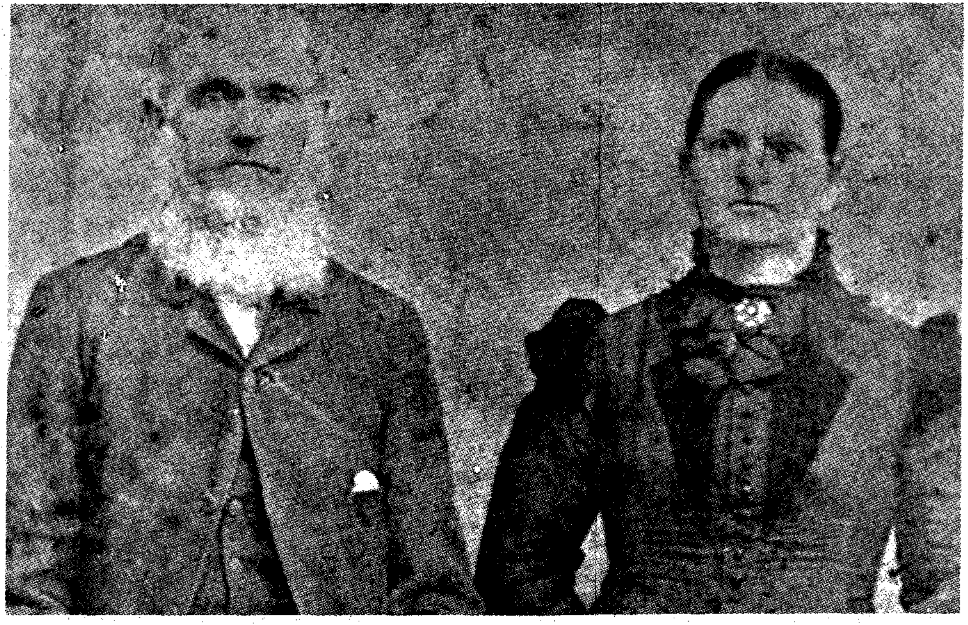


John Davis and his wife

Gun Battle at Roscoe

(Continued from page 11)

hands, sir," pleaded Lull.

"I can assure you that I will not harm a hair on your head," answered Davis.

By this time others had started to gather at the scene of the shooting and Davis was trying to aid the man as best he could. With the help of others, Davis carried Capt. Lull to the front porch of Aunt Hannah's cabin. Hannah fixed a pallet there for him to lie on. When his wounds were seared, he was carried into the house and placed on a bed in the same room with John Younger's body.

Later that evening when it was decided he could be moved, a spring wagon was hitched up and Lull was placed on it and taken the three miles to Roscoe. There he was removed to the Roscoe House. Two local doctors, Dr. A. C. Marquis and Dr. L. Lewis, were called to attend him. A man was directed to mount up and ride on to Osceola to notify Sheriff Johnson.

DETECTIVE WRIGHT, who had escaped—minus his hat—had ridden up Chalk Road in a northwest direction. He passed a log house where Thomas Rosbrough and his son were splitting wood. Wright, believing the Youngers were on his trail, decided that he would be less likely to be recognized if he had a hat on his head.

The detective called out to Mr. Rosbrough, "Say, Mister, would you sell me your hat?"

"Reckon so." answered Rosbrough.

"I'll give you a dollar," said Wright.

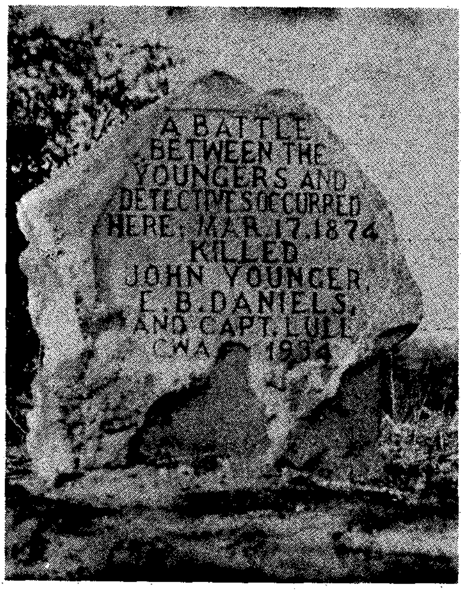
"Sold," was the reply.

The quick barter was made and Wright rode off with a hat on his head. Feeling somewhat safer now he decided to swing around to a different road and go eastward to Osceola to report the happenings to Sheriff Johnson. After a fast ride he arrived in the county seat and told the sheriff that Daniels and Lull had been caught by two men he believed to be the Youngers. He also said that he was sure that his companions were either wounded or dead for he had heard additional shots as he rode away from the scene. This was the last report of Detective Wright.

A posse was formed of several of young Daniels' friends and they mounted their horses and rode toward the direction of the battle. The sheriff did not go with them. When they had proceeded a part of the way, another rider came along and told them that Daniels and John Younger were dead and that Lull was badly wounded. The posse then turned their mounts and rode back to Osceola to the sheriff's office and reported what had happened.

There was immediate excitement among the citizens and many of them prepared to go to the scene. Sheriff James R. Johnson instructed his deputy, Simpson Beckley, to form another posse and ride to the area and see that no more trouble was stirred up. It was his thought that there might be mob violence and at that time they did not know the whereabouts of Jim Younger. Just as they were preparing to leave, the rider from Roscoe rode up and told them that Lull and Daniels had been taken to Roscoe. Upon hearing this, the posse took along a hack to bring the body of Daniels back to Osceola. A reporter from the local newspaper mounted his horse and rode with them to Roscoe.

In the meantime, the body of John Younger had been taken to the home of John and Hannah McFerrin and placed on the front porch. When it was concluded that he was dead he was placed in the house on a temporary cooling board until someone decided what should be done with the body. Several of John's friends were afraid that some of the outside people might come to mutilate the remains in some way. Ed Daniels was well known and liked in Osceola, and it was expected that they might try to take their revenge on John's body. It was not uncommon in that day for the body of an outlaw to be hanged from a pole for sightseers to view.



At five o'clock the deputy sheriff and his posse arrived in Roscoe. They talked to Dr. Marquis and he informed them that Capt. Lull was suffering greatly from a broken left arm full of buckshot, and that a pistol ball had passed through his left lung and on through the body. Marquis believed, however, that he had a chance to live.

DAVID CROWDER, a young man who lived in Roscoe, heard of the shooting and was much concerned. His wife-to-be, Emma Davis, was the oldest daughter of John Davis, who had been first to the battle scene. Anticipating the possibility of additional trouble, he rode out to the Davis home. Upon arriving he found several groups of people congregated.

It was now late in the evening and Crowder was asked to guard the body of John Younger that night, in case any trouble should arise. Arming himself with a shotgun, Crowder entered the McFerrin cabin and located his chair near the body. He placed a gun across his lap and prepared for a long night.

As darkness set in, a young woman appeared and entered the cabin with a pistol wrapped around her waist. She paced the floor most of the night without speaking a solitary word to Crowder. When morning came she was gone. Old-timers said she was John's sister. It must have been Henrietta, who thought so much of her brothers. Since the Youngers were in the area quite often it could easily have been "Retta," as she was called. If not, who could it have been?

As the seventeen-year-old youth stood watch over John Younger's body, his mind drifted back over the events of the day. Who was to blame? Was it the Youngers, who were capable of killing if need be? Or was it the detectives who fired the first shot? Just three months before a posse from Appleton City, located in the northern part of St. Clair County, led by Marshal Cobb had ridden to Monegaw Springs to capture the Youngers. The Youngers surprised them as they were drinking at the old sulphur spring and took their weapons from them. After giving them a stern warning, the Youngers turned them loose without harm and told them to go home. Would this not have been the case with Lull, Daniels and Wright? Even as Dave Crowder pondered this question during the lonely night, we today have the same thought.

The next morning John Younger was buried under a large cedar tree near the Theodrick Snuffer house where the shallow grave could be guarded. The grave was covered with leaves and tree branches to conceal the fresh earth. That evening it was decided that John's body should be taken under the cover of night and placed in the old Yeater Cemetery which was a few miles to the southeast on the south side of the Chalk Level to Osceola road.

That night, Speed McDonald, with the assistance of Snuffer, loaded the body on a wagon. After what, no doubt, seemed like a long trip, Speed arrived at the cemetery. He dug the grave at an angle and buried John with his head to the northwest and his feet to the southeast. The reason was he believed that the identity of the grave would not be lost this way. This proved to be right for today the indention of the grave is plainly visible, still unmolested after nearly a century. For over two weeks following the burial the grave was closely guarded by friends, including Granny Sims.

EDWIN B. DANIELS' body arrived in Osceola the evening of the shooting. The whole community was shocked at the tragic death of one of their local boys. His funeral was held and Ed was buried on the highest point in the Osceola cemetery.

On March 18, the day following the battle, a coroner's jury was called. It was composed of John Davis, G. W. Cox, W. Holmes, R. C. Gill, H. Greason and A. Ray. Their verdict was: "We, the jury, find that John Younger came to his death by a pistol shot supposed to be in the hands of W. J. Allen (Capt. Lull). We, the jury, also find that Edwin B. Daniels came to his death by a pistol shot, supposed to have been fired by the hand of James Younger." Signed, A. Ray, Foreman of the Jury.

A few days later Capt. Lull's condition took a turn for the worse. His wife, Marian B. Lull, and William Pinkerton came from Chicago to be with him. Lull remained conscious and suffered greatly. He had been placed in the northwest room of the upstairs of the Roscoe House. His wife sat by his bedside almost constantly day and night in an effort to nurse him back to health.

In Osceola there lived a well known and respected Dr. D. C. McNeill. He had served as a surgeon during the Civil War and was a veteran of two other national conflicts. It was decided to call Dr. McNeill in on the case. With three of the area's best doctors, Lull had every medical attention that was possible.

Apparently the doctors could not save the detective's life. On the twenty-third day following the gun battle Capt. Lull was reported as having died. The newspaper reported that his body was placed

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Every time I start to put the blame for something on somebody other than us gents here at WP, I remember that passage in the Bible that reads something like this: "He who is without sin, let him cast the first stone." Well, if we weren't completely perfect here, never make a mistake, never do anything wrong, our hands as lily-white as young goat fuzz, then we couldn't say that the mailer's machine broke down, he's having plate-making difficulties, and trouble like the seven-year itch. It's so bad at times, he tells us, that when he hits the key for "w" for instance, "Kilroy was here!" comes out. He just says "&%$#?!", hits the key again and what fun he has.

So, Chum, if you don't get your copy drop a card our way and we'll do our blame-dest. It ought to be cleared up in a couple weeks. Ain't life wonderful?

in a coffin and hauled by wagon to the nearest railroad depot which was in Clinton, Missouri, some twenty-five miles to the north. There it was placed on a train and sent to Chicago. A Masonic funeral was held with burial in a Chicago cemetery.

But did Capt. Lull actually die? There is good reason to believe that he did not. Living across the street from the house where Ed Daniels had lived with his mother in Osceola, was a lawyer named Frank Nesbit. Mr. Nesbit was a close friend of Dr. McNeill. One evening Dr. McNeill came to the Nesbit home to seek assistance from his friend. Mr. Nesbit's son, Charles F. Nesbit, was a young man at the time and he later wrote a family history book entitled *An American Family* which was published in 1932. He tells of Dr. McNeill's visit this way:

One evening while I was at home playing, my father opened the door in response to a knock, and I saw Dr. McNeill with his long white beard. He was the big doctor of that section. He had been a surgeon in the Confederate Army and went all through the war. I knew of no one sick and could not understand his coming. He sat down and began to talk to my father, "Frank, what will happen to me if I say a man is dead who isn't dead?"

"Well," replied my father, laughing, "doctors often make mistakes, but I didn't know they made them as bad as that."

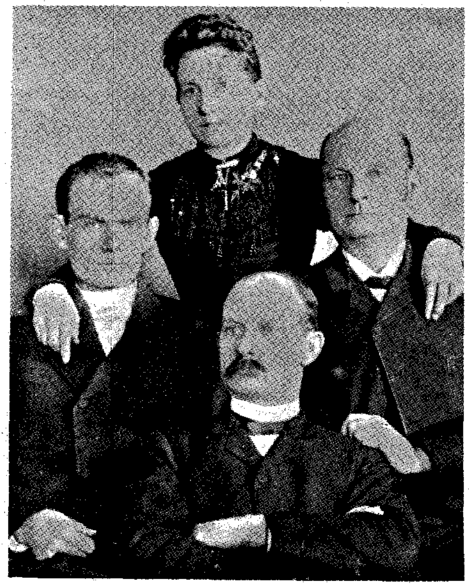
Dr. McNeill said, "But I am serious about this. It is no laughing matter, Frank."

My father asked me to leave the room. I did go out of the room, but I was very careful to leave a crack in the door and put my ear to it. The doctor then explained the situation. "You know that Pinkerton detective who was shot when John Younger was killed? Well, he is going to get well. But the Youngers and their friends indicated that he will never leave the county alive. It is twenty-five miles to the nearest railroad and I do not think he will ever get to it if he starts. Now, the Pinkerton Agency at Chicago has sent a detective down here and they want me to say that he is dead, and ship him out in a coffin. It is the only way we will ever get him out, but I don't know what to do."

The doctor was an honest man but he kept remembering his promise to save life. This, no doubt, is the reason he considered such a move.

"Well," my father answered, "I don't think it will hurt. Doctors often make mistakes and if you can stand making a mistake like saying a man is dead when he isn't, I don't see that anybody can do anything about it."

The next week the paper stated that the detective was very low and much worse and that Dr. McNeill didn't think he would get well. A few days later a notice appeared that he had died. He was put in a coffin and carried in a farm wagon to Clinton, Missouri. The casket was put in the baggage car and after the train started, the Pinkerton detective got out and got away to Chicago.



Bob, Jim, Cole and Henrietta Younger, 1889.

Dr. McNeill had a daughter named Cora L. McNeill and in 1898 she published a book, *Mizzoura.* At that time it was the only book written about the Youngers that had been sanctioned by them. She made many visits to Stillwater, Minnesota to visit Cole and Jim in prison and corresponded with them freely. In her book she also leaves no doubt that Pinkerton Detective Lull did not die but arose from the coffin.

Today a monument marks the place where the battle took place. The old McFerrin log cabin where John Younger lay in silent death still stands erect as if it does not want to give up its story. The old log house where David Crowder later moved, just a quarter of a mile east, is in part still there. Only a grove of trees marks the spot where John Davis lived. The old Snuffer place, where John and Jim spent their last few happy moments, is now only a memory.

Two-fisted Timothy Dyer

(Continued from page 39)

TIMOTHY DYER was well liked and trusted in Cheyenne because he was known to be a man of impeccable character. At times those in need of a temporary haven turned to Dyer for help. During the winter of 1867-68 there was an old man around Cheyenne known as "General" Lee. He had served in the Civil War on the Confederate side and his last name logically had led to his being given the honorary title of "General." Lee was a harmless man, advanced in years, but like many of his day, and our own day, too, liked his drink a little too well.

He had been paid off by the railroad and had $250 in his pocket. The General traveled from saloon to saloon partaking of refreshments and his bankroll was seen by several of the local hangers-on when he paid for his drinks. Lee realized that he was being followed when he left one saloon, so he headed for Timothy Dyer's and asked Dyer to protect him from being robbed. Though his place was closed, Dyer let him in and a short time later, two men came to the door. One of the men rapped on the door, claiming that he was sick and wanted a drink. Timothy Dyer, thinking that the two were some of his regular clientele, opened the door and let them in.

In walked two hard looking characters. They moved up to the bar and ordered drinks. Dyer had served both when they asked who the old man was. Dyer replied that he was General Lee who worked for the railroad.

"Well! He has $250 on him and I have been following him all day. I am going to have that money or die in the attempt!" one of the strangers stated.

That was enough conversation for Timothy Dyer. A fist fight began at once which resulted in the expulsion of the crooks from Dyer's saloon even though both of them were armed.

The General, who had been a trembling spectator to the whole affair, thanked Dyer for keeping him from being robbed of his money which he admitted amounted to $227.

The Dyer Hotel, under Timothy's competent hand became the social center of Cheyenne. Certainly it was the leading lodging place in the town until the famous Inter Ocean Hotel was built in 1875.

The Dyer was originally of frame construction and a few years after it opened, a fire across the street scorched the front of the building. Dyer then had the hotel veneered with home-made bricks molded from Crow Creek clay.

At the nearby station, the famous Black Hills stagecoach arrived and departed for its long and hazardous journey between Cheyenne and the gold fields of Dakota. Also, a special buggy was dispatched from Dyer's hotel to meet all incoming and departing passenger trains. The hotel was often used by rail passenges as a meal stop.

In the early years of the city's history, visiting stockmen made the Dyer Hotel their headquarters. Its register contained the names of most of the famous pioneer stockmen and politicians of the Territory. It was said that the outcome of community elections was usually decided at Dyer's hotel. Thumbs were turned up or turned down on prospective territorial appointments or other posts of authority and responsibility.

The hotel also lodged most of the traveling theatrical companies which played Cheyenne during the early years. The famous Buffalo Bill was often a visitor at Dyer's hotel. Wild Bill Hickok and General George Crook were also among the celebrities who enjoyed Timothy Dyer's hospitality. Alexander and Thomas Swan, who were big Wyoming cattle dealers, were frequent guests, as were Francis E. Warren and Joseph M. Carey, both to become governors of the state and later, United States senators.

Timothy Dyer catered many of Cheyenne's social events. He drew from the menus of some of the famous New York restaurants for his fare, and his staff often spent several weeks planning the arrangements for some particular gathering.

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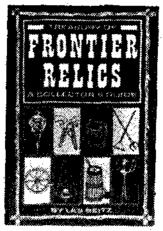

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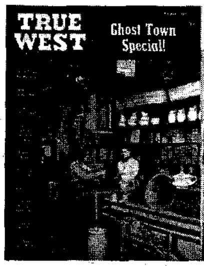

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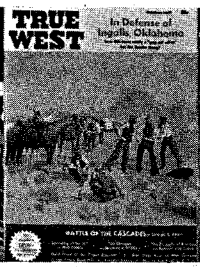

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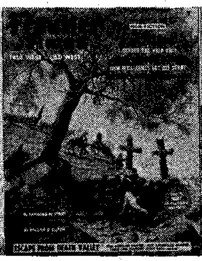

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Many years later a former employe of Dyer's hotel who later became a Denver banker described one of such catered banquets taking place in 1881.

> "The brilliance of the assemblage at the banquet tables that night rewarded us for all our labors; the wealth, the beauty and the culture of Cheyenne and the surrounding territory were represented there. The display of evening gowns was the most elaborate which had been witnessed in the territorial capital and the flash of diamonds from jeweled fingers, arms and necks outshone, I believe, many of the court functions of Europe."

Wealth was pouring into Cheyenne from prosperous ranches in the territory and from the fabulous gold fields of the Black Hills. It was the era of Wyoming's famous cattle barons.

IN 1872 Timothy Dyer traveled to Montreal, Canada where he married Catherine E. Callan. He returned to Cheyenne with his bride and they set up housekeeping in the Dyer Hotel. As the years passed on, they became the parents of seven children. Due to his growing family and expanding business interests, Dyer leased the hotel and moved his family to a residence on Capitol Avenue.

After his saloon, restaurant, and hotel had been successfully launched, Timothy Dyer bought a ranch on Pole Creek and began to raise stock. He also invested in urban real estate over the years until his original investment in the Dyer hotel became one of the least valuable of his holdings in downtown Cheyenne.

During the gold rush in the Black Hills during the 1870s, Dyer invested in the Hidden Treasure mine and with associates formed the Black Hills Mining Company. He was engaged in this venture for three years. It is not known how much gold was taken from the Hidden Treasure mine; however, one yield taken during the last clean up in 1878 was a "button" valued at $7,400.

During the years of the gold fever the wealth from the mines in South Dakota was transported by the famous Deadwood to Cheyenne stage. A bouncing stagecoach drawn by six horses over the long and lonely route was a tempting target for the road agents of the vicinity.

At that time the Blackburn gang was operating in the Black Hills, and the rumor floated around Deadwood that the next gold shipment would be held up. Timothy Dyer was in Deadwood looking after his Hidden Treasure mine and planned to ship 10,000 dollars worth of gold on the next stage to Cheyenne. Wells Fargo was unwilling to accept the shipment due to the hold-up scare. Dyer was anxious to get the gold shipment to Cheyenne without delay so he decided to ride stage himself beside the driver.

Several jittery passengers also decided to make the trip despite the rumors that road agents were lying in wait. The stage left Deadwood on schedule, with Timothy Dyer riding shotgun.

At one part of the long journey, the stage pulled by its six horses labored up a long hill between Deadwood and Custer City. At the crest of the hill, the driver started to pull the team to a halt.

"Guess I'll let 'em rest here," he remarked to Dyer.

"No, you won't!" Dyer roared in his Irish brogue as he drew his revolver and nudged the driver with it. The driver took one look at Dyer's gun and kept the team moving.

It was said later that the gang of road agents had arranged with the driver to stop at the crest of that hill to rest the team. However, when the stage did not pause but proceeded instead to make a somewhat reckless descent, the robbers' plans were frustrated and they decided against pursuing the stagecoach.

TIMOTHY DYER entered politics in 1872 and ran for commissioner of Laramie County. Dyer, along with Morton E. Post and J. H. Nichols, were elected. They found the county $40,000 in debt; its warrants were worth forty cents on the dollar and the county did not own any property except a worthless old safe.

At the end of Dyer's second term, the debt was paid. A courthouse and jail were built. The county warrants were at par with a bonded indebtedness of $30,000.

Timothy Dyer served also as a member of the city council for six years. He was chairman of the water commission when Cheyenne's first water system and first sewer system were installed. Dyer, a life-long Democrat, was a member of the Territorial Legislature.

In 1891, Timothy Dyer moved his family to Berkeley, California. It was hoped that the climate there would be better for Mrs. Dyer's health. The family, however, retained the old home in Cheyenne, with Dyer commuting to California as often as his business interests permitted.

In addition to his business and civic activities Timothy Dyer was a member of Cheyenne Lodge No. 1 A.F and A.M.; Wyoming Chapter No. 1 Royal Arch Mason, Wyoming Commandery No. 1 Knights Templar, and Wyoming Consistory No. 1. A.A.S.R.

As the years passed by, the old Dyer Hotel passed into its sunset of reflected glory. The historic Inter Ocean Hotel had taken its place as the leading hotel of the town. The Dyer survived it, though, as the Inter Ocean burned down in December 1916.

After the Plains Hotel was opened in 1911, the old Dyer's reputation gradually faded. The building became just another rooming house on Eddy Street (now renamed Pioneer Avenue).

It was said that old Timothy Dyer on his visits to Cheyenne in later years, would go down and gaze upon the building. Did he stand and hear the voices long silenced? Did his faded blue eyes again see old friends, the good and the great of the Wyoming pioneers and possibly the evil and the nefarious who has passed through the doors of his famous old hotel?

In 1927, Cheyenne's city engineer and a group of architects inspected the old hotel and reported to the city council that the building must be condemned and razed. When Timothy Dyer received word that his hotel, the first real achievement of his youth, was to be torn down, he rushed back to Cheyenne in an Irish rage. The old gentleman stormed in from California and met with the city council. He agreed to make necessary repairs; the council retracted its condemnation order. The aged gentleman then returned to California.

On August 29, 1931, Timothy Dyer died in Berkeley at age eighty-seven. He had been one of three surviving pioneers who had come to Cheyenne the year it was founded—1867. His body was returned to Wyoming.

The old Dyer Hotel survived as a rooming house until finally, section by section, the block on which it stood was razed. The last part of the building was torn down to make way for a used car lot in 1967, exactly a century after the two-fisted Irishman had arrived in Cheyenne.

Texas Northers—Dry, Wet and Blue

(Continued from page 31)

low readings on April 19, 1871. Down on the wharves the mercury dropped to 7 degrees as the wind began tossing small vessels mercilessly against the pilings.

Captain W. A. Hutchings of the Life Saving Service, scanning the bay for boats in trouble so long he could feel the marrow shiver in his bones, headed for his dockside office. He had just stretched his hands in front of the grate on the coal stove when Captain John Delaney of the Customs House fought the wind for a chance to open the door, and finally won.

"Have you seen Captain McLain of the schooner *Tom & Abel?* I think she may be about to founder."

Captain Hutchings, scanning the vessel through his glasses, searched her deck for signs of life. The list, slight and almost unnoticed at first, was already turning into a kind of rolling astigmatism. Someone had to get out to that vessel or it would founder before dark. When Captain W. A. Stannard of Mallory Wharf came by the office for a visit at two p.m., Hutchings asked for enough seamen to save the schooner.

"I'll get you 100 men if necessary."

The two captains and thirty sailors pushed the schooner back on her keel and anchored her at the pier inside the slip. It had been twelve hours since she had been that safe.

Another vessel, a sloop driven ashore and lying in shallow water on the flats opposite Seventeenth Street, kept drawing the captain's glance from the rest of the rolling, careening, pitching ships in the bay. She seemed safe enough, he thought, but it might be well to take a closer look from the wharf. The crew must have gone ashore; any man who stayed aboard would surely never be heard above the wind. Captain Stannard and Mr. Alf Smith volunteered to take a look.

After an hour's pull in a borrowed yawl, they slipped and slid aboard the *Annie.* Captain Thomas Jefferson, a twenty-five-year-old bachelor from Goose Creek, was the only man on deck. They found his body, covered with six inches of ice, sitting on the forward part of the companionway, right arm over the main gaff. He had probably mistaken the course and run up on the reefs at the east end of Government Wharf, then tried to take in sail and secure himself for the night. Now nothing moved but the canvas in the rigging.

Galveston, her ships clamped into stillness by the harbor ice and her oleanders blown brittle brown by the wind, slammed her doors against the Norther knowing that sooner or later, like any migrant, it would leave town. All Texas weather is migratory; every wind that blows from Texline to the Gulf of Mexico comes from somewhere else. High in the Panhandle where the winters are always cold and sometimes colder, cattlemen of the open range knew they couldn't do anything about the sudden wind. They could only join it or fight it, drift with the cows or build fences to hold them back. When they followed the herds, as those on the J. B. Slaughter Ranch usually did, they rode a hard ride on horses that thumped across the snow walking stiff-legged under the saddles.

The cattle would drift as though hypnotized, muscles working automatically, icicles hanging from their lips, their backs rime-coated, and heads hanging down moaning and helpless. Sometimes they'd wander from Tule Canyon to Shackleford County almost 200 miles across an iceberg their sons of a later generation call the Golden Spread. Texas steers have been found on the headwaters of the Nueces River in Uvalde County during spring roundup after a Norther-driven push 300 miles south from their home ranges in the Palo Duro Country. Some years the sheltered pastures along the Canadian and the Red River were grazed clean by cattle from the Arkansas River and the Platte country farther north.

IN 1881-82 the open-range ranchers, tired of the trampling of cow drifters from the north, built a drift fence clear across the Texas Panhandle 175 miles from Indian Territory to New Mexico. It lasted until the Norther of 1886. Thousands of longhorns, pounded into that fence by the frigid fist of the wind, froze to death on their feet. In some areas, cows wandering dazed and starved from as far as Kansas and Colorado toppled it over or simply walked across on frozen drifts. Later, when the sun came out and the ice began to melt, LX Ranch manager John Hollicot skinned 250 cattle to the mile for 30 miles along that drift fence.

Texas cattlemen lost 65 to 75 percent of their herds that year in a storm which began with the southeast winds singing in from Bermuda by way of the Gulf of Mexico and the north winds blowing down from Canada across the Rockies and the Great Plains. The two forces are seldom at full rest; often they are in full battle across an ever-shifting area that is really more of a happenstance than a statistic.

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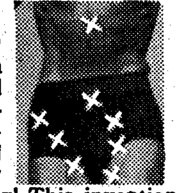

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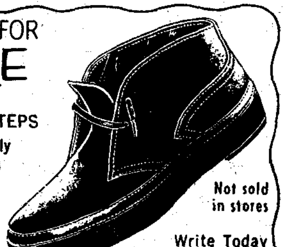

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The winds scrap whenever they stumble onto one another. On such a day Houston can be as cold and dry as Amarillo.

The Norther of '86, spawned in the wastelands above Canada while down in Texas the wild geese chanted a warning and owls took to hooting in the daytime, raged west of Kansas City by January 7. It reached Topeka during the afternoon, traveling eastward and dropping temperatures to 15 degrees below zero. The San Antonio *Express* headlined the story "The Big Blizzard."

When a Missouri-Pacific passenger train was wrecked by snow in the Downing Cut eight miles north of Council Grove, Kansas, Conductor John A. Brown and Mail Messenger John Pullman started walking for help. Pullman slipped on a bridge near Council Grove, breaking a leg as easily as he'd snap a frozen stick. Brown, fortunately the bigger of the two men, carried his companion into town through wind that blew a blizzard. Thermometers on prairie back porches registered 22 degrees below zero.

Midnight came quietly to St. Louis as heavy, damp snow fell on the city and on the Mississippi. Then the wind turned out of the north, clocked new speeds up to thirty miles per hour and dropped temperatures to 5 degrees below zero. Now, the weathermen said, the storm would blow its own path clear to the Gulf Coast.

It crossed the Midwest gathering speed and dropping temperatures to 36 below zero in Bismarck, 27 below in Fargo and 20 below in Omaha. Trains were abandoned and telegraph lines were grounded in Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota and the Dakotas. Washington, D. C., reported a 14-degree reading at seven p.m. with the temperature still falling. Heavy snows stopped work on the Capitol Terrace but the sleighing on Pennsylvania Avenue was excellent.

On Saturday morning, January 9, the Galveston Bay area filled with men, women and children staring at the solid sheet of ice that reached twelve miles to Half-Moon Light. A solid but uneven surface of cresting waves frozen in motion, the ice started like a beginning swimmer with the shoals and shallows of the bay, then grew brave and big-stroked until it covered even the deep water current. It was thick, which was fortunate, because just about everyone wanted to go home and talk about how they had walked on the channel that day.

THE NORTHER, an upper-level happening which folklorist-writer J. Frank Dobie once called the meteorological pride of all Texas, is born in silence and then, like terror on a spring, erupts into perpetual motion. Its beginning is a cold, dense air mass moving almost sedately out of the Canadian Rockies to survey the provinces and touch the American Northwest with freezing days and nights. Then, lured by the warm humidity of Texas, this low pressure mass girdles its ponderous bulk into a daring new personality, kicks a bit of snow out of its heels, and turns a vagrant head south in a wild dash for the short grass and cactus. Headstrong and unfettered the Norther races across the Llano Estacado, the Black Waxy, and the Coastal Riviera. Then she climbs into the scattered mountains, the Davis, the Guadalupe, and the eastern Sierra Madre until finally, a bit haggard from the non-stop trip, she turns into the Gulf of Mexico and disappears.

Unhampered by a single barricade, she rockets across Texas at forty to fifty miles an hour, scattering cold snaps that have been known to tear thermometers clean off their nails. Sudden temperature drops of 20 degrees in 40 minutes are not unusual. Any Texan who can't recall the day he felt the air chill down 50 degrees in three hours hasn't been out of the house for a year.

Like hurricanes, which move faster and have been given names, Northers come in different speeds, sizes and shapes. Wet Northers carry rain, sleet, snow and hail, sometimes separately but now and then all in one bundle. Dry Northers bring only themselves and a cloud of sand now and then. But the Northers remembered longest are blue.

The smell of the Blue Norther drifts ahead of the wind's main volley like a scouting party, tingeing the sultry air with an odor of burning charcoal or hay, as a haze slowly obscures the sun. In the north the bank of clouds turns black with its edge taking on a greenish cast as it roars southward behind a bumper of blue smoke. The light dispersion or scattering of the blue and ultraviolet short wave lengths in the Blue Norther gives the storm both its color and its name. The Norther hits with the speed of a chinook, freezing instead of thawing everything in its path.

"When I saw the tumbleweeds jump away from the north fence like a jackrabbit leaving a nest of yellow jackets, I knew that the Blue Norther had finally hit," one rancher told his neighbor. "By morning it was blowing so hard I had to run backward to spit."

Texas weather, described with some exaggeration as tropical between Northers, is not the sort to breed casual conversation. A wind that can blow the world inside out and freeze the lining

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS, OCTOBER 23, 1962, SECTION 4369, TITLE 39, UNITED STATES CODE SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION OF FRONTIER TIMES, published bi-monthly in Austin, Texas. Location of Publication and General Business Offices: 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Travis County, Texas 78704. Publisher, Joe Austell Small, 2405 Briargrove, Austin, Texas 78704. Editor: Pat Wagner, 706 Rio Grande, Austin, Texas 78701. Managing Editor: None. Owner: Western Publications, Inc., 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704; Joe Austell Small, sole shareholder. Average number of copies printed during last twelve months: 253,832, total copies printed last single issue: 244,500. Average number of sales during last twelve months through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: 115,333; sales for last single issue through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: 114,851. Average paid circulation during last twelve months mail subscriptions: 26,708; paid circulation, mail subscriptions last single issue: 26,212. Average total paid circulation during last twelve months: 142,041; total paid circulation last single issue: 141,063. Average free distribution during last twelve months: 1,000 free distribution last single issue: 1,000. Average total distribution during last twelve months: 143,041; total distribution last single issue: 142,063. Average number during last twelve months unaccounted, office use left over, spoiled after printing: 110,791; total number last single issue unaccounted, office use, left over spoiled after printing: 102,437. (Signed) Pat Wagner September 25, 1968.

calls upon the talents of the true story teller, the man born to make something more than reality out of the day the desert froze. The Norther, like the cattle range and the oil field, has created its own folklore. J. Frank Dobie and Mody Boatright have tracked these yarns almost back to where they came from; but who told them first is long forgotten.

One January day in 1840, on an afternoon hot enough for August as midwinter days in Brazoria County sometimes are, Josiah Bean rolled up his sleeves and went fishing in the Brazos River. He carried a long pole so he wouldn't have to work too hard keeping the line out in the channel. At three o'clock he was disturbed by a nibble. He stood up, put a fresh worm on the hook, dropped it in the water just beyond a dead tree, stuck the end of the pole in a muddy bank, and happened to glance to the north. The sky was rolling blue smoke with black clouds chasing along behind. Josiah yanked the pole out of the mud just as he felt a tug on the line, jerked the pole straight back, and saw a catfish fly thirty feet in the air, sail out over the water, and drop free of the hook. Then he wiped his hand across his brow to clear the sweat—and felt ice. The catfish was flopping crazily on the channel. He skated out, picked it up with his bare hands, and nearly froze to death running to his cabin a half-mile away.

CADDO LAKE, another source of inspiration for the story teller as it changes from soft to hard with the falling mercury, provided an old Baptist preacher named Fuller with a wild goose story. The lake had frozen solid during the year's first Norther and stayed that way under a steady pelt of rain which put two inches of water on top of the ice. Toward sundown a fresh Norther hit and Brother Fuller said he never saw so many geese in his life come in. The whole sky was strung with comet-tails of geese and thousands settled onto the water over the ice. Next morning they were stuck fast, flapping and squawking. People came from miles around to load up with geese.

Fishback Lake in Titus County is named in honor of Mr. Fishback of the Sulphurs in the piney woods and sorghum and molasses country of Texas. A connoisseur of horseflesh, Mr. Fishback had set out on one of his fastest mares one bright winter morning on a ride from Clarksville to his cabin about twenty miles south. He had gone only ten miles when he looked back to see a Norther swooping down. This one had no blue at all; it was pure black. In just a second or two he felt the light breath that runs ahead of a mighty wind. He jerked the saddle strings loose and put on a long-tailed overcoat but left it unbuttoned. He held his racer down to save her for the last lap. One glance back and he could see the Norther twisting the hairs on his mare's outstretched tail.

The roar of the wind and the feel of sleet on his face told him it was time to give the mare a chance to run for it. He slacked the reins and she spurted for

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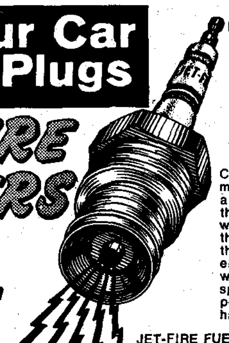

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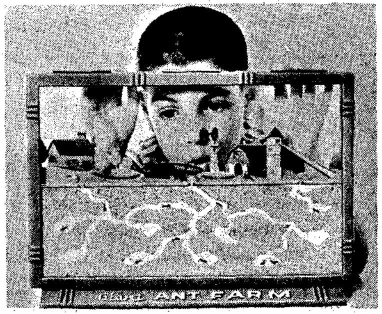

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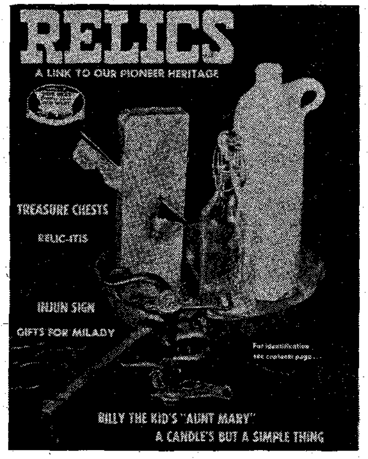
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home, the front end of the Norther enveloping her tail and hind-quarters and shoving her along at the same time. Her fore-parts managed to race ahead of the storm. Fishback rushed the mare into the stable and slammed the door. Her fore-quarters were in a lather but the muscles of her legs and the rear part of her body were frozen stiff. Within thirty minutes she had pneumonia and the next morning she was dead.

January in Texas is often too warm and too still for the season, creating a kind of humid near-vacuum the searching north wind finds irresistible. It was this kind of a day that John Rotman and two other hunters set out on the plains to bring in a load of buffalo meat. The prairie dogs had been holed up in their maze of tunnels, the lobo wolves had been howling, and the Indians, the Kiowas and the Comanches were staying close to home in the Palo Duro Canyon and other sheltered places. If Rotman and his companions noticed the storm signs, they didn't tell each other—at least not once they'd sighted the tail end of a buffalo herd moving south in mid-afternoon. Rotman, hoping to push the lumbering herd toward the rolling country for better shooting, rode north into the grayness that thickened the horizon. It was an atmosphere rather than a cloud and all was still. The sun was covered with a yellow glaze. There was a stir in the sea of grass, then stillness again.

Rotman had barely tied his old Confederate overcoat when the blizzard struck, filling the air with driving snow, then dimness, then blackness. The hunter knew he had to keep moving so he got down off his horse to warm his feet with walking. Suddenly, he almost bumped into a giant buffalo bull, and shot him through the heart. An expert skinner, Rotman knew the buffalo hide is the warmest robe provided by nature so he soon had the still warm coat on the ground hair side up. He staked his horse to the buffalo's horns, lay down in the hide and rolling over and over wrapped himself in it and went to sleep.

When he woke up in the morning, he couldn't budge but he could hear wolf snarlings next to his ear. The hide was frozen stiff as a board and his head was encased in the cocoon with only a small opening for air. The gnawing and snarling grew louder. Working his hand against the hairy iron wrinkles, Rotman reached out and grabbed one of the animals by the tail. There was one sharp jerk and then he was bumping across the frozen drifts on a ride that would pale an outlaw mustang. Friction started tearing at the hide and soon he was jerked out of the unrolling buffalo skin. He turned the tail loose and the wolf never looked back.

RANCH BOSSES, fair story tellers themselves around spring roundup campfires when the north winds have been tucked away for the year, have their own hero in the cowman who brought the first thermometer to the Panhandle. He hung it on the front porch of the ranch house for everyone to see and all the boys gathered 'round to admire the color.

"There she hung with the mercury up around 90 degrees just to get a good start. Then down she goes with such a jar that she just naturally knocks the bottom of the tube clean out. But that didn't faze the boss none. He just sent off someplace back East and had another thermometer made to order with a rubber cushion in the bottom of the tube to take up the jar when the next Norther swooped down and the mercury fell again. Why, I heard he even patented the idea and got rich. Those are the only themometers that will stand the climate."

When another Norther came up one night, the old boss got up to check his thermometer. When he struck a match to see by, the flame froze. He had to build a fire to warm it up so he could blow it out.

Panfilo de Narvaez, the Spanish explorer who found Florida so trying in 1528 that he left the mangrove coast for Texas in a fleet of homemade horsehide boats, tried once in November to land on Galveston Island—but a Norther blew him so far into the Gulf it took three days to get back. When a few of the boats finally touched the beach, the Spaniards were so pitifully frozen a party of Indians led them inland to a friendly village, building fires along the way to thaw these strange and foolish men. Narvaez himself reached land farther to the south, anchored his boat and stayed aboard overnight. Unfortunately, the Norther returned and blew the Spaniard out to sea and to oblivion.

The Texas Norther, a maverick wind which can take the sky back from the jet streams any winter day, is still causing considerable commotion on farms and ranches and in the stations of the U. S. Weather Bureau. The Norther of January 29-February 3, 1951, for instance, set a record for longevity. Houston paled under 123 hours of continuous freezing temperatures while Austin, 158 miles north, clocked 113 hours. Down in the Texas Valley where oranges and grapefruit give the country the landscape of the tropics, 10 million citrus trees were killed by the 18 to 22-degree temperatures. Thirty thousand tons of fish froze to death in Corpus Christi Bay.

Nearly 800 miles north of the Rio Grande, the Blue Norther of March, 1957, ripped across the panhandle in 80 miles-per-hour gusts, killed 10 persons, marooned 4,000 more, and hit farmers and ranchers with a sudden $4,400,700 loss in crops and livestock.

The Norther, blue or colorless, dry or wet, midday surprise or nighttime robber of the last mild temperature of the year, is probably the most eternal feature of the Southwest. The buffalo and the longhorn came and went. The Indian, the Spaniard and the Dragoon were passing phases. Canebrake and grama grass receded and the oil derrick is passing. Next to the sun and the moon, the Norther is the oldest of them all.

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward.

TEXAS LONG AGO

Travelers in Texas, 1761-1860 (University of Texas Press, $5.00) is by Marilyn McAdams Sibley of the faculty of the Houston Baptist College. Dr. Sibley has given a new twist to the comments of the numerous travelers by organizing their views on particular subjects into chapters on Indians, slavery, travel conditions, justice and the like. Most of the best known "travelers"—Mary Austin Holley, Matilda Charlotte (Jesse) Fraser Houston, George Wilkins Kendall, Josiah Gregg and Frederick Law Olmsted, among others—wrote books about Texas. The German immigrants and the Spanish padres were other major commentators. It is interesting to compare the divergent views of these visitors from the "States" and other countries. Your reviewer, however, enjoyed most the author's "Critical Essay on Sources." There is a fine bibliography and an index, plus two maps and seventeen photos or portraits of travelers. Rewarding.

BEAUTIFUL COLUMBIA

Moods of the Columbia (Superior, $18.50) has magnificent photography of the great river of the West. Such text as there is (and there isn't much) is by Archie Satterfield of the Seattle *Times* staff and a long time Columbia buff. Three of the photos are by him but his major contribution was the selection of the more than fifty other great scenic views included in the book. In the files of Ray Atkeson, a freelance photographer, Satterfield found seventeen. Atkeson's views of Mounts Adams, Hood and St. Helens are among the handsomest your reviewer has been privileged to see. Ten came from the files of the prize winning press (and commercial) photographer, Jan Fardell. Photos by Lambert Florin, Alfred A. Monner, Forrest Patrick, Josef Scaylea, James Stanford and Bob and Ira Spring round out a choice selection. Big and beautiful.

TRIGGERNOMETRY

History of "Billy the Kid" (Steck-Vaughn, $5.95) is a facsimile reprint of the rare paperback by Charles A. Siringo (privately printed for him in 1920). There are some differences, however; the reprint is cloth bound following the design of the covers of the first edition, and this is definitely a plus. Another plus is the informative introduction by Dr. Charles D. Peavy of the English faculty of the University of Houston and the author of Siringo's biography in Steck-Vaughn's Southwest Writers Series. Siringo was one of the most persistent chroniclers of the doings of the little buck-toothed outlaw—he devoted considerable space to them in his autobiography, *A Texas Cowboy* (Chicago, 1885) and he continued to write about them for over forty years. His *Billy the Kid* is primarily the gathering of the material scattered through the chapters of his other books with minor additions concerning the Kid's "romance" (perhaps legendary). Siringo's account follows closely that of Garrett (perhaps it would be more accurate to say of Ash Upson). The first three chapters are full of the folk-tales concocted by Upson and have little relation to fact. As in the case of Garrett's own account, the story of events beginning with Pat's arrival in New Mexico is much more accurate. It is good to have this attractive reprint of a much sought book available at a reasonable price.

Oklahoma Outlaws (Frontier, $3.50) by Richard S. Graves is a facsimile reprint of a rather scarce booklet first issued in 1915. The author (or perhaps his publisher) described it then as "A Graphic History of the Early Days in Oklahoma; the Bandits who terrorized the First Settlers and the Marshals who Fought them to Extinction; Covering a Period of Twenty-Five Years." That is about the story—the Dalton, Doolin and Jennings gangs versus Bill Tilghman, Chris Madsen, Heck Thomas et al. The booklet is illustrated with a number of photos of outlaws and peace officers. While Graves missed a few it is good to have his account available again.

The Life and Tragic Death of Jesse James (Steck-Vaughn, $4.95) is a facsimile reprint of an 1883 issue by "One who dare not NOW disclose his identity" (and who is still unidentified). Austin artist Carol Rogers has done a fine job of coloring the illustrations and of tinting the photos (they are new) of Jesse and his wife which appear on the covers. But the best edition by far is the new preface by R. H. Porter, collector, historian and publisher. He tells of his attempts to learn the identity of the author and enlightens us all on the publishing history of this book. A bargain.

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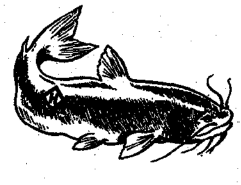

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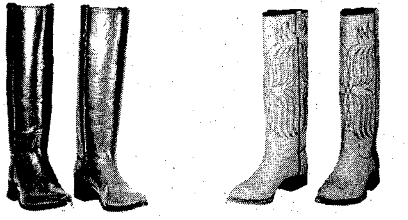

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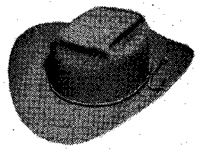

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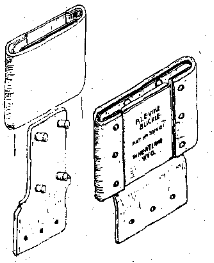

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Readers say when they pull TRUE WEST, OLD WEST and FRONTIER TIMES out, every copy sells as long as they keep them from being covered. Thankyee, Podner!

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

attempted to raise a ruckus he'd throw her in the bayou. And to further capitalize he had a big sign painted on the white wall, "Carry Nation Bar."

Well, Carry came to town. I cannot remember the one or two saloons she hit—maybe the Turf or Bergeninie. I do know she was pretty well ruffled up. She wore a shirtwaist and dark skirt and a hat called a "sailor" which had a wide brim and was made of white straw. She had held several meetings about town and somebody apparently told her of the Michalona Saloon which had honored her with her name. I had joined in with the crowd that followed her and her last stop as I remember was the Little Casino which was about three blocks from her "namesake."

Across the San Jacinto Bridge she stomped. There must have been twenty or thirty curious loafers in the crowd and we stayed pretty well behind her. She actually had her hatchet. Into the bar she went. There was a lot of noise, loud voices and curses, etc. All of a sudden Michalona came out the door carrying a big cloud of clothing that squirmed and waved all its pedal extremities. Kerplunk over the bridge rail all the clothing went, to splash about fifteen feet down into the muddy waters of Buffalo Bayou. I remember that broad-brimmed sailor hat floating on down. A few men ran down to the water's edge and pulled her out. I think she lost her hatchet. I know she lost her hat. Several days later Michalona had her name painted out and his new sign read "Carnation Bar."

No one was "arrested" but me. My father did that. I carried a paper route and he made me come directly home immediately after I had finished, feed my horse, put a beautiful little red gig in the barn, get my studies, and stay in the house for one full week. He said some of his friends told him I was at the head of the pack. I don't think so. I was just there.

Anyway, all we ever heard of Mrs. Nation was in the papers. I carried the paper until I broke a big bay window in Lula Rhodes' house and had to pay for it. It was time to go plover hunting anyhow. I could hear them whistling as they migrated in. The prairies were loaded with them. A person in a gig or a buggy could drive right over them.

Some years ago I attended a party given by a big name movie star. We played one of those name-guessing games in which the name was split up and designated by objects. I guessed Carry Nation and, so help me, I won a case of Beefeater Gin. Gosh, how the old girl was toasted!—Col. Layton A. Vann, 238 Post Avenue, San Antonio, Texas 78215

Ironsmith To The Frontier

Dear Sir:

I was particularly interested in the well-done article by Charles McAdams, "Ironsmith to the Frontier." You see, George Green was my uncle—his lovely wife being my mother's sister, Mary Ann Davis. The Archie Boyes in the picture is my dad.

Thanks to Mr. McAdams for a great pioneer story. It brought back vivid memories of some of the stories Dad used to tell us about George Green. They were great pals.

It is a pleasure to read your interesting magazine and I would like to wish you many more years of successful publishing—and I hope we hear lots more from McAdams.—Mrs. J. M. Bryan, 191 West Kensington Crescent, North Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada

The Great Electric Train Wreck

Dear Sir:

I was very much interested in one story, "The Great Electric Train Wreck," which I was in, along with my girl-friend (later my wife). We went to Coeur d'Alene to register for the land drawing and were on the third car of the eastbound train. We were standing on the trap door over the steps in the front end so we were not in the pile up of people standing in the aisle.

A man with a small child was sitting in the open doorway on the floor just behind the coupling and the child fell out between the rails and was unhurt but the man was nearly crushed by the pile up of people standing in the aisle. We later picked up the child unhurt.

The screams of the people trapped was beyond describing. Blood ran down the side of the telescoped car as though it were coming from a hose. Men came from the nearby sawmill with axes and timbers to prop up the roof, then chopped away the sides of the car and freed the people who were hanging head down from the windows. I had a brother who was a motorman on the electric train running to Moscow, Idaho and when I returned to his home about midnight he was talking to the dispatcher to find out if my name was on the dead list. Earlier, I had gone to the telegraph office to send him a message that we had reached Coeur d'Alene safely. The operator said, "There is the pile—just put it on the bottom." I said, "No, thanks," as the pile was a foot high.

When I returned to my home in Davenport, Washington I thought how lucky I was and when people asked me if I were going to sue the company, I told them, "No. I just thank God I have no claim against the railroad company." This train wreck and the San Francisco earthquake are the two outstanding events of my eighty years of life.—O. K. Jones, Box 252, Route 1, Olympia, Washington 98501

Peoples' Drug Store

Dear Mr. Anonymous:

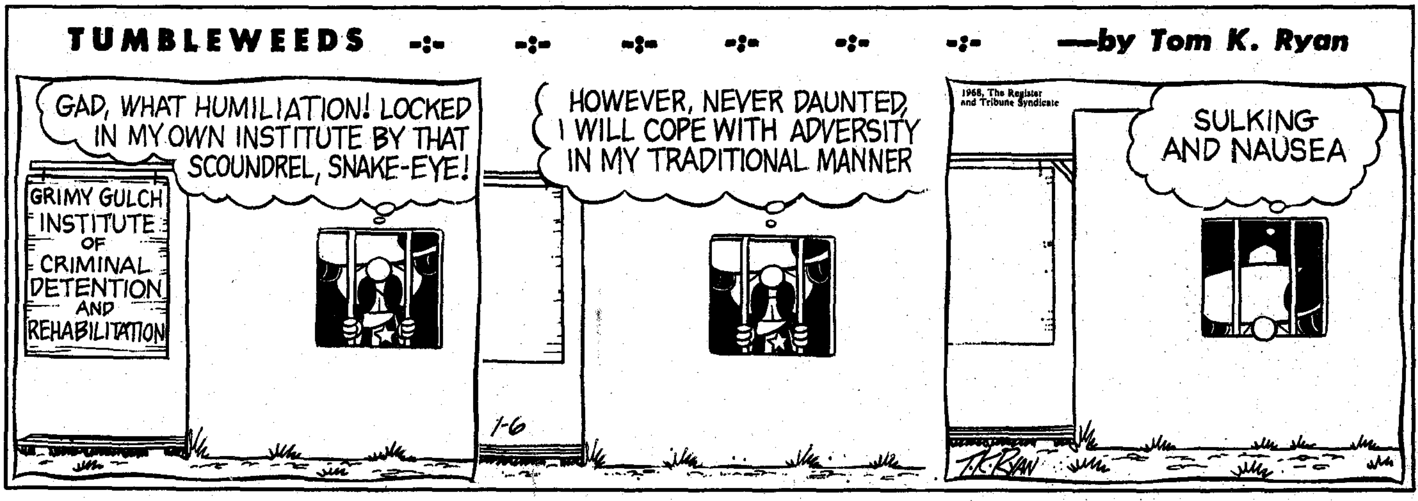
The picture of Peoples' Drug Store at Point, Texas which appeared in the Aug.-Sept. issue of FRONTIER TIMES was called to my attention by a friend who knew Point was once my hometown.

I was too young to remember these people other than by name; however, my sister, Mrs. J. M. Lynch, still lives in Point and recognized these people.—D. S. Peoples, Luke Horton, Dr. Hurst, and a Mr. Hutchins. I would like to know who you are unless you would rather remain mysterious.—Mrs. W. L. Autrey, Box 206, Eden, Texas 76837

Stump P. O. Recalled

Dear Sir:

I'd forgotten about that old "Stump Post Office" near Elwha, Washington until I saw it pictured in the latest FRONTIER TIMES. It reminded me of an old photo we used to have that Dad brought back from the "big woods" near Bellingham, Washington about 1912-14, showing three couples plus two musicians dancing on the stump of a large cedar tree. Perhaps some reader could lend me one of these old photos long enough for me to make a copy.—Walt Thayer, Box 75, Wenatchee, Washington 98801


TUMBLEWEEDS —by Tom K. Ryan
GAD, WHAT HUMILIATION! LOCKED IN MY OWN INSTITUTE BY THAT SCOUNDREL, SNAKE-EYE!
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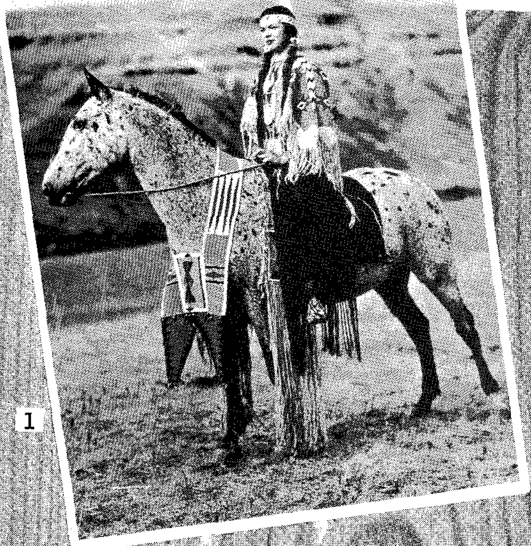
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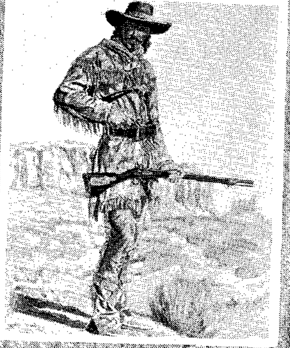
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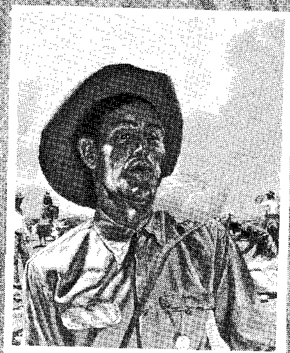
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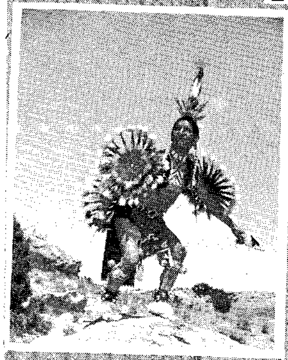
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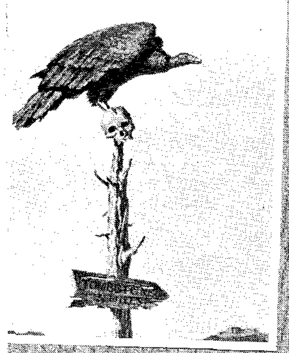
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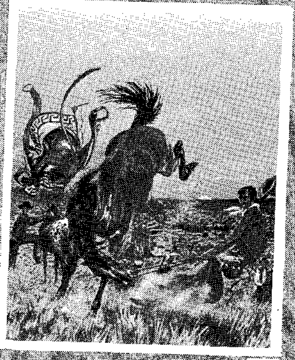
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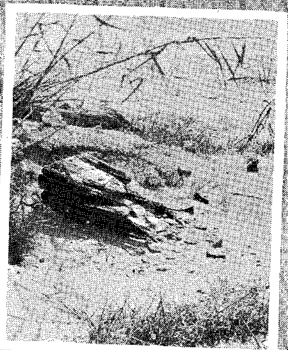
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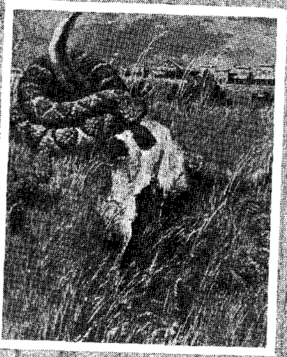
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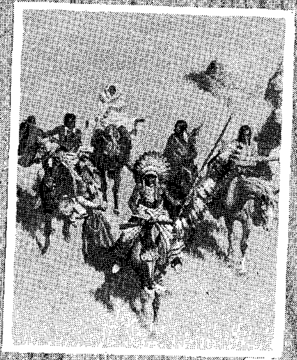
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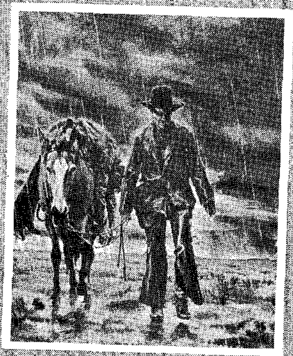
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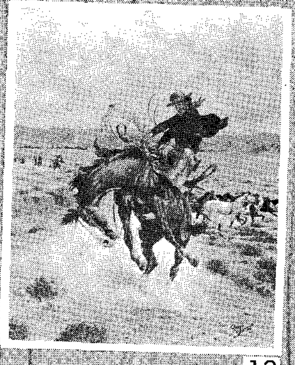
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